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REPORT NIGHTLY PRIGISTINE

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Published Fortnightly at Bryn Mawr



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Editorial.

For the ninth time in his useful career, THE PHILISTINE emerges from his underground quarters to make his bow to his appreciative audience. He rubs his eyes to get rid of his long summer sleep, and looks around on his familiar campus,—then

rubs his eyes again with very much the feelings of Aladdin's princess on awaking and finding herself transported over night from China to Africa.

"What have they done to me during my summer slumber," thinks the poor bewildered PHILISTINE. "I went to sleep in Bryn Mawr, and I wake in the

land of the Cave Men and Mound Builders." And the poor fellow creeps forth to explore, and to discover, if possible, what sort of inhabitants dwell in this strange land. Strange beasts there must be, for at one place he reads the interesting bit of natural history that "*Drain pipes do not cross here;*" and much relieved at his temporary security, he looks fearfully over his shoulder, fearing lest he see some awful sea-serpent emerging from one of the unfamiliar new caves.

But, O joy! At that moment he perceives the familiar tip of Taylor Tower peeping over one of the Mounds, and one of his old friends picking her way daintily over a piece of scaffolding. THE PHILISTINE rushes toward her, stammering with relief and curiosity.

"Why, you silly fellow," she cries, "come with me and look. If you only search hard enough and long enough you will find all of your familiar Bryn Mawr hidden between and under the ditches."

She is right. THE PHILISTINE has since found all his accustomed landmarks, and has made one important discovery. Beyond Pembroke West *the new dormitory has sprouted*. There is not a doubt of it. Let anyone who will go and look for herself and be convinced. Its cupolas and towers are coming along amazingly, and it is only a question of time before it will spring full grown from the ground, complete with electric lights and

thermostats—and what more could the most exacting hall want? What is home without a thermostat?

For those who are impatient there are two methods of procedure open: first, for all the digs, those who always want to get straight to the root of a matter, to go out there with their shovels and dig Rockerfeller out; second, the more feasible, THE PHILISTINE thinks, to emulate the great Baron Munchausen. We all know how he once fell asleep on a snow-covered plain, after tying his horse to a little stake that was protruding from the ground, and how in the morning, he awoke to find himself lying in a village street, while his horse dangled helplessly by the bridle from the church spire. Think of producing a whole village by so simple a process. Quickly, then, says THE PHILISTINE, let us all take our trots and ponies and tie them to these little stakes and wait for the result.

And now returning from these visions of the future to the realities of the present, THE PHILISTINE extends a friendly hand of greeting to all his old friends—to the Graduates, to 1903, to 1904, to 1905,—and above all, to 1906, whom he hopes to make his firm friend in the future. A hearty welcome and a happy year to all.

PHILISTINE contributions may be dropped into the box marked THE FORTNIGHTLY PHILISTINE, which has been placed in the Library.

A Fable.

(With apologies to whomsoever
may object.)

Dramatis Personæ.

A Confectioner.

Anne and Sally, the heroines.

A Friend.

Punch Bowl, the hero.

Once there was a Confectioner. Most of the Confectioner's Commodities were good, but he had one Commodity which was not good, and that was a Monopoly. For he was the Only Confectioner in a girls' college Town, and everyone knows that college girls are very fond of Ice-cream. The girls used to go and eat Ice-cream at the Confectioner's and there was a nice yellow-haired Lady who waited on them.

Well, Anne and Sally ate as much Ice-cream as the other girls; once they gave a party for which they ordered quarts and quarts of Ice-cream, and rented a Punch Bowl for Fifty Cents.

Everybody said it was a very nice Party, but the next day Anne and Sally received a bill for a Broken Punch Bowl.

They went to the Confectioner and remonstrated, but he was obdurate.

Now Anne and Sally had a real nice Friend with a Sporty Spirit. The Friend happened into the Confectioner's while the Stormy Seance was in progress. She became so indignant that she countermanded a large order that she had given for that afternoon, irrespective of the Freshmen who would hereby go hungry. In

her excitement over seeing the Order removed from the Books, she leaned her Elbow on a Large Fat Chocolate Cake that stood on the Counter, thereby making a Huge Dent in the frosting, for she was of Husky Build.

Now it was the turn of the Confectioner to laugh, which he did. The girls laughed, too, for it was funny.

They paid the bill as Foolish Honesty prompted, because the Yellow-haired Girl solemnly swore the bowl was broken. But she said that the Break was only a Crack, and kindly added (for Anne and Sally were famous as the poorest in College) that they might have the Punch Bowl. This was Sorry Consolation, but they ruefully accepted.

About that time Sally had an Inspiration; so hastily buying the Wounded Cake the girls went home.

The next day on the College Bulletin Board a Sign like this appeared:

For Rent—25 Cents per.

A *Punch Bowl*,

Toasted at Both Ends.

Apply to { Sally
 { Anne.

The Sign was illustrated also with a Diamond Punch Bowl and a Ladle that suggested Nut Crackers. But mere words cannot describe those pictures, and unfortunately we cannot afford to make this an Illustrated Edition.

Time passed; the Punch Bowl was to be seen on any bright afternoon crossing the campus under the arm of Anne or Sally; and when not seen elsewhere you may be sure it was being washed.

At first Anne and Sally thought it was fun, but as the novelty wore off it became tedious as things in this world are apt to do. But when they did not find time to do their lessons and their professors looked serious, the girls comforted themselves by remembering that they were living on Principle. Also the quarters that kept coming their way were a consolation.

Commencement came and passed, and Anne and Sally were busy packing, their minds occupied with what to do with the Punch Bowl over the Summer. It stood on the window-sill winking in the sun and still sticky from the last Debauch.

Anne generously offered to put it in her closet, for Anne was a kind girl, and approaching it, she picked it up reverently by the rim.

But, alas! The Ornamental Crack suddenly became a Break and the Sticky Base of the Punch Bowl remained on the window-sill as the Rim came away at Anne's Grasp.

With a gasp of Horror, mingled with Relief, both girls promptly fainted.

And that was the end of the Punch Bowl Episode.

Moral: Don't waste a College Education.

C. D. L., '03.

"Femina Semper Mutavit."

Dramatis Personæ.

Eulalie de Forest Swinburne, a Senior.

Jane Jones, an Alumna.

Time: Tea time.

Scene: A dim study; walls gray green, with pictures, darkly seen in gray and brown; black oak furniture, Morris chairs and taborets; tapestry on the doors and Liberty hangings; much brass and copper; many candles glimmering; a suspicion of incense. Eulalie de Forest Swinburne is discovered in a deep chair before the fire. She is dressed in a "creation" of dull green, blue and gray. There is deep silence until the quick clump of approaching feet is heard. Enter Jane Jones, A. B., in a brown short skirt, gray waist, red tie and "tam."

Jane Jones, A. B.—Is anyone home? O yes, I see you now—it's so dark in here. Well, how are you, Eulalie?

Eulalie de Forest Swinburne.—O Miss Jones, I am *so* delighted to see you! *Do* sit down. This is the most comfortable chair. (Pushes her toward the deep arm-chair.)

J. J., A. B.—Thanks, I prefer the floor. It's so essentially collegiate (sits tailor-wise). I had only one chair when I was in college, and I used that for a blacking stand.

Eulalie.—How interesting! That was long, *long* ago; wasn't it, Miss Jones?

J. J., A. B. (reflecting).—

Well, rather long ago—before Pembroke and—er, before Denbigh.

Eulalie—How beautiful to remember so far back! It must make you feel so venerable. That's the way I shall say "Er—before Rockerfeller," or, "Before we were electrocuted." I mean treated. How will you take your tea?

J. J., A. B.—Three lumps, please, and—lemon, if you have it.

Eulalie (slightly surprised).—I have lemon, cream, sliced orange and ginger.

J. J., A. B.—What do you Lemon, please.

Eulalie (after fixing tea begins enthusiastically).—O Miss Jones, you must tell us about those famous early days of the college. I am so tremendously interested in them. Everything was awfully simple and primitive, wasn't it, and you went skating with the faculty, *didn't* you? We often talk about you great people, and wonder what you think of us now, and whether everything is awfully changed. Do you *really* find it different? O, do have a muffin!

J. J., A. B. (takes a muffin).—We ate crackers and jam and called them "jammers," and crackers and ham and called them "hammers." We drank Whitman's chocolate and condensed milk, and considered butter a luxury.

Eulalie (eagerly).—So do we—at dinner. No! I mean, *then* we prefer to do without it.

J. J., A. B. (simply). — So did we—at dinner.

Eulalie (with great respect).—And what else didn't you have—I mean, did you do?

J. J., A. B.—We didn't have hockey, of course, and we didn't play basket ball much. Black oak furniture was the exception, nor were Liberty hangings the rule—nor, indeed, much brass nor many Botticellis.

Eulalie (dubiously).—Did you read "Matthew Arnold"?

J. J., A. B.—Read it! Why we knew it by heart, and used to recite his poems as we walked along the banks of the Little Pond. (She hands back her cup.) We all took him up a good deal. I did it myself.

Eulalie.—And yet you didn't go in for culture?

J. J., A. B.—"What do you mean by culture?"

Eulalie (glibly).—The study of perfection—the contemplation of the beautiful as an intellectual stimulus; the collecting—

J. J., A. B.—Of candlesticks. No, we didn't go in for that much. We hadn't the time—nor the money. We came here for "plain living and high thinking" and we got plenty of both—and when we left—

Eulalie.—What then?

J. J., A. B. (very seriously).—Well, four of us were deans of colleges. We had leaders in every line, social, philanthropic and reform, and some are the best teachers of the twentieth century.

Eulalie.—We're all "coming

out" next year, at least, those who aren't going abroad. We think a woman's vocation is to exercise her influence in her own immediate social circle.

J. J., A. B. (thoughtfully).—I don't believe any of us could have "come out."

Eulalie.—I don't believe any of us *could* be deans of colleges (after a long pause)—on the whole, though, I believe the old type is the most influential in society.

J. J., A. B. (slowly).—On the whole, though, I don't know but the new type make the most useful citizens.

They sit a long time in the fire-light. The Alumna sighs a little wistfully as she looks at the charming picture before her. The Senior is lost in thought.

Curtain.

Answers to Correspondents.

The Editor regrets having been obliged from lack of space to confine the answers to replies to members of the Senior and Freshman Classes.

1906:

Troubled.—Yes, it is customary, though not absolutely essential, to knock three times on your own closet-door before entering.

Butterfly.—When you are utterly worn out and exhausted by the whirl of college gayeties, as you say you are at present, I should advise you to drink a cup of hot water before retiring. To prevent burning, be sure to stir well while boiling.

Tragic Muse.—If you are engaged in writing the Freshman play, this will afford an interesting subject of conversation with your Sophomore callers. Your chances for the class presidency, as well as for the European Fellowship will also furnish much *spiritual* material.

Frantic.—Indeed, I can easily understand that you must feel very *gauche* and *déplacé* without either a black sash-ribbon for the back of your hair, a white sweater or a Peter Thomson sailor-suit. These articles are absolutely essential, and you should not let another day pass before procuring them.

Earnest Inquirer.—You ask for the best and most effective way of reciting in class. The following has been found very efficacious: first, wave your arm three times around your head with a rotary motion, then step lightly to your feet, taking care to bear your weight on the ball of the foot. The recitation should be made with the tongue held tightly between the teeth.

Haughty.—It will show great kindness and condescension (although it is not at all necessary) if you can find time to notice the greetings of Sophomores you may know. These poor creatures are greatly in need of a little notice and encouragement.

Mlle. Bon-ton.—After-dinner coffee is no longer at all *à la mode*. Also the absurd custom of wearing décolleté gowns at dinner is now considered very *passé*.

1903:

Sophronia.—I am unable to inform you as to the derivation of the term cow-cracker; it is, I believe, lost in the mists of antiquity. I advise to consult the "Dictionary of Prehistoric Remains" on the subject. You will perhaps find it interesting, in connection, to study some of the quite well-preserved specimens now on exhibition from 11 to 11-15 daily.

Oralia.—I agree with you that it is high time for planning your Oral costume. Such an important matter should be attended to immediately. A pure white creation (betokening innocence and simplicity) with bands of the national colors of France and Germany worked in cross-stitch, will be found very chic and becoming. A dark blue gown would be quite appropriate. Whatever the gown, however, it is *de rigueur* that a large handkerchief with a broad black border should be carried gracefully in the hand.

In the Forest.

Twilight had ended and the rays of the pale moon were gliding through the forest trees, casting their mild radiancy into the babbling brook. The mellow autumn leaves quivered on the mighty boughs and then, one by one, silently joined their companions on the cold earth. A deer stood quietly lapping the water. It was a beautiful creature and seemed quite at home in

this wild, desolate sphere. About its neck was a gold chain from which hung a ruby, red as a drop of blood. No sound, but that of the dying breeze, disturbed the great forest, now so awful in its stillness. And the deer, after drinking sufficiently, wandered away and lost itself in the shadows.

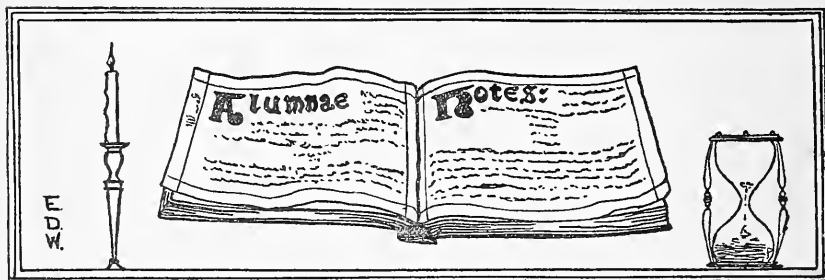
It was midnight and the moon had dropped below the horizon. The stars seemed to have gathered within themselves unusual brilliancy and were now shedding it forth upon this lonely spot in the forest. The brook was in deeper shadow than before and made less noise as it murmured along its course. A child was standing upon the bank, alone, and her manner expressed anxiety and restlessness. She was evidently seeking something or someone, for her eyes wandered in every direction, but in vain. She was exquisitely dressed and her golden hair formed a halo about a face that was wonderful in its beauty. She stood still for several moments in the starlight and then wandered away in the direction taken by the deer. As she disappeared in the shadows, it might have been noticed that at her white throat glistened a ruby, red as a drop of blood.

It was morning and the sun, as it rose, touched the lonely forest with an almost hallowed ray. It seemed that the dense shades which had welcomed the moonbeams and the starlight would voluntarily give no admittance to

the sun. The brook hid itself among the rocks and only now and then burst forth to dance merrily in a gush of sunshine. The trees bent their giant boughs to the ground and moaned, as if in pain, as the autumn wind swept through them. Beneath a great willow, that dipped into the water, were stretched two figures, that of the child and of

the deer. The little arms of the child were clasped around the deer's neck. The anxious, restless expression had left her face and she seemed content. The sun had found its way through the branches of the willow, but neither the child nor the deer stirred, as it sparkled upon the blood-red rubies.

X. Y. Z., '06.



'89.

Leah Goff has deposited with the Trophy Club the original manuscript of "Manus Bryn Mawrensium."

'90.

Emeline Gowen spent a day in Bryn Mawr last week.

Katharine M. Shipley is spending this winter in Italy.

'93.

Jane L. Brownell has resigned from the Bryn Mawr School, Baltimore, where she has been

Associate Mistress for the past five years, and has come to Miss Baldwin's School, Bryn Mawr, as Associate Principal.

Eliza Adams Lewis spent a day at Bryn Mawr two weeks ago.

'95.

Mary Denver James has been appointed Warden of Pembroke West.

'97.

Grace Elder Saunders has a son, born in September.

Laurette E. Potts has been visiting in Low Buildings.

Eleanor O. Brownell has been visiting in Denbigh Hall.

Alice Cilly Weist has a son, John Rollin, born August 10.

Elizabeth Caldwell Fountain has another daughter, Olivia Caldwell, born August 17.

Frances A. Fincke has announced her engagement to Mr. Leonard Hand, of Albany. The wedding will take place in December.

'98.

Agnes F. Perkins has returned from Europe, and is in charge of the Department of English in the Holman School, Philadelphia.

'99.

Mary Blakey and Amy Steiner have just returned from Europe.

Christine Orrick married Wm. C. Fordyce on June 16, 1902. She is still living in St. Louis, Mo.

'00.

Constance Rulison, who was Warden of Pembroke West last year, is now Warden of Merion Hall.

Grace L. Jones is doing graduate work in Ohio State University.

'01.

Sylvia C. Scudder is teaching Greek and English in the Bryn Mawr School.

Evelyn Walker will spend this winter in Europe.

Marion Parris has been appointed Warden of Summit Grove.

'02.

S. Frances Adams has been appointed Mistress of Llanberis and College Director of Outdoor Sports.

Anne H. Todd is Assistant in the Biological Laboratory this year.

Helen B. Trimble is teaching in All Saints' School, Germantown.

Eleanor D. Wood is studying at Columbia University.

Harriet Spencer has announced her engagement to Mr. Henry Pierce, of Syracuse, N. Y. She will be married in January.

Frances Dean Allen is teaching at Springside, Chestnut Hill, Pa.

Marianna Buffum is teaching Latin at Rosemary Hall.

Ethel Clinton is teaching at Rosemary Hall.

Elizabeth Congdon is doing graduate work in Economics at Northwestern University.

Elizabeth C. Reinhardt is the Principal of the Media Friends' School.

Elizabeth F. Stoddard is traveling in Europe.

Jane Cragin, Cornelia Campbell and Josephine Keefer have been visiting in Bryn Mawr.

To the Freshmen.

O 1906, you now belong
 To our collegiate No.,
 'Tis only fair you should be
 warned
 Of what your paths Enco. .

You'll find some fences hard to
 climb,
 That many a freshman Mrs.,
 But sprinkled freely on the way
 A host of college Blrs. .

With every day you're sure to
 meet
 With highly learned Drs.,
 And in your corridors reside.
 Some conscientious Prs. .

A play you'll have to give before
 Jack Robinson you Ans.,
 And from your class must be
 produced
 Fine actors and a Dans. .

Into the gym you'll have to flock
 With the Athletic Co.,
 The first year you will use the
 wands
 But probably won't Jo. .

We hope you'll crack our college
 nut
 And find the sweetest Col.,
 And may your profit and your
 joy
 In Bryn Mawr de Diol. .
 M. U., '04.

Why the Badger has a Striped Head.

Once upon a time, when all
 the animals were first made, and
 there were only a few of each
 kind, their coats were new and

their tempers unspoiled, so they
 were being agreeable. They
 gave parties to one another and
 guests could come themselves
 and bring their valuables, with a
 feeling of perfect security which,
 alas, they no longer have.

The Badger never was a great
 favorite. At first he was merely
 regarded as unsociable, later he
 became a subject for criticism,
 and now he is snubbed by the
 élite, and the Coyote, who is none
 too well-bred, frequently takes
 the liberty of killing him. But
 at the time of which I am speak-
 ing, everyone was asked every-
 where, so the Badger received an
 invitation one day to go to the
 very swellest function of the
 year,—a fancy-dress ball.

Now this ball gave rise to the
 first great quarrel among the ani-
 mals, which resulted in much
 strife, and made many beasts
 hostile to others. The reason is
 this: the animals, foolish ones,
 did not see at first that one can-
 not dress up when one has but a
 single suit, unless one borrows a
 suit from somebody else. So the
 Lion tried to borrow the Ass's
 skin, and the Wolf asked the
 Lamb to go without his fleece for
 a time while he went to the party
 as a sheep. Of course these re-
 quests were indignantly refused,
 so the party had to go on anyway
 and the Lion went as a thicket,
 dressed in a bush, while the Wolf
 had to shave himself to be a
 French Poodle.

Well, the Badger had the same
 trouble as all the rest, and he fin-
 ally decided on an elaborate plan.

He hired the Antelope to paint the top of his head and down the back and sides with broad, white antelope stripes, and he borrowed a pair of misfit horns to wear, and with great expense and trouble he finally finished his costume and went to the party. But he deceived no one. All his trouble was of no avail in changing his identity, for from the lips of all came the words:

"Oh, see that silly Badger!"

The Badger, overcome with mortification, went home and took off his horns. Then he started to scrub off the paint and scrubbed and scrubbed, but he couldn't get it all off.

He has worked at it many years now, but there are still left on his head two stripes, while to the rest of his fur the white paint still adheres in some places.

G. F. W., '04.

A Frog and a Cricket.

A frog and a cricket

In the still ev'ning tide
Were gurgling and "cricrking"
By a lakelet's green side.

Said the frog to the cricket:

"Come down and be mine;
This log you will dream of;
This water's divine."

"Dear, no," "cricrked" Miss
Cricket,

"That never would do,
The grass is too nice—
I'll try nothing new."

So the frog gurgled on
In the still ev'ning tide,

While he "cricrked" and he
"cricrked"

By the lakelet's green side.

Till the pink faded out.

From above the hushed hills
And a thread of a moon

Silvered sweet running rills.
D. D., '05.

a r
Those e n e in Ditches.
M d g

About the patient campus

The wandering ditches roam,
We don't know where they come
from,

We wish they'd stay at home.

Where'er we go they crawl be-
neath,

And turn, and twist, and wind,
Although we do our very best,
We can't leave them behind.

Things that are always in the
way

We very often meet,
But as for getting under foot—
Those ditches can't be beat!

A. K. B., '04.

My Clock.

I have a clock, a round, round
clock,

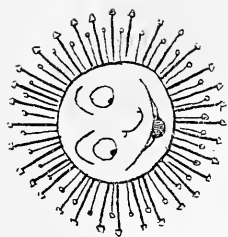
It strikes each passing hour;
It never, never strikes the same
As that in Taylor Tower.

Yet all my friends in compli-
ment,

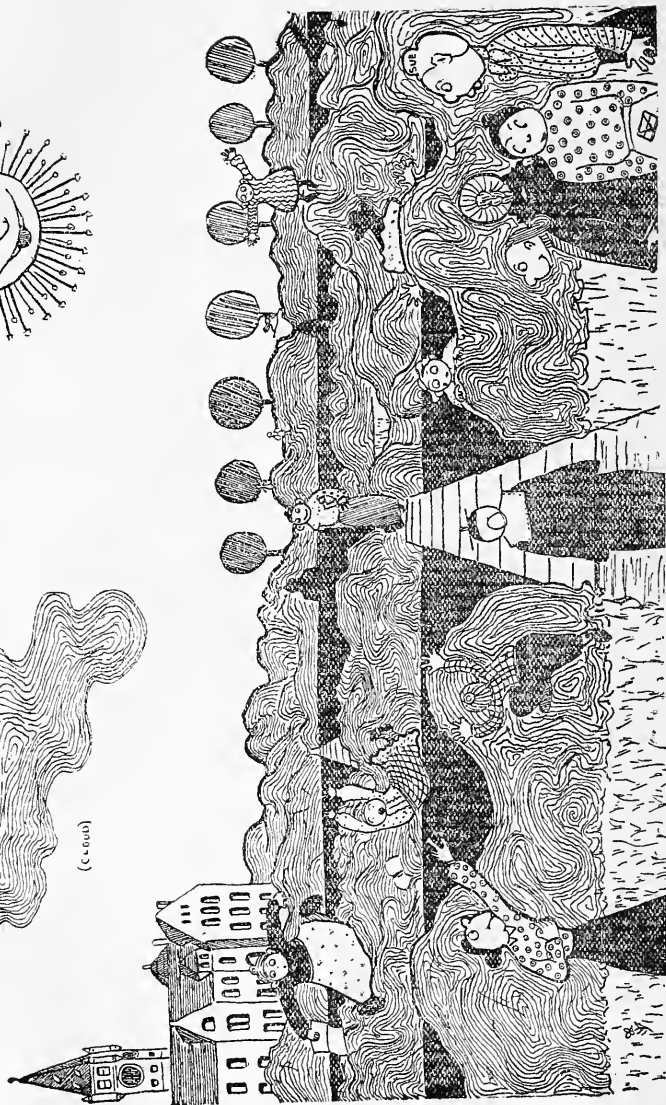
Say, "*What* a striking orna-
ment!"

F. E. M., '05.

OUR FAIR GREEN CAMPUS.



(C. G. G.)



College Notes.

The tunnels containing the electric light and heat shafts, leading from the power-house to the different halls are now nearly finished. They will soon be filled in and the original sod replaced on the campus.

All the apparatus for the electric light will probably not be finished for some time. It is announced, however, that Pembroke and Denbigh will be connected with the electric light plant in Ardmore in the course of a few weeks.

The machinery for the heat plant is now on the grounds, and will be set up as soon as possible. The halls will be heated by a dynamo near the old engine house until the new plant is completed. Electric reading lamps will be provided by the college instead of the ordinary lamps.

It has been announced that the new dormitory is to be called Rockefeller Hall. It is to be built with walls of brick and cement, so that it will be practically fire-proof. It is to be hoped that work will be begun in two weeks.

The Library in Taylor Hall is now closed from 6.30 to 7.30 p. m.

A Bible Conference is held every Sunday afternoon at 3.30 in Room E in Taylor Hall. The Rev. Dr. Charles Wood, of the Second Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, will hold it for the remaining Sundays in October; next month it will be held by the

Rev. Dr. Ferguson, of Philadelphia.

The Senior Bible class will meet every Monday evening throughout the winter at 7.30. The Rev. Dr. J. Milner Wilbur, of the Baptist Church, at Narberth, will be the leader.

The hour for Sunday evening meeting has been changed from 6.45 to 7. This change has been made for the benefit of the Summit Grove students.

Telephones have now been placed in all the halls.

The Postal Telegraph and Cable Company have made arrangements to deliver telegrams in Bryn Mawr from 6 a. m. until midnight.

On account of the need of proper spacing of college entertainments, it has been proposed that a regular schedule should be drawn up, which shall not vary from year to year, and which shall provide fixed dates for all the regular entertainments. These will be separated by the space of about two weeks.

Eighty-one new students have entered this year; of this number, three have entered as Sophomores or upperclassmen.

Miss Thomas' hours for interviewing students are as follows:

At the Deanery, on Wednesdays, 4 to 6. In her office, Mondays, 12 to 12.30; Tuesdays, 11 to 12; Thursdays, 10 to 11; Fridays, 9 to 10.

The following changes have been made in the faculty: In the Department of Political Sci-

ence, Dr. F. R. Jones; in the Department of History, Mr. W. R. Smith; in the Department of Greek, Mr. H. N. Sanders; in the Department of Physics, Dr. W. B. Huff; in the Department of English, Dr. C. S. Tinker; as Readers in English, Miss Montenegro, Miss Edith Taylor, and Miss Elizabeth Marsh; in Elocution, Mr. King; in the Department of Law, Mr. H. W. Biklé.

The Undergraduate Fund of \$10,000 for the Library Building has reached \$7,500. Contributions will be received by Miss Army, 10-12, Pembroke East.

The Denbigh Fiction Library is to be reorganized, and new books bought to replace those lost in the fire last year. All those who still have books belonging to the Fiction Library will please take them to Miss Lord, as soon as possible.

The Property Room is to be moved to Denbigh.

The class officers for the year 1902-03 are as follows:

1903:

President.—Gertrude Dietrich.

Vice-President. — Ida Langdon.

Secretary.—Eleanor Burrell.

1904:

President.—Agnes Gillinder.

Vice - President. — Dorothy Foster.

Secretary.—Jeannette Hemphill.

1905:

President.—Isabel Lynde.

Vice-President.—Helen Sturgis.

Secretary.—Eleanor Little.

Athletic Notes.

It has been decided that henceforth certain notes on Athletics be put into THE PHILISTINE regularly. This is not so much for the purpose of stirring up interest in athletics as it is to keep the girls informed as to what is being accomplished.

At the last meeting of the Athletic Association it was voted that hockey be confined to the fall and basket ball to the spring. Both these games cannot be run at once. It is too difficult for the captains to arrange the time for playing, and too difficult for those girls who wish to play both games. Even now, the captains have such a heavy burden to bear, in coaching, arranging the teams and practicing themselves, that managers are chosen to co-operate with them and aid them in every way. The captain, as usual, is first and foremost. The manager's duty consists in coaching the game, arranging all games, providing umpires and other officials and seeing that the balls are in good order. The manager is chosen by the captain, and not by the team, because the captain, by virtue of her position, is best able to judge who can best fill all the requirements.

To give more girls practise it was decided to choose second teams, having a manager but no captain, which will play each other. This will insure greater competition and make the numerals harder to get.

There will be match games in hockey just as there are in basket ball, presumably about Thanksgiving time.

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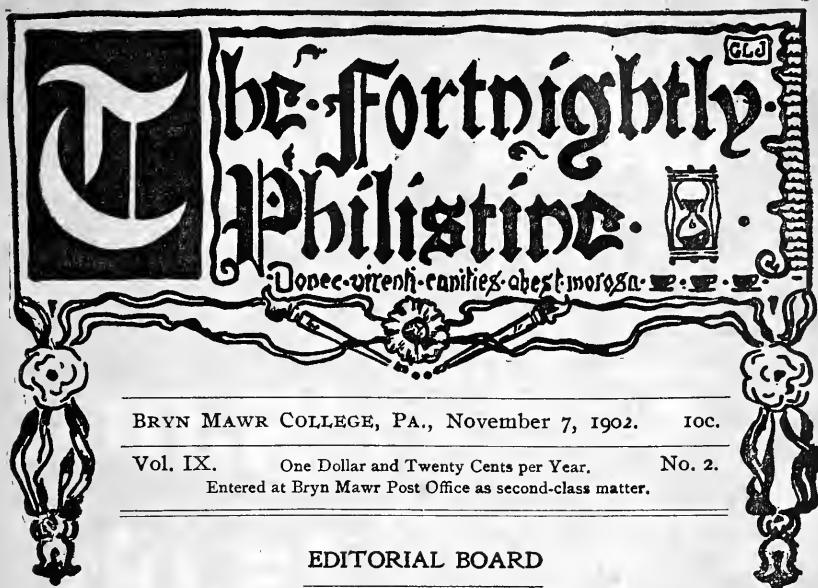
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Editorial.

In the presence of so much dramatic talent THE PHILISTINE is in a flutter of excitement and admiration. He had a curious psychic "been-there-before" feeling at "The Loan of a Lyre," week before last (but no, it couldn't have meant anything; his memory must have been play-

ing him tricks again), and a very distinct "never-had-such-a-good-time-in-my-life-before" feeling at "Trelawny of the 'Wells'" last Friday.

With the whole college in such a theatrical frame of mind, THE PHILISTINE feels that he ought to brush up the plays he knew formerly, and show what

a college education has done for him, for THE PHILISTINE used to read, too, years ago, before he took to writing. Let's see,—there was something about somebody who couldn't make up his mind to do something till the last moment, and then grew enthusiastic in somewhat this vein:

By and by is easily said. To
work, to work.

'Tis now the very witching time
of night,

When mortals yawn, enthusi-
asts give out,

Distracted at a word. Now will
I swim in German,
And learn such ghastly words
as honest day

Would quake to look on. Soft,
now to my reading.

(Opens book.)

O brain, lose not thy balance;
pitch in boldly—

“*Constantinopolitanischerdudel-
sacks*”

“*Pfeifenmacher*”

drool, but not unnatural:

“*Transvaaltruppentropentrans-
porttrampel!!*”

“*Treibertranungsthränentragö-
die!!!*”

No need for more. Two such
elastic words

Vocabularies in themselves com-
prise.

What by such words soever may
be meant,

To give them harbor gives my
soul content.

So much for what THE
PHILISTINE has learned in col-
lege.

But while on the subject of plays, let a requiem be sung on the passing of the old Gymnasium stage, the throne-room of Mephistopheles, the boudoir of Lady Teazle, the den of the Three Bears, the all-but grave of the many ballets that have floated gingerly over its protesting boards. *Requiescat in Pace*, and may its sturdy young successor who has begun life so brilliantly have as industrious a career.

A word also should be said about the new carriage road that has been opened between Radnor and Dalton. It is such a relief to be able to go to Lab. in one's victoria.

THE PHILISTINE also feels that congratulations should be offered to the hockey captains who, it is said, have reached the acme and essence of training in a new regulation: “*no eating at meals.*” Merion is inevitably doomed to defeat.

PHILISTINE contributions may be dropped into the box marked THE FORTNIGHTLY PHILISTINE, which has been placed in the Library.

Mores Semper Mutantur.

Not long ago I heard a very amusing story about the son of one of the well known men of this country. This young man was traveling abroad as a correspondent to an American paper. He was continually having strange things happen to him, and this accident of which I am writing was one of the

most unpleasant and yet one of the most ludicrous experiences which probably ever happened to any man.

Early one morning a steamer, with Mr. B——, the correspondent on board, anchored off a small town on one of the Philippine Islands. All day a curious crowd of natives watched the boat from the shore, but it was not until late in the afternoon that the chief of the village started out to pay his respects to the Americans. A large number of boats pushed off from the shore. The interpreter on board ship explained that the prince was evidently bringing his wives and some of his chief men to help him to do honor to the Americans. As the boats drew alongside of the steamer a rope ladder was let down and one of the prince's wives was the first to make the ascent. As she came to the top of the ladder she slipped. Mr. B—— was standing near and saw her start to fall, and with an exclamation of surprise he seized her around the waist and pulled her on deck. Then there arose such a commotion! The prince and his followers and all the natives along the shore began shouting and making the most fearful gesticulations at Mr. B——, and the poor woman who had been saved began weeping pitifully. What had happened? What had Mr. B—— done? The interpreter rushed up and explained. Mr. B—— had unknowingly married one of the prince's wives. He explained

that the marriage service of that tribe of people consisted in the man's seizing the woman around the waist and hastily muttering a few words to her. Poor Mr. B—— was in despair, married to a Philippino woman whom he had never seen before and who was one of the prince's wives into the bargain. The mistake was quickly explained to the people, the hubbub subsided, and it was decided that Mr. B—— and his wife should be divorced then and there on shipboard. So the two went through a complicated ceremony of kneeling towards the sun, bowing and gesticulating, and were divorced.

In spite of the horrible misfortune which had occurred, the prince seemed to forgive Mr. B—— and greeted him and the rest of the Americans cordially and invited them to the royal palace the next day.

Nonsense Verses.

Three little hum-drumses
Twiddled their thumbses
Learning tri-dimensional con-
tinuumses;
Their minds were twistses,
Their ideas mistses,—
Don't you jeer, just wait till
your turn comeses.

There was a fat lady named
Rinner,
Who asked why she couldn't get
thinner,
If diet she would,
She most surely could,
But how perfectly awful to go
without one's supper!



**"The Loan of a Lyre," Fri-
day, October 24.**

The annual performance of "The Loan of a Lyre" took place on Friday evening, October 24. The play, or more correctly, the money which was taken in at the play, was for the benefit of the Undergraduate Association.

The principal part was well rendered by Miss Leupp, who prompted perfectly from beginning to end. The audience enjoyed hearing her say all the things the cast should have said but forgot,—you see the play was so new to them. We feel sure that any one in college, barring '05 and '06, could have taken any rôle without even rehearsing.

Comparing this last performance to the former ones, we feel that the cast may boast of a few improvements. Miss Follansbee's fiery beard had turned gray and didn't come off whenever she began one of her long soliloquies. Miss Strong's voice had grown more refined and sensitive and her hair was becomingly coiffured. Miss White, as Milton Bascarole, had developed great strength of character since we saw her last. This was shown by the firm manner she assumed

toward the other members of the cast when they forgot their parts. "That's the wrong thing," she would say; and then the audience would have the pleasure of hearing the cast go back and repeat a few speeches in order to catch the right cue. Miss Chauvenet's acting showed force, and we had no idea a crusty guardian could find the situation so laughable. Miss Kidder was good enough to enforce several of her speeches even before she was asked.

The most astonishing thing in connection with the play is that a poster announced it as "positively the last appearance!" It would seem incredible, but we have it on the best authority that the one surviving manuscript is to be burned at the Senior bonfire! And the cast really need a manuscript to be prompted from during every performance of "The Loan of a Lyre."

**Trelawny of the "Wells."—
October 31.**

Tom Wrench, Natalie Fairbank.
Ferdinand Ladd, Helen Garrett.
James Telfer, . . . Isabel Lynde.
Augustus Colpoys,

Caroline Morrow.
Rose Trelawny, Alice E. Mason.



Avonia Bunn,. Josephine Brady.
Mrs. Telfer, Adaline Havemeyer
Imogen Parrott. Florence Craig.
O'Dwyer, Helen Kempton.
Mr. Dengil, . Margaret Thayer.
Sir Wm. Gower. . Anne Greene.
Arthur Gower,

Fredericka Le Fevre.
Clara de Foenix, . Avis Putnam.
Miss Gower. . . . Mabry Parks.
Captain de Foenix, . Alice Day.
Mrs. Messop,

Elizabeth Goodrich.
Mr. Ablett, . Margaret Thurston.
Charles, Helen Jackson.

"Be there no cheers?"

Indeed the Class of '05 would be difficult to please if it did not find cheers enough and to spare in the Gymnasium on Friday night. The enthusiasm of the audience, which bore abundant witness to the excellent rendering of a play in itself charming, was increased by the rumors rife of the new method used in selecting the characters,—namely, by competition.

An expectant audience of four hundred, curious to see the result of an experiment, left the Gymnasium highly enthusiastic over play and players; and how many actors can say as much?

Yes, although we thought we knew how gallantly '05 can arise to any occasion, even those

who knew best our Sophomore Class must have been guilty of some little surprise at the excellence of Friday night's performance.

Alice Eleanor Mason as Rose Trelawny, fully justified the sentiment of the Freshman Class, "we're all in love with the heroine," and made manifest the good taste of her jaunty young suitor, Arthur Gower, and the sympathy for poor Tom Wrench excited by Natalie Fairbank's rendering of the disappointed lover, was doubled by the fact that the audience fully appreciated his loss.

Of the other "theatrical folk" we can but say that their lack of success in gaining a livelihood through their art only serves to prove that in the sixties popular taste was of the poorest.

How to tell of the positive chill that swept over the audience when the curtain rose on the second act and disclosed the home surroundings of the young nobleman who aspired to the hand of the most popular actress of the "Wells"! Sir William, the difficult part admirably rendered by Anne Greene, was of aspect sufficiently awful to appall any but the most intrepid of lovers, and when backed by his family the dimensions of the domestic

disapproval assumed proportions startling indeed. And yet in the end all came out happily, and the curtain fell on the young couple united and the family reconciled.

In brief, THE PHILISTINE wishes to extend to '05 his most enthusiastic congratulations, and to '06 the suggestion that, with such a model, great things are expected next week.

To Peggy.

A TRIOLET AFTER AUSTIN DOBSON.



I.

When Peggy comes down,
All arrayed for the ball
In a pink satin gown
When Peggy comes down
I swear no one in town
Can match her at all.
When Peggy comes down
All arrayed for the ball.



II.

But when Peggy drives out
In a black velvet hat
With her hair blown about
When Peggy drives out
In my mind there's no doubt
That she's perfect in *that*
When Peggy drives out
In a black velvet hat.

N. M. H., 05.

The Black Gap.

Japipa woke in the cold dawn to see above her the dark, wrinkled face, beady eyes, and straggling gray hair of an old Ute squaw, who bent from her thin pony and hissed, "Nahto is a prisoner of the Utes." Then

the hag rode away with a screech of laughter.

Nahto, her brother, a captive of these crawling Utes! Their war party between her and her people! For a moment Japipa stood where she had risen beside the old squaw. Then she

caught her pony, sprang to his back, and darted away in the direction opposite that taken by the Ute. She had one friend there to the north, the daughter of the great white chief at the fort.

All day her tired pony struggled on as she coaxed him. All day she kept up her own courage despite hunger, utter weariness, and fear. The events of the day before passed rapidly through her mind, the scouts' report of a band of Utes far outnumbering the Apache hunting party; the hurried flight; her own quiet departure when she missed Nahto and knew he had gone back to hold Black Gap, through which the Utes must pass to overtake the Apaches. How hard the day's ride had been over the rough hills, around to the left of the Utes! But at last she came up behind them. Once she had stopped to drink and two Ute squaws had stopped to taunt her, but passed on angrily when she told them she laughed to see one Apache hold a hundred Utes at bay; and at the top of a hill she met the squaws and found she could see Nahto. He was lying among the crags at the top of a wall of rock which overhung the Black Gap. The river roared in a semicircle at the back of the crag so no one could get up behind the lone Apache. In front of him was the narrow pass with straight, bare sides. Japipa could see the gleam of her brother's rifle in the morning light and knew he was letting no Ute enter the

defile he watched. Night had shut it all from sight, but Japipa had felt she was near her hero and had stood peering before her into the darkness until she had sunk down asleep despite herself. Now she must save Nahto, she must! As she rose she wondered bitterly what terrible mischance had given the Utes an opportunity to take him.

Toward sunset as the tired pony stumbled on, Japipa saw at last the low barracks on the next hill. There was a last struggle, the pony fell at the edge of the parade ground. The girl rose, choked with dust, quivering from head to foot. Next moment Helen Deloffe caught the thin brown body in her arms as poor Japipa hurled herself forward with a cry.

"My people!" gasped the Indian, "Fifty go hunt, your father give permit to leave reservation. Utes come hundred, two hundred. Nahto, my brother climb rocks at Black Gap, shoot any Ute try to follow Apaches. Apaches safe maybe, but Nahto, my Nahto!" here her voice came in gasping sobs, "Utes take him. You—send—soldier—Black Gap—quick!"

Japipa knew no more. The fever from two days of riding with nothing to eat, the long night on the mountain near Nahto, the last effort, had seized her.

Three days later Japipa opened her eyes to find herself in a hospital cot and Nahto be-

side her. The soldiers had just come back, bringing the Apache, some Ute hostages for the government, and news that the Ute band was safely driven back to the reservation they had "jumped."

Japipa knew Nahto was great and brave and had held Black Gap alone. But she never knew what she had had to do with it, and she could not understand why the great white chief and his daughter and all the "blue coats" called her the bravest little Apache that ever breathed.

F. Le F, '05.

"What's in a Name?"

It might be imagined that the Welsh names of our college halls were chosen merely for beauty's sake, or in some cases for their distinguished pronunciation. But an inquiry into facts, as found in the encyclopedia and Marie Trevelyan's "From Snowden to the Sea," and "In the Land of Arthur," points out that whoever picked out these names followed no indefinite plan. Somehow the plan has endured, so that although it is a far cry from Wales to Bryn Mawr, still the words keep their meaning and characterize the places to which they belong.

Around Pembroke, for instance, "green hills alternate with fertile valleys," and "within are . . . numerous educational institutions."

"The newer part of Denbigh

was built . . . after the destruction and desertion of a great part." We hope that there was a Welsh fire-brigade upon the spot. There also is "a noble institution for the maintenance and education of fifty female inmates," and all Denbighites will be rejoiced to hear that the old branch of the family, as well as the new, is "a place of genteel retirement."

Radnor "stands in the midst of exceedingly wild and hilly scenery," and "in the immediate vicinity is the cascade of Water-Break-its-Neck," which must be here the gymnasium swimming-pool.

The Welsh Merion "is the most mountainous country of Wales." This characteristic can be seen in the extremely high ceilings in our oldest dormitory.

Freshmen who every year fill the cottages will agree, especially during their first week of College that "very beautiful, though toilsome, was the route upward from Dolgelly; but, though the scenery was grand and impressive, few people in those troublous times heeded the beauties of Nature." But it needs the Sophomores who take such a kindly interest in the inhabitants of our Dolgelly to recognize that there, as well as in Great Britain's representative, "lamb and kid skins are tanned and dressed."

The name Bryn Mawr itself means "big hill," and makes us think of the great peak of Snowden, and feel sure that our college, like that giant mountain,

is lofty and light-crowned, the
pride of her native land and
famous over all the world.

M. U., '04.

Pol. Econ as a Freshman Understands the Term.

Confused and very ignorant,
Of customs and of terms,
The Freshmen enter college
With their wisdom still in
germs.

Some assume a grave composure,
Others try a haughty air,
Some are happy and light-
hearted,
Some are loaded down with
care.

Some are crushed with grave
forebodings,
Some are up to any thing,
Some are laughing-stocks for
others,
'Tis of such an one I sing.

She was just a little Freshman,
Of a Class that's with us now,
And she wanted to seem know-
ing,
But she didn't quite know
how.

She had bought a "Peter Thomp-
son"
And "Hosea" for a start;
She knew "quizzes" from "elec-
tives,"
And had learned her course
by heart.

She had reason to look forward
To clear sailing, don't you
think?

But she made her famous *bon
mot*

When still standing on the
brink.

For she met some upper class-
men,
Coming out from town, one
day,
And she joined their conversa-
tion,
In a shy, half-timid way.

"I'm so crazy over 'Pol. Econ!' "
Cried a Senior, most estatic,
"Oh, I'm not," replied the Fresh-
man,
"I've no bent that's mathe-
matic."
(And they say the Senior
smiled!)

I. L., 03.

Some More of Our Townsfolk.

We were having our farm
house made livable—"improve-
ments" was the name given the
process by our neighbors of the
soil, and as the men began work
directly under my window every
morning before I was up, I used
to get the benefit of many con-
versations not strictly meant for
my ear.

It was to the swashing sound
of a paint brush at work and
the deep drawling voice of the
"Italian" that I awoke one June
morning. The intermittent
sound of nails driven home gave
the only clue as to the where-
abouts of him to whom the mon-
ologue was addressed.

"Sa-ay! yer know ol' Isaac

Jones? Waal, Miss Edith 'n' her mother, they call him ol' Inspirin' View. Why? Why, where wuz you when he come up the hill yestidy 'bout noon with the milk? Y' know he's supposed to bring it in time for breakfast, an' he hez a little habit of gettin' here any ol' time from seven ter nine. Waal, yestidy he didn't come 'n' he *didn't come*, 'n' Mrs. Carter she was nigh about crazy. 'Bout 'long noon I see him crawlin' up the hill lookin' kinder 'pologetic. Said he expected his brother that he hadn't seed fer nigh onto forty year, so he kinder thought he'd wait 'round down home for him.

"What? Waal, I don't see why he shouldn't a' missed him at *twelve* 's much 's at *seven*. Neither 'd Mrs. Carter 'n' she said 's much. But ol' Isaac he was lookin' tother way 'n' didn't 's much 's know she'd spoke; 'n' she didn't know he's deaf 's a post, so she says again:

"Can't you get here on time after this?' 'N' all the time he was lookin' deown 'cross the valley and sayin' with that George Washington style o' his, 'What an inspirin' view you have here, madam; a reely *inspirin'* view!' Waal, Mrs. Carter she was carin' more abeout milk ner views just *then*, so she kep' on yellin, 'beout what interested *her*, an' he kep' on firin' long strings o' adjectives at the scenery. Then Mrs. Carter she got exhausted an' sat deown, 'n' Miss Edith she took a try.

"Waal, last I seed wuz ol'

Isaac goin' mutterin' deown the hill 'n' Miss Edith a-runnin' 'long after, yellin':

"Say, ol' Inspirin' View, bring us two quarts to-morrow at seven!"

There was a pause; then—

"I'm kinder anxious ter see 'f he does. Is that outside white in the cellar?"

Slow footsteps descended a ladder and went around the corner of the house while I waited. There was the sound of steps returning, a ladder scraped and the drawling voice went on:

"Waal, he found his brother. He was goin' home from here through the paster 'n' he seed another feller comin' toward him; says he to Isaac:

"Be there a fellow at work up to the farm on the hill named Jones?"

"Yasser;" says Isaac, 'I'm your man.' At that the other fellow says:

"I be your long lost brother.' Then they fell on each other's necks."

There was an impressive silence and then in tones of subtlest irony:

"Touchin', warn't it? Think you could cherish much brotherly love fer a feller ye hadn't sot eyes on fer forty year? Huh! No more c'd I. But Isaac says: —"

The ladder scraped again and the voice trailed off into indistinctness, leaving me to conjecture what might have been Isaac's excuse.

C. D. L., '03.

'03 Class Song.

Here's to Bryn Mawr and the
happy days we've spent,
In our work and our play to-
gether,
Here's a health to classmates
true,
Whom we've proved the four
years through,
In fair and in stormy weather.

CHORUS.

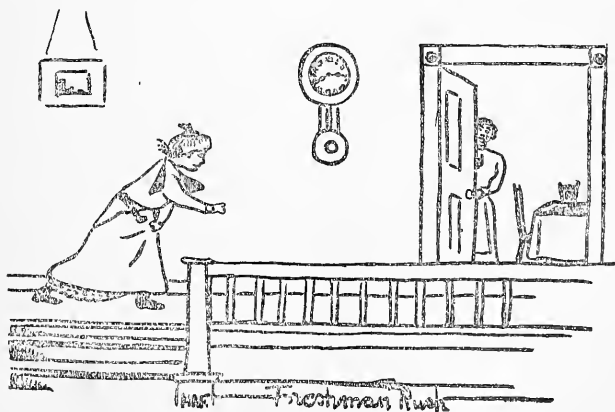
Winds that sweep the campus,
Winds that stir the vines,
Free o'er the towers standing
gray and still,
When the shadows lengthen,
when the summer shines,
Blow her our blessings and
steadfast,
Though the years may part us
Though we be far,
1903 will honor and serve Bryn
Mawr.

'06 Class Song.

Tune—"Heidelberg."
Bryn Mawr! Bryn Mawr! be-
loved Bryn Mawr!
To you we'll e'er be true,
We'll ne'er forget the happy
days
That we have spent with you.
In future days we'll sing thy
praise,
Tho' many years may pass,
And think with love of you,
Bryn Mawr,
And nineteen six, our class.

1906 to 1905.

O give us that over once more
we pray, encore, encore,
There never has been such a
bully play before, before.
The scenic effects are really sub-
lime,
And we're all in love with the
heroine.
For we none of us dreamed 't
would be so fine,
Three cheers for the Sophomore.





A monk sat in his gloomy cell all buried deep in lore
When suddenly a lighted torch came through the open
door.

The monk looked up in sad disdain, and then remarked,
"Why, this'll

Be twice that someone's sent me an illuminated mis-
sal."

Alumnæ Notes.

'96.

Mary Hill Swope has a daughter, born October 26.

'98.

Mary Githens is engaged to Mr. Allyn Calvert, of Philadelphia.

Marion Peck is teaching Latin and Greek in Colorado College.

Winifred Warren, Ph. D., was married August 6, 1902, to Mr. George Arthur Wilson, Associate Professor of Philosophy, Syracuse University.

'99.

Emma Guffey was married to Mr. Carroll Miller on Tuesday, October 28. They have gone to Japan on their honeymoon.

Kate Mittendorf was married November 1, 1902, to Mr. Blackwell, of Trenton.

'01.

Elizabeth Lewis is doing graduate work at the University of Chicago.

May Southgate is traveling in Europe.

Katherine Lord is studying graduate English at Radcliffe.

Fanny Sinclair Woods has arrived in China.

S. K. Lee is teaching Latin and Ancient History at Miss Hall's School, in Pittsfield, Mass.

'02.

Grace Douglas is traveling in England.

Eloise Sturdevant is engaged to Mr. Compton, of New York.

College Notes.

A course of six lecture-recitals on "Poets and Musicians" will be given by Mr. and Mrs. Owen B. Jenkins on the evenings of November 10, December 15, January 19, February 23, March 23, and April 20, in Room 210, Baker Building, 1520 Chestnut street. Special rates are offered to students of Bryn Mawr, who will be admitted for fifty cents for single tickets, instead of for the usual price of \$1.

The first college reception will take place on January 16.

It has been announced definitely that by November 10 the manholes will be covered and the trenches sodded.

The electric lights have already been connected in Denbigh.

An essay prize of \$50 has been offered by the Daughters of the American Revolution of Pennsylvania, called the Julia K. Hogg Testimonial Prize. It will be competed for by members of the Senior Classes of seven colleges in Pennsylvania. The subject of the essay is: "The History of what is now the State of Pennsylvania, Prior to the Penn Charter."

Electric lights will be placed in the Gymnasium at Christmas—until then it will be lighted by gas. Lamps will no longer be used at plays.

A series of concerts will be given at Witherspoon Hall, Philadelphia, by the Kneisel Quartette, on five Monday afternoons during the winter. The

first concert will be November 24. Students' tickets, \$2.50 for the series, may be obtained at the Bursar's office.

Mrs. Robert Spear addressed the Christian Union on October 20.

The Rev. Dr. Charles Fergusson delivered the Wednesday evening sermon on October 27. Dr. Fergusson will lead the Sunday Bible Conferences during the month of November.

Out-door drills are now being held by the head fire captain for the hall captains. The drill consists in bringing out the hose-reel, attaching the hose to the water-plug, and fixing the nozzle to the hose. Similar drills will be held later by the hall captains for their own brigades.

Mr. Santayana's lecture before the Philosophical Club last year has been published in the September issue of the *Fortnightly Review*.

An illustrated stereopticon lecture on "The Legend of the Holy Grail and Parsifal as Performed at Bayreuth" will be given by Mrs. Charles W. Rhodes on November 18, at 4.15 in the College Chapel; the lecture will be illustrated from the score by Mr. Adolf Glose, of New York, concert pianist. Admission for all those connected with the College, \$1.

Athletic Notes.

HOCKEY.

Bryn Mawr College has accepted the challenge of the Merion Cricket Club to a series

of three games to be played on November 6, 11, and 13.

As soon as these games are over, the class match games will begin and occupy the time until Thanksgiving.

The captains and managers of the teams are: 1903, G. Fetterman, D. Day; 1904, C. Case, H. Howell; 1905, A. Havemeyer, A. Meigs; 1906, M. Richardson, E. Harrington.

The alumnæ of Philadelphia have organized a hockey club. They have procured a field at Overbrook and expect to play twice a week. After some practice they hope to challenge the Bryn Mawr College 'Varsity.

The Wellesley match games are to be next week. Miss Applebee, who has gone there to umpire, will send a report of the games to THE PHILISTINE.

Miss Applebee has given invaluable help in choosing and coaching the 'Varsity.

TENNIS.

The tournament will probably be finished by the end of the first week in November. Jean Clark, the last year's champion, will defend the cup. If she again wins she will keep the cup.

SWIMMING.

There has been some delay in flooding the pool owing to the electricians working on the pipes.

The tank is to be painted white and an improvement in the piping is to be made so that the hot water will run in at a different place from the cold, and thus circulate more evenly than heretofore.

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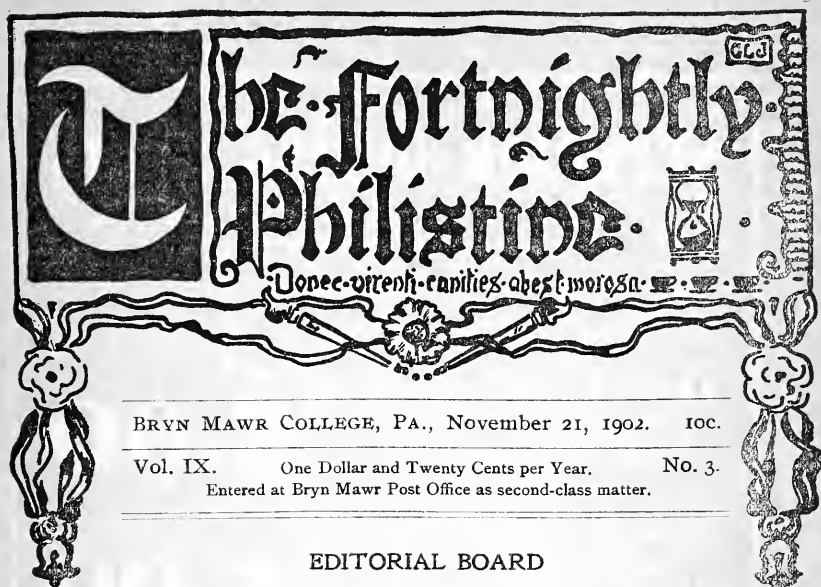
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Editorial.

Such a busy fortnight past. THE PHILISTINE was beginning to fear that his hair would turn "a soft light gray" if such a strenuous mode of life were persisted in. Remember, the poor little fellow is only eight years old, and would have to begin to lead a double life in order to

keep up with the fast pace in vogue at present. In fact who, undowered with Atalanta's heels, could keep up with the mile a minute pace set recently by the members of our noble varsity? Not even so sturdy an opponent as Merion could do it, and Merion is a foeman well calculated to prove any team's mettle. The

fact that the Bryn Mawr eleven could more than hold its own speaks well for the grade of college athletics. The fast, clean game that Merion put up was a joy to watch and a joy to play against, and has roused in us all a desire to have, some time, another opportunity for testing our strength with their's.

The college coat-of-arms, proper, might fitly be:

Crest:

College spirit rampant.

Arms:

1. A ball gules, between two sticks, counter-passant, to show how it is induced.

2. Subordinate disorderlies turgescant, on a field vert, to show how it is expressed.

3. A ghastly suspense, transient, to show how it is maintained.

4. Us triumphant, to show how it is justified.

But all this is only one of the sensations of the fortnight past. Next came all the glories of the Freshman play to fill THE PHILISTINE'S soul with joy, and his columns with praises. Then before his heart had had time to recover from the ravages effected by the leading ladies, came more hockey to make it beat out of time once more.

Query—Why are hockey games Irish?

Answer—Because they are a wearing of the green.

(A poor joke, but it is better to have joked and lost the point than never to have joked at all.)

Taking it all in all it has been

a happy fortnight as well as a busy one, and THE PHILISTINE cannot close better than by summing up his causes for happiness before we all scatter for Thanksgiving. Videlicet:

He is thankful that after two weeks of match hockey a few members of the college have enough fingers left to write him those beautiful manuscripts that flood his desk in such profusion.

That Bryn Mawr has been rescued from its premature grave.

That Bryn Mawr is glory personified, for, as Webster says:

"Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright,
But look'd too near have neither heat or light."

That we are safe from "The Loan of a Lyre" for at least two months to come.

That Taylor Clock is so nice in its regard for Father Time. "After you, reverend sir," we can almost hear it breathe, "I could not think of crowding you by approaching too near."

That it is considered legitimate on Thanksgiving Day, if you can't get along by fair means to get along by fowl.

That

Nineteen six is a very fine class,

O a very fine class are they,—
That they have wit, and can make a hit

With a very fine Freshman play.

That we are such nice girls.
And many other things.

In Memoriam.

WALTER COPE.

Born 1860.

Died 1902.

“Walter Cope’s career as an architect is coincident in time with the life of the college. In 1886, when he and his partner, Mr. John Stewardson—like Mr. Cope, a young architect of brilliant artistic talent—had just finished their studies, they were asked by our Board of Trustees to plan Radnor Hall, which was begun in 1886, and finished in 1887, and was the first important building of the young architects. Beautiful as are our later buildings, Radnor possesses a beauty all its own, and shows in its quiet lines and dignified repose that in it a new order of college architecture had come into being.

“In this same year Mr. Walter Cope and Mr. John Stewardson built for us our little physical laboratory, now the Infirmary, and in 1890 and 1891 Denbigh Hall. . . . After the completion of Pembroke, Mr. Cope planned Professor Andrews’ house, on College Hill, remodelled the Deanery, built the picturesque long, low shingled building on the Gulf Road, above Low Buildings, and Low Buildings itself, which is also charming in another architectural style. . . . Rockefeller Hall has been planned by Mr. Cope even to the smallest details, and will be the most beautiful of all our buildings.

“It is little enough that each one of us can do to keep alive the memory of those that are dead, but it seems to me our sacred duty as men and women to recognize and express the debt of gratitude we owe to those who give devoted service which cannot be measured in any material way, to a great object, such as the architectural beauty of college buildings.”

—From Miss Thomas’ address to the students in
Chapel on Monday, November 4.

Cousin Jonathan's First Sermon.

Cousin Jonathan was a gentle old retired clergyman when I knew him, with peering, near-sighted eyes and sandy gray hair. There had been a time, according to family tradition, when his hair had been flaming red—the time, probably, of that dreadful first sermon of his, awestruck accounts of which one could draw from relations in reminiscent mood.

Jonathan had just taken orders, so the story ran, and was to deliver his first sermon in the small church on Elm street. All the relations, down to third cousins, had come to hear him, and the church was packed. The service went on well; finally Jonathan arose in the pulpit. A thrill ran through the congregation when it was seen that he carried no manuscript; the sermon was to be delivered without notes! The relations grasped their Bibles tighter and sat forward on the edge of their pews.

"My text," Jonathan began, bravely, with his eyes fixed on Aunt Jerusha's bird-of-paradise bonnet, "is drawn from Matthew 19: 24. It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a rich man than for a needle"—

A soft breath—no one could have said it was titter—passed through the church. Jonathan's near-sighted eyes wandered vaguely from Uncle Smith's stern face to Aunt Mehitabel's frozen one, then suddenly stared in horror. He choked a little and began again.

"It is easier for a rich man to pass through the eye of a camel, than,—no, no," he coughed hysterically. "It is easier for a needle to pass through the eye of a rich man, than for a camel to enter the kingdom of heaven."

And here, with the rich man in this uncomfortable position, poor Jonathan was forced to leave the matter, while the church echoed with loud coughs and subdued sobs. It is reported that even Uncle Smith bowed his head for a moment as though in prayer. But through it all Aunt Jerusha held high her birds of paradise, while not a flicker passed over her stony face.

G. L. M., '03.

My Clock.

There is only one person in this world of whom I am afraid, and that is my clock. I call it a person because its claims to an individual personality are much more valid than that of many human beings; it has, in fact, to a highly developed degree many human frailties if few virtues.

I cannot make up my mind whether it is really malicious or only flagrantly careless. What would you think of one who, of a Sunday morning, indicated the stroke of nine by a rigidly right-angular face when as a matter of fact there was really time to put on your collar? What conclusion would you draw, I say, in regard to the character of one

who under false pretences lured you to bed fully half an hour before training required when a quiz awaited you the next day?

Any one who casually entered the room which my clock and I inhabit, seeing its crooked face, disjointed hands and lack of legs and, at the same time, my corresponding attributes intact, might be led to suppose that I maltreated my clock. As a matter of fact all its wounds and losses are the result of genuine accident. Yes, the paralytic twist of its face (which necessitates rapid mental calculation on my part every time I consult it), was the result of the same accident which deprived it of both legs and gave its hands the habit of jumping off in moments of excitement or mental aberration. (As for the fate of its glass face, it is buried in the mists of antiquity.)

Battered as a war veteran it now hangs, suspended by a bit of ribbon, on the end of my curtain rod, which reminds me of the one point of sympathy between me and my clock; we love to conspire to startle a third person. This is easily done. My quick but carelessly administered jerk at the window curtain, for the apparent purpose of raising it, results invariably in dislodging the clock from its position and sends it spinning across the room; hands fly off and a variety of metal rings and screws fill the air, while the clock itself, upside down in a corner,

ticks stolidly on. The visitor holds up her hands in dismay, but I with a casual, "Oh, dear! There goes my clock!" collect and readjust its scattered members. (The last time this happened I *know* I saw that clock wink.) One might call this maltreatment, but I assure you that if this diversion did not take place at frequent intervals, that clock would stop running from sheer exasperation.

Last night, however, it stopped without rhyme or reason. Yes, dear reader, you are indeed reading an obituary!

In the middle of the night I awoke to hear it ticking with an undue emphasis on every other beat. I shook it, I threw it on the floor; I stood it on its head, but nothing seemed to relieve its breathing.

Towards morning it simply went out.

Now that it is gone I realize how fond I was of it. Granted, it was a parvenu (it began life on a bargain counter at Wannamaker's); of course without legs it could not be expected to run very well, and besides one cannot have such a human roommate for three years without acquiring some affection for it; perhaps we were not the only case in college of roommates who fought and yet were fond.

But the sad thing about it all is that I cannot quite make up my mind now whether it was really malicious or only flagrantly careless!

C. D. L., '03.



"The Strenuous Life," 1906 to 1905, November 15.

On the evening of November 15 a large and expectant crowd of under-classmen, alumnae, members of the faculty and visitors, filled the gymnasium to its very doors, waiting with the expectancy of the uninitiated, for a glimpse of "The Strenuous Life," given by 1906 to 1905. Nor was their waiting vain, for 1906 had certainly done wonders in combining costumes and dances to produce an Arabian Night's effect, which pleased the least strenuous of us, while delicate allusions of all sorts testified to the position of Bryn Mawr in a way to suit the most exacting. There were a great many beautifully executed dances, for which Miss McAnulty played, wherein were Russian girls and Turkish girls and Chinese girls and International Butterflies, while there were some very fetching policemen and some colored maids who though neat were not gaudy. The Grecians' dance and that of the Gypsies were especially attractive, and Miss Kingsbacher, who was one of these, did a most graceful dance. But dear me! I fear I am one of the un-

strenuous ones, for in speaking of the dances I have altogether forgotten to mention two most distinguished characters, Prince Henry and President Roosevelt, who, beside being great, were able to take time to say many nice things about Bryn Mawr and to properly suppress certain very forward princesses who tried to be disrespectful to her.

We are very grateful to 1906 for allowing us to see their show, and we feel that Miss Neall, their stage manager, deserves a great deal of credit for the way in which she staged it.

1905-1906.

Song—"Molly Shannon."
Oh, look at the Freshman class,
Strutting across the stage they pass,
See their costumes and their pretty comic tricks.
Stunts and songs and dances too,
Never a pun that isn't new,
Here's a cheer, a hearty cheer, to you,
Nineteen six!

Song—"Ain't it a Shame?"
We cheer your Freshman class;
we cheer your dandy play,

Your costumes, music, dancing,
acting, take our breath away.

Your play is *fine*!

Your play is *fine*!

Each chorus is so true; each
dancer is so light,

Your hero treads so manfully,
he is a martial sight.

You take the cake

And no mistake.

CHORUS.

Oh, watch them play,

Those Freshmen play,

Oh, is it bully?

Well, I should say!

Oh, watch them play,

Those Freshmen play,

Oh, is it bully?

Well, I should say!

The Adventure.

Elizabeth suddenly stood before me in the gathering dusk. Her dress and round-cut hair shone with the same whiteness in the half light. She was brandishing a tiny pair of slippers, whose discouraged turned up toes were relieved by jaunty little ribbons and buckles.

"Quick," she said, "I want them for something, they're Eleanor's old ones. I can have them, can't I? Say yes."

"Yes," I answered hesitatingly, "but why should—"

She had vanished before I could finish my questions.

Half an hour later I realized that the house had grown strangely silent, and I started out to corral the children. They were nowhere to be found in garden,

garret or cellar, and finally despairing I went out to the sidewalk. There came the yellow-haired trio, serenely marching down the street.

"I speak to tell the adventure," shouted Elizabeth, when they came within hearing. "There were two, you know, a little girl and a little boy, just toddling down the street (keep quiet, Eleanor), and the little girl was cunning and sweet, but the little boy made faces. And her shoes—O—that comes later. We knew they were lost because they were so dirty and it was after supper time. (Please let me tell it, Sara, you always tell things.)

"So we brought them into the garden and gave them bread and milk. The little girl kept looking at Eleanor's slippers, and her own shoes were so old and torn it must have been bad for her stockings. So we planned it while they were eating their bread and milk—and you said we might—so I got Eleanor's old ones and Sara put them on her. Then she was so proud. She wanted to go right home but she didn't seem to know the way, and we thought we'd take her ourselves to that funny, crooked street, you know."

"Don't *ever* go there again," I interrupted, aghast, but Elizabeth was too thrilled by the adventure to notice me at all.

"And, well, there were lots of dirty, ragged little children running around, and they all called out to us, 'Oh, Johnny, you'll catch it, you'll catch it.

Your father's going to whip you.' And we began to be scared and wish we hadn't given them such long bowls of milk and recited the Jabberwocky, because it took a long time and didn't seem to amuse them much. But suddenly a man with a pointed beard and a violin case under his arm turned a corner and picked up our little girl. He had big soft eyes, and you just ought to have seen how he looked at her—a long time and hard, as if he loved her a lot. Then he left her on a doorstep and opened the door and hurried away again. But while we were watching her, a horrible, ogreish man with red hair had grabbed poor Johnny by the collar and was bouncing him down the street, hurting him at every step. I know he was hurting because Johnny cried so. And we turned and run all the way to the corner."

Here Elizabeth hid her face in her hands as if to blot out the picture of Johnny's misery. Then the three began again in chorus and dilated upon different phases of the adventure until they were all in their little white nightgowns and ready for me to tuck them in and turn out the light. Eleanor began to mumble her "Now I lay me down to sleep" in her usual absent-minded fashion, but suddenly stopped in the middle and interrupted the others with:

"We don't need to pray for the little girl because she has new slippers and her father loves her, but let's pray *awfully* hard for Johnny!" L. P. A., '03.

Shed a Tear for What Didn't Get In.

I.

It lies in the basket all crumpled
and sad,
It didn't get in; it was awfully
bad.
It came to the editor cocky and
proud,
Read by the editor, with grief
its head bowed.
Shed a tear for what didn't get
in.

II.

It lies in the basket all swearing
and mad,
The editor liked it, the censor
said "bad."
It knew that it wasn't a Sunday
school bird.
But that heaven should *spurn* it
was too absurd—
Shed a tear for what didn't get
in.

III.

So, when fool's cap comes up to
Editor's Desk—
It may live its youth in the
PHILISTINE's page.
Then rest evermore in the
Trophy Club's cage.
But more often, alas! it's des-
tined to die,
And buried in *baskets* and *ashes*
to lie.
Shed a tear for what didn't get
in.

D. D., '05.

In Praise of Golf-Caddies.

I am interested in caddies—
understand me, not in tea-caddies
—tea-caddies are mere paint and

metal—but in those flesh and blood caddies, those small bread-winners that from dawn to dusk conduct an active business in carrying the golf-bags of players on the links—a careless, happy-go-lucky crowd, burned and brown from long summer suns; their up-tilted noses speckled like turkey's eggs, their hair peeping in attenuated wisps from the slit crowns of straw hats oftentimes innocent of brim—such lads as throng about the would-be player ere he has fairly entered the gates of the golf-grounds and accompany him up the walk with shrill clamor and saucy blandishments until he has chosen one of their number for his service.

I have a profound awe of these sharp-tongued rogues—supercilious wights—for the rejected ones do not infrequently, with poignant sneers and jeering mockeries, look on while I, extremely susceptible to their malicious ridicule, become so disconcerted as to send my first ball far in the wrong direction. Frowns and reproofs avail me naught—not even the haughty demeanor of my small servitor; but a delighted cheer greets my every failure, until, to my relief, I and my squire have passed over the hill beyond reach of their taunting jocularity.

Albeit their mirth plays havoc with my score, yet so round and innoxious are the chubby faces of these waifs, so full of gleeful sparkle are their mischievous eyes, such an invitement to laughter are their well-aimed

witticisms—worthy of a better cause—that ere I have had an opportunity to seek revenge my wrath is wholly dissipated.

Laughable, yet in some sort, pathetic sights, are these tiny chits as they run actively or stroll inertly (as the case may warrant) up hill and down dale, having on one shoulder a golf-bag that usually excels their own statures. Be their patron a skillful player and one neither too lax nor too exacting, they are interested and sympathetic, but woe to the bungling novice!—the scorn of the caddie is manifest in every saucy feature of his rubicund countenance.

Yet, reader, what player in a match game, when as his score begins to gain over that of his opponent, his alert caddie whispereth encouragingly, "We'll beat 'im yet if we keeps on like this;"—what player hath not felt a thrill of confidence and a deep gratitude towards his exhorter? Who so close of purse that when the match is over—and won by "us"—is not drawn to open his heart to his small retainer and to all the admiring youthful throng, and to regale them with that delicious beverage so refreshing to the juvenile palate—that pleasantly acid composition yeapt "lemonade" that the neat-capped, buxom lass dispenseth with generous ladle at the booth where the sweets are vended? At such a time, when it would ill become thee to boast, the caddie boasteth for thee, and it doeth thy heart good to hear him. His

boasts are most gratifying to thy vanity.

And happily, if you have lost, such inexpensive generosity will infallibly win sympathy instead of jeers from the youngers; and the ill-timed jester will be quoited out of their ranks with prodigious indignation.

In very truth the caddy is a formidable enemy and a most desirable ally. He is, moreover, an admirable corrective to self-conceit, and in all his multitudinous phrases an unfailing source of interest and delight. Long life and success to the caddie, let us drink his health—in lemonade.

M. S. C., '04.

'Varsity Hockey Songs.

Tune—"Australian Girl."

The Bryn Mawr team is the best of all,

Hit along! Hit along!
When they dribble or whack or
stop the ball,

Hit along! Hit along!

Hit along, oh, 'Varsity,

Hit along! Hit along!

Hit along and don't you muff the ball,

You're playing for Bryn Mawr!

Tune—"Son of a Gambolier."
We've swept the East, we've
swept the West, we've
sought both near and far,
The brightest of the hockey stars
are gathered at Bryn Mawr;
Though Merion may play the
game and keep a pretty line,
Yet whither does the moon go
when the sun begins to
shine?

We love to see young Denny hit,
We love to see Day run;
Whenever Raymond gets the ball
there's sure to be some fun.
With Sturgis playing full-back,
guarded well by stalwart
Smith,
We fear that Merion's hopes for
goals are but a transient
myth.

CHORUS.

So hit along, hit along, hit along,
hit along, hit along 'Varsity!

Your heart may pound, your
breath be short, you're play-
ing for B. M. C.

And well we know so fine a team
can never defeated be;

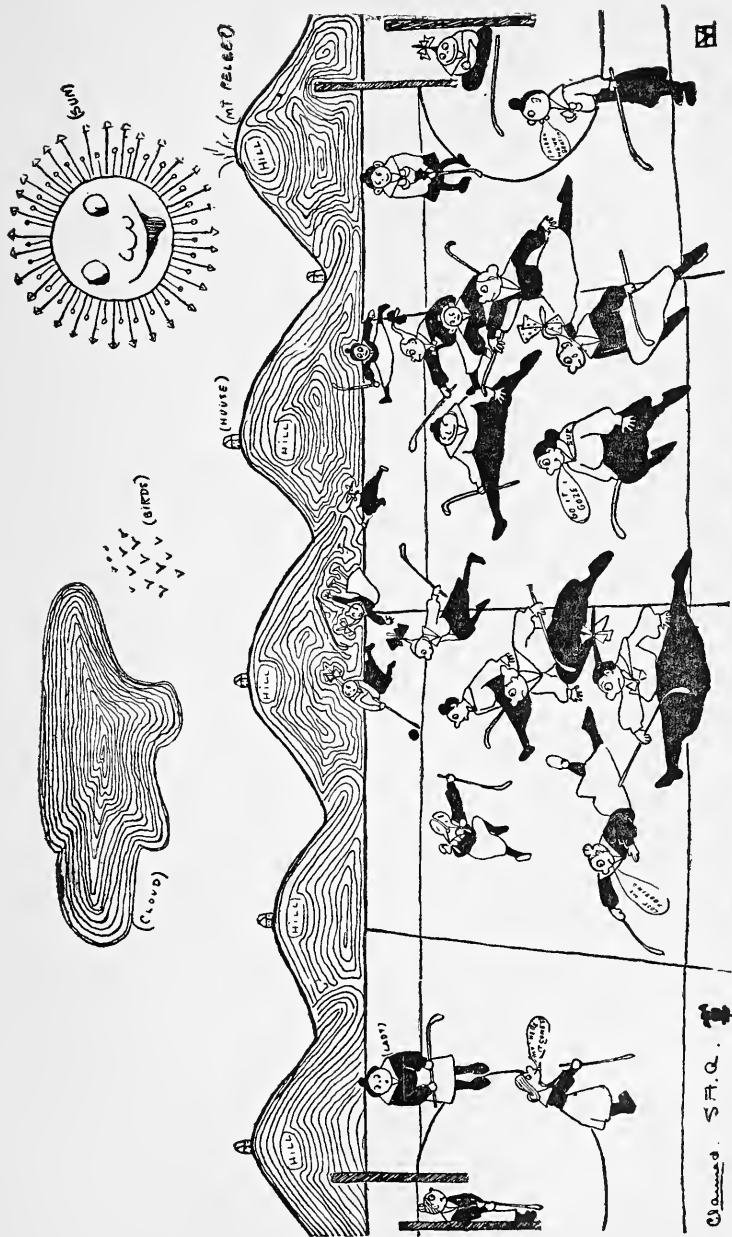
So hit along, hit along, hit along,
hit along, hit along 'Varsity!

Nonsense Verse.

There was a young lady named Helen
Who looked in a well till she fell in.
When they asked, "Are you wet?"
She replied, "No, not yet;
But I may yet be wet, there's no tellin'."

L. L., '04.

A. B., '04.



DEDICATED TO THE DEFEATED (whoever they may be).

"But all except their sun is set."—BYRON.

Bryn Mawr vs. Merion, November 6.

MERION TEAM.

Forwards.

Right wing,	Sharwood.
Right inside,	Tatnell.
Centre,	M. Wood.
Left inside,	E. Lloyd.
Left wing,	Mrs. Barlow.

Half-Backs.

Right,	Blanchard.
Centre,	D. Crawford.
Left,	S. Tunerick.

Full-Backs.

Right,	E. P. Williams.
Left,	Brown.
Goal,	A. Bowan.

BRYN MAWR TEAM.

Forwards.

Right wing,	L. Marshall, '05.
Right inside,	H. Kempton, '05.
Centre,	H. Raymond, '03.
Left inside,	D. Day, '03.
Left wing,	L. Lombardi, '04.

Half-Backs.

Right,	L. Peck, '04.
Centre,	C. Denison, '05.
Left,	C. Case, '04.

Full-Backs.

Right,	E. Harrington, '06.
Left,	I. Peters, '04.
Goal,	H. Smith, '06.

Umpires.

Merion—J. A. Lester.

Bryn Mawr—S. F. Adams.

The first of the three match hockey games between the Merion Cricket Club and Bryn Mawr College, was played on Thursday, November 6. Score, 2-0 in favor of Bryn Mawr.

The game was called at three o'clock, and consisted of two halves of thirty minutes each with an intermission of ten minutes. The game was particularly interesting because it was the first match game of hockey ever played at Bryn Mawr. The two teams were very evenly matched although their methods were different. Merion depended on individual work, while Bryn Mawr won by team play. Merion played a defensive game for the most part, but the splendid work of their full-backs and the fact that all of their forwards and half-backs play within their own circle prevented Bryn Mawr from shooting many goals.

The good features of the game were the pretty passing of the Bryn Mawr forwards, the straight line that they kept and the fast dribbling of the right wing. The half-backs and full-backs are especially to be commended for their well-aimed long hits. The Bryn Mawr team fulfilled our highest expectations and played in beautiful form, scarcely ever losing position.

Bryn Mawr vs. Merion, November 8.

MERION TEAM.

Forwards.

Right wing,	F. M. Horstman.
Right inside,	E. P. Williams.
Centre,	M. Wood.
Left inside,	E. Lloyd.
Left wing,	Mrs. Barlow.

Half-Backs.

Right,	R. Wyatt.
Centre,	D. Crawford.
Left,	S. Tunerick.

Full-Backs.

Right,	Brown.
Left,	R. Wood.
Goal,	A. Bowan.

BRYN MAWR TEAM.

Forwards.

Right wing,	L. Marshall, '05.
Right inside,	H. Kempton, '05.
Centre,	H. Raymond, '03.
Left inside,	M. Richardson, '06.
Left wing,	L. Lombardi, '04.

Half-Backs.

Right,	L. Peck, '04.
Centre,	C. Denison, '05.
Left,	C. Case, '04.

Full-Backs.

Right,	H. Sturgis, '05.
Left,	E. Harrington, '06.
Goal,	H. Smith, '06.

On Saturday, November 8, the second match hockey game with the Merion Cricket Club was played.

The game began in a lively manner. There was much exciting dribbling up and down the field, which after three minutes, resulted in a pretty goal for the Merion team. During the remainder of the half no more goals were scored, but the plays were none the less interesting. Excitement rose when the Merion forwards went running up the field with the ball, but the Bryn Mawr right full-back stepped in their way, made a clean stop,—one of her long hits,—and all the players faced around.

During the second half the side lines appreciated more and more the excellent playing of the Merion full-backs. After fifteen minutes of running, Merion scored her second goal. It was only a little later when it seemed as if Merion were to make another goal, but the Bryn Mawr goal keeper hit a pretty ball and so the score remained 2-0 in Merion's favor.

Bryn Mawr vs. Merion, November 11.

MERION TEAM.

Forwards.

Right wing,	M. Horstman.
Right inside,	E. P. Williams.
Centre,	M. Wood.
Left inside,	E. Lloyd.
Left wing,	{ Mrs. Barlow. { Sharwood

Half-Backs.

Right,	H. Wood.
Centre,	D. Crawford.
Left,	S. Tunerick.

Full-Backs.

Right,	Brown.
Left,	R. Wood.
Goal,	A. Bowan.

BRYN MAWR TEAM.

Forwards.

Right wing,	H. Kempton, '05.
Right inside,	M. Richardson, '06.
Centre,	H. Raymond, '03.
Left inside,	A. Havemeyer, '05.
Left wing,	L. Lombardi, '04.

Half-Backs.

Right,	L. Peck, '04.
Centre,	C. Denison, '05.
Left,	C. Case, '04.

Full-Backs.

Right,	I. Peters, '04.
Left,	G. Fetterman, '03.
Goal,	H. Smith, '00.

The third game of the Bryn Mawr-Merion hockey match was played Tuesday, November 11, resulting in a score of 3-0 in favor of Bryn Mawr. Both teams went into the game with a firm determination to win, and good playing was done on both sides. The Bryn Mawr team adopted their opponents' tactics and resorted to individual play, quite abandoning the perfect team work which had characterized the two former games. Particularly brilliant playing was done by the right wing, whose long runs and clever passes excited the admiration of every one. Several subs were on the team, but they rose to the occasion nobly and did much to win the day. The Merion team played a defensive game as before and it required great ingenuity on the part of the Bryn Mawr team to pass their formidable full-backs.

Wellesley Match Hockey Games.

In the Wellesley match hockey games, the Class of 1906 won the championship:

1905 vs. 1906—0-6.

1904 vs. 1906—1-3.

Miss Applebee sends the following report: 1904 played well, but lacked combination. Some good rushes were made by left wing but the attack weakened in

the circle, the defensive game of the Freshmen being quick and certain in again and again clearing their goal and driving the ball out to their halves. From a hockey point of view the game was too scrambling and the hitting too inaccurate and indefinite to be of great interest. There were many spectators, all very keen. Next year promises to have very good first and second class elevens.

C. M. K. APPLEBEE.

College Notes.

On Wednesday evening, November 11, Dr. Fergusson preached in the Chapel.

Miss Kelly delivered a short address about her work in Kensington, on November 10, in 'Merion Students' Parlor.

It has been announced that Rockefeller Hall will be begun immediately, and the Library Building the first of April. The delay in starting the dormitory has been caused by the rise in prices for building materials which have raised the cost of the hall from \$120,000 to \$142,000. It is to be built of brick, cement and iron so as to be practically fire-proof. The wood-work is to be of cyprus, from mills in Florida.

The Trophy Club gave a tea on Friday afternoon, when its collection was on view. The club has received many interesting contributions. It is now particularly anxious for class and play pictures, framed; and class seals.

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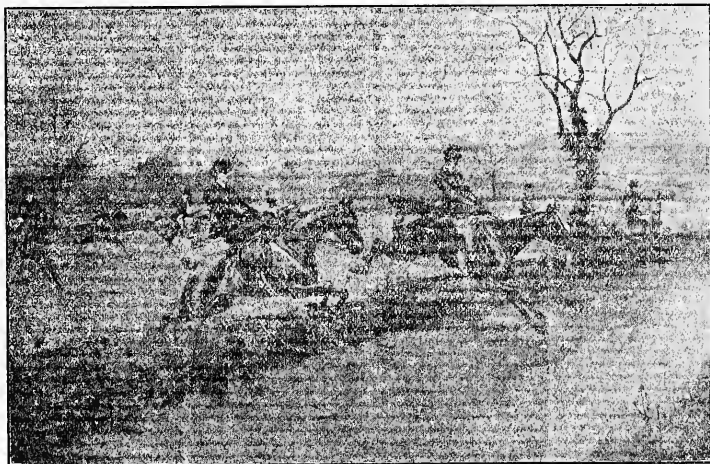
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The Fortnightly Philistine



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Editorial.

During the past two weeks THE PHILISTINE has been the interested spectator of a tragic comedy that has been enacted in one of the rooms of one of the corridors of Pembroke West, the counterpart of which, so he is told, can be found in one quarter of the rooms in College. This being so, THE PHILISTINE feels

that he should recount his experience, in order that three-fourths of the College may know how the other fourth lives. So form a circle and hear what happened.

As he was walking down one of the corridors of Pembroke West, about two weeks ago, he happened to glance in one of the rooms, and saw a Senior, buried

in a lounging chair, reading Dickens. Curled up in front of the fire was a Spirit, reading "The Confessions of a Wife."

Senior—How much longer are you going to keep me waiting? Now don't be unreasonable and tell me to begin first. You know very well I can't begin until you move me.

Spirit—Umph!

Senior—You know what will happen if I don't get to work soon on my reading. So do I,—that's the worst of it: so do I.

Spirit—O dear me! dear me! You weren't this way last year.

Senior—I suppose I spoiled you, you lazy thing. I am not the lazy one, *you* are. No one need tell *me* that it is against the law to sell spirits in the State of Pennsylvania. I was most evidently the one sold when I got you. A nice trick you play me to always move me to read Dickens, instead of those fascinating Saint Beuves, and Brunetières, and Lemaitres. I *know* they are fascinating, but you never give me the signal I am aching for, to go and find out.

Spirit—Umph!

And then THE PHILISTINE left them, as he is always chary about witnessing family disputes, and hates personalities.

A week later he was passing that way again, and had a glimpse of the same room. The Senior and the Spirit were seated amicably at the same desk, surrounded by interesting-looking tomes.

Senior—You are a perfect dear. I am getting on grandly

at this rate, and all through you, you nice thing. Twenty pages of French a day, and twenty of German. I never knew you were so energetic.

Spirit (spitefully)—O this is nothing to what I am going to do with you before we get through. I haven't forgotten the expressions you used last week.

Senior (still ecstatic)—And to think of learning fifty words of each a day! I counted the number of words in my dictionary the other day, and if I work very hard I *think* I can learn them all, in time.

And then THE PHILISTINE left again, much interested in the drama, and curious for more.

But mark what happened last night about two A. M. The Senior was lying on the couch with her eyelids propped open with straws, and with books strewn around her on the floor. The Spirit, with gleaming eye, stood behind her, megaphone in hand.

Senior—Heigh ho! I wish I were dead. Life is a vale of tears, and like Alice, I have fallen in. "Our little life is rounded with a sleep" indeed! Who said that? It is all sharp corners, and sleep has no part in it. My mind has become a horrible engine for squeezing all rhyme and reason out of everything it comes in contact with, and mangling everything, past recognition. I can hear the wheels clank and rattle,—they're getting worn out. I'm sure I'm running down (nods).

Spirit (ironically quoting the

discarded Dickens) — "Why don't you turn the mangle?"

Senior (in her sleep, unconsciously finishing the quotation) — "So I am, my life and soul! I am always turning. I am perpetually turning, like a demd old horse in a demnition mill. My life is one demd horrid grind!"

Spirit—"Turn the mangle."

Senior (starting up feverishly)—Yes, yes, coming—I mean, I will. (Opens book.) "Le duc est parti pour l'Autriche et Béarn." "The duck is partially an ostrich and a bear." How very, very strange are the customs of France. I suppose that means. . . . Heigh hol (nods).

Spirit—"Turn the mangle."

Senior (drowsily)—Mangel? that means "want." (Flaring out) Who cares whether I get through or not? Who need care if I don't? Why do you need care anyhow? I talk, think, dream, eat French, now. I won't read another word of it. (Flings book across room.)

Spirit—"Turn the mangle."

And so forth, for the rest of the night. It was too sad to witness any longer.

Overcome with pity by this pathetic sight THE PHILISTINE has decided to draw up a little code of rules, which he thinks will be of great practical use to the Class of 1903.

1. In preparing for your orals, make yourself master of the four great branches of learning: "Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision."

2. If you cannot look intelligent, look as intelligent as you can.

3. In serving up your translation take an ounce of common-sense and a pound of bluff, and knead them together till both are indistinguishable. Sprinkle liberally with wild guesses, and then, having squeezed all probability from the passage, serve hot, wrapped in a confident smile.

4 "Take care of the Sound and the Sense will take care of itself."

A Pessimist.

Every family, I suppose, has in its employ some elderly hanger-on, male or female; some retired cook or coachman, who appears only at long intervals,—on holidays, or to assist at some time of unusual stress or confusion,—and then drops back again into obscurity.

This position, in our family, has long been held by old Miss Mary Mittens. I call her old,—but was there ever a time when she was young? I have known her for many years, and she has never looked any different than at present,—a tiny wisp of a woman, very much bent; with a small sharp face, watery blue eyes, and pale hair strained back carefully except for a hard uneven roll of curl above her forehead. She has always dressed in shiny black, with a hair brooch at her throat and a clean, white apron (invariably turned wrong-

side out) around her waist. Once, when I was younger and bolder, I asked her the reason of this arrangement, and was answered tartly: "To save it, of course. Seems like children now-a-days don't have no idea of savin' things." As I have never seen it right side out, I have no way of telling for what occasion Miss Mary can have preserved her aprons.

Of late years Miss Mary's duties have been confined to appearing punctually on all holidays and days of festivity, with vague requests to be allowed to help. She lurks in shadowy corners of the kitchen and finally departs with a well-filled basket, yet shaking her head wearily and murmuring: "Seems like Christmas ain't like what it once was."

There was a time, however, when she took a more active part in household affairs. She would be called in to sew, to help prepare for some sudden departure, or to finish some neglected task. But alas for the person who expected taste or dispatch from Miss Mary! She would intersperse periods of work with long laments for the past, in a most provoking way, or would stop altogether in the midst of threading her needle to shake her head and groan over the inferiority of modern cotton, or the bad state of the Philip-pines. For Miss Mary's conversation, or rather subjects for lamentation, never ran low; her knowledge and reading were wonderful; and I have scarcely

ever heard her bewail the same fact twice. The formulæ was invariable, however. She would raise her head with a jerk; would let her hands fall idle in her lap; and, a sudden gleam wavering in her watery eyes, would exclaim *à propos* of nothing: "Seems like folks' feet are bigger than they used to be!" or "I don't think much of General Miles anyway," or "Seems to me that dress of yours is awful tight; and I guess that braid on it won't last."

In cooking (to which she condescended sometimes, though she did not like it) there was less opportunity for Miss Mary to express her opinions; for a pot boiling over, or the odor of burned bread would often stop her short in her finest flights. But I remember once watching her slowly turning and basting some chickens (which, indeed, did look rather worn and bedraggled after her cookery) and hearing her exclaim with a long shake of the head, "Seems like there ain't no rest for the poor things even in death."

Perhaps it was this remark, perhaps it was Miss Mary's well-known fondness for funerals, that inspired in me an odd ghoulish fancy about her. I have caught myself, more than once, imagining Miss Mary at my funeral. With her unflinching instinct for appearing on every momentous family occasion, happy or otherwise, it is certain that she would be there. I can see her plainly, dressed in her

shiniest black; this time without an apron (or at least with it turned right side out); sitting forward on her chair, crossing her hands in long black cotton gloves, and murmuring as the coffin is carried out: "Poor thing! Seems like there ain't no rest for her even in death."

Their First Deer.

Jim, Ted and Harry Begole, known at least to their male friends as the Begollies, were standing in a neat row, fondly gazing at the barn door. "Gosh!" let out Jim—he was the oldest—"Jiminy!" said Harry—he was the youngest.

"Say, did your father shoot that?" This came from an individual who, except for his head, firmly thrust between two fence railings, might have been referred to as in the next yard.

"Sure," in chorus from Ted, Jim and Harry. "Come on over, Dave." So Dave squirmed the rest of himself through the fence, and joined the other sports.

"When did he shoot it?"

"Oh, yesterday, I guess."

"Where?"

"Up at the camp."

"Did it have horns?"

"Antlers?" Jim scornfully corrected. "Sure."

"Pretty fair skin," Dave went on appreciatively. "Don't you wish you could hunt for deer?"

"You bet!" Ted agreed. "Papa's going to let us when we're eighteen."

Here Jim stepped up, in the role of that superior, all-knowing being, the older brother:

"Why, Ted Begole, you know that's a lie. We can shoot deer now, right away this moment, if we want. I've got a pop-gun, and Teddy's got a cap pistol, and Harry, he's got a squirt gun. What have you got, Dave?"

Dave had to admit that his mother and father had forbidden him the use of fire-arms.

"Then," continued Jim, "you'd better go home, because we're—we're on a track this morning."

"You're not, either. There aint any deer around here."

"Oh, you'd *better* go home. Come along, let's get our guns."

Ten minutes later Dave had gone home, and Jim, Ted and Harry were furtively tip-toeing around the yard.

"Sh, there it is, over there near the woodshed! It's asleep. Wake it up Harry with your squirt gun. It's sportier to get them on the run, you know. A beauty, too, a buck, I guess. Oh, do hurry! You're pretty slow."

"But Jim," Harry objected, "that's not a deer; that's a cat, that nice black cat, too."

"Well, don't you know how to play?" broke out Jim, disgusted. "Besides it *is* a deer. Hurry up and squirt!"

Harry squirted. The deer shivered, "meeowed," and started up to walk.

"Now," said Jim in a hoarse whisper, "we have him. Right between the eyes, Ted. Get ready, aim, fire!"

Bang, bang went the pop-gun. There was another "meeow" more piteous than the last, and the deer was really lying stiff and still on the ground.

"Oh, Jim. You've killed it, you have, and it is a cat." Whereupon Harry had to give one little snuffle.

"Cry baby! Cry baby! Didn't I tell you it was a *deer*. Of course I killed it. I can hit things. Gee, but it was a nice shot!" This last with a professional air of glee. "Come along, you'll help me skin it anyway, won't you, Ted."

"Sure. Say, that was a pretty shot. And my cap pistol helped some, too, didn't it? Here's a knife."

Here Harry's pride asserted itself. "Well I guess I woke him up." Then he dried his tears and pulled out his jack-knife. "I can skin, too."

It's a true story. Before many minutes a small black skin hung on the barn door beside the buck skin, which their father had brought home. Jim, Ted and Harry had no dessert that night, and then went to bed early; but they felt like sports, and even Harry didn't let on that he knew it was a cat.

D. D., '05.

Golden Walks.

An afternoon walk in Bryn Mawr in the autumn is what I have always called to myself a golden walk. Every step of the

way reveals a remarkable predominance of yellow in everything around. Not that there is no other color to be seen in the countryside; for there are always green grasses, depths of brown leaves, and patches of scarlet ivy on gray walls; but in every direction there is something—either the downright color, or something suggestive of it—that builds up a general impression of yellow.

It seems as if nearly all the trees in Bryn Mawr turn yellow in the fall; masses of foliage around and overhead make a golden setting for a bright picture. Along underfoot are strewn the yellow leaves, like piles of treasure in a fairy tale, and those of them that are brown have a warm golden tinge. Some sympathetic people, too, have built yellow houses here and there on the hillsides. The setting sun turns the clouds to fiery gold, gilds the puddles and the fences, and even on a dull day casts a weird glamor over all, until what is yellow and bright in everything, even in people's spirits, is called to the surface and glows in the general golden picture.

That is why I think of such a walk as golden, and I like to think that this effect is because Nature, in the autumn, as well as in the spring, when the ground is yellow and white with daisies, does all in her power to show her love of our college color.

M. U., '04.

**Requiescat in Pace.**

Oh, Xantippe! Oh, Xantippe!
 Folks say you had a peeve,
 Folks say you tongue-lashed
 Socrates
 Both morning, noon and eve.
 But Xantippe, oh, Xantippe,
 I think, had I been you
 With dreary Socrates for spouse,
 Why, I'd have tongue-lashed
 too!

I bet he grumbled o'er his food,
 That loudly did he snore.
 I bet that in an awful mess
 He kept his bureau drawer.
 I bet his amiability
 Did not your joys enhance.
 I bet he never cleaned his teeth,
 Nor ever brushed his pants.

And prob'ly when you'd
 scrubbed all day,
 And now your work was o'er,
 He'd track his nasty, muddy
 boots
 Around your shining floor.
 And when you'd pompadoured
 your hair
 And donned your Sunday gown,
 "Such gewgaws, Xantippe, be-
 speak
 An empty mind," he'd frown.

I guess he never brought you
 home
 His weekly salary,
 But s'posed that kindly butcher
 boys
 His cutlets gave him free;
 And well I know that could your
 tale
 Be Ibsenaskly told
 Among the martyrs of the world
 Your name would be enrolled.
 F. E. M., '05.

Verses.

As the Jester kicks the king
 downstairs,
 "I'm at my wit's end," the mon-
 arch declares.

"When I lay on that boulder,"
 the Dinosaur said,
 "With sandstones for pillows
 laid under my head,
 With my tail arranged neat, and
 my very best dress on,
 I am sure I am making a lasting
 impression.

My pa's antecedents were
 French
 And my ma's antecedents were
 Dutch,
 Of Puritan blood in my veins
 I fear there is not overmuch;

Yet since many perfumes I use,
 (And some at this habit ex-
 claim),
 I'm certain no one can deny
 That I'm a Cologne Dame.

PAPA.

"Now tell me of your lessons,
 child,
 And say how well you're doing
 them.

DAUGHTER.

"Oh, Pa, I haven't caught up yet
 But I am still pursuing them."
 F. E. M., '05.

The Yearly Hunt of the Black Gowns on the Plain of Sum- mer.

Once upon a breezy hill-top,
 In the depths of Pennsylvania,
 Dwelt a tribe of black-gowned
 creatures;
 Creatures of the Lab. and class-
 room,
 Ball and basket, tennis-racket,
 Hockey stick and horse-back
 riding.
 And each spring when birds
 were singing,
 The great chief of this small
 nation;
 Chief with eagle eyes named
 Office,
 Clothed in red tape, crimson
 colored,
 Told each of the tribe of Black
 Gowns

He must go a-hunting soonly;
 Hunting on the plains of Sum-
 mer

For the dreadful Oral Reading.
 Oral Reading was a beastlet,
 Small in size but with dire
 power.

"If you hunt him," quoth the
 Office,

"On the first few miles of Sum-
 mer,

You will get him without trouble.
 Woe to him who leaves this
 monster

Till the boom of Taylor tower
 Sounds in terror in his ears."

So the Black Gowns all departed.
 Some pursued the Oral Reading,
 Caught him, bound him most
 securely,

Bore him to the austere Office.
 Others let the care-free Orals
 Scamper hither, scamper thither.
 Woe was theirs when in the
 autumn

Orals, like the worm proverbial
 Turned and gave the tearful,
 fearful

Black Gowns hot pursuit. The
 Office

Nodded, blinked and shrugged
 his shoulders,

Presaging dire ruin for the
 Negligent of Breezy Hill-top.

Here's the yearly record of the
 Yearly chase of all the Black
 Gowns.

G. K., '05.

Nonsense Verse.

There once was a young female Tartar
 Unused to a lack of hot water.
 She came to Bryn Mawr,
 Bringing some in a jar,
 And they welcomed her just as they'd orter.

Mrs. Charles W. Rhodes's Lecture.

On Tuesday afternoon, November 18, the College chapel was filled by an audience of students and of music-loving friends of the College. Mrs. Rhodes carried this audience with her to the Bayreuth Musical Festival, in the course of her charming lecture. Excellent stereoptican illustrations made the whole very vivid and Mr. Glose added much pleasure by playing the wonderful motives as the mysteries of the Wagner opera were discussed.

First Mrs. Rhodes told of Wagner's life, his hardships, and work, and we saw the places he had lived in exile or in triumph, and the historic castles which kindled his love for the legends he later used to interpret his great ideas. After this we started from quaint old Nuremberg, at which one always pauses in going to Bayreuth. Then Bayreuth came before us, realistic to all who had been there, as the ugly little town with its curious people, and as its centre of interest for thousands, the brick Opera House, which Richard Wagner built according to his own plan.

Beginning with "Das Rheingold" the lecturer explained the marvelous Ring as an expression of Wagner's ideals, cloaked in the allegory of the Norse legends. We saw the great stage where, under the composer's own direction, famous

singers interpreted these thoughts, impersonating, not only Norse gods and heroes, but abstract qualities of human nature. We heard the music which sang of a peacefully sleeping world; then the disturbance of greed; then the coming of a heroic man and the punishment of filial disobedience; then another hero, this time nearer perfection but at last contaminated and leaving the ideal of selflessness to be taught by a woman; and last the ideal man whose life in the world is solely for the good of others.

After the circle of the Ring we came to that last sublime expression of the musician's soul, "wunderschöne" Parzival. Mrs. Rhodes ably explained the development of Parzival's character from entire simplicity to unsullied knowledge. She told us that this opera was the loftiest expression of Wagner's ideals, and that here he passed beyond all his former work in conception, music, and execution. As we saw the great hall where the knights of Montsalvat banqueted we heard the exquisite passion of the "Grail Music," and felt the unrivalled sadness of Amfortas, the inexpressible longing of the knights.

The lecture closed with a glimpse of the home of Wagner's later life, and a pilgrimage to the quiet grave where he lies after a life of great aspirations, terrible struggle, and hard-won triumphs.

The Philosophical Club.

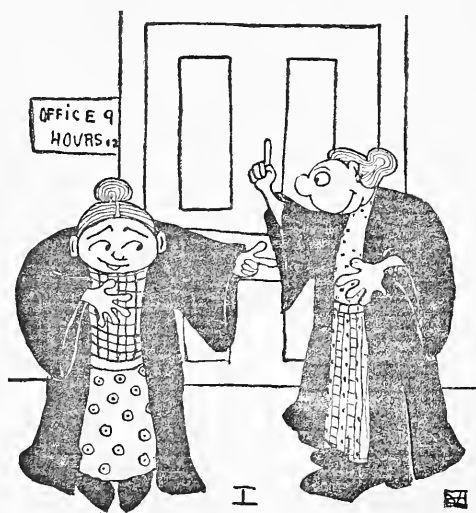
On the evening of Tuesday, the twenty-fifth of November, Mr. Albert Le Fevre, of Cornell, addressed the Philosophical Club on the "Relation between Science and Philosophy."

Mr. Le Fevre first showed the attitude which the exact sciences had until lately held toward philosophy by quoting the witty but sweeping remark of Voltaire's, that whenever two men were talking together and neither knew what the other was talking about, but each knew what he meant himself, then they were talking metaphysics.

Then he briefly told how the initial separation between science and philosophy had taken

place; how men in their first questionings had asked of the world as a whole its meaning and purpose, but when in the course of time and thought they evolved the distinction between mind and matter then the separate sciences took shape within philosophy itself. The division once established then sub-division inevitably entered in and knowledge seemed to avail herself of the maxim of the Roman empire: "Divide that thou mayst rule."

But modern thought is prepared to reconcile the old feud, and to reinstate philosophy in her rightful position among the sciences, as the unifying principle, the "science of the sum total of existence."



Toinette.—You first, ma chère Marie.

Marie.—After you, my dear Toinette.



Toinette.—I protest. I would n

Marie.—Indeed, ma chère Marie

Mr. Le Fevre now considered philosophy in detail as "the culmination of the natural sciences, the logical foundation of the special sciences" and as "the science of the transcendent."

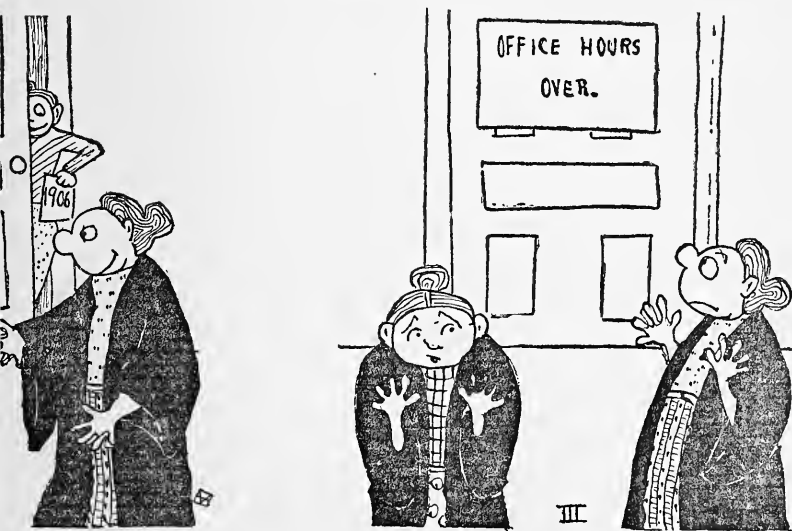
The mind of man, unable to grasp Nature as a unity, partitioned her among the special sciences in their efforts to understand her laws, and in so doing had, perforce, to ignore the fundamental relations between these sciences. Philosophy which makes these very relations and principles of the unity of nature her study must therefore be the culmination.

Philosophy must also be the logical basis of the special sciences for the work of each is done when it has reduced its

phenomena to terms. No one science can explain the phenomena, the explanation remains for the science of fundamental conceptions—philosophy.

Philosophy has been judged for reaching after the unattainable—beyond experience, but each science must postulate much of the world beyond reality by making it obey the laws of the world of reality—and philosophy has done no more.

Finally, in its relation to life, philosophy is no mere mental discipline, but that which fundamentally affects human destiny. Every man, by his very nature, must fashion for himself a philosophy of life—it is that which differentiates him from the beast. But it remains



Have you wait an instant.
Should not think of entering first.

for each man to choose whether
it shall be the result of blind pre-
judice or the product of his best
and most earnest thought.

Aunt Samantha at the Hockey Game.

"The ball wuz still between two
sticks

Until I heard a whack.

The greens went chasin' up the
field

An' come galumphin' back.

"An' then the reds, they got the
ball,

They took it on so purty,
Until one stopped an' tumbled
down,

Oh, my! but she got dirty.

"Her skirt wuz mud all up the
side

An' so I jes' stepped in
(Bethinkin' of her mother's
pride)

To clean her up ag'in.

"But they wuz awful rude to me

An' put me off the ground,
An' said that I jes' couldn't be
A chasin' them around.

"Jest then the green ones made
a hit

An' people yelled 'we score!'
An' I believed my ears would
split,

They let out sech a roar."

.

"An when we come up from the
game,
I looked aroun' me thin,

An' some folks they wuz walkin'
lame,

But they wuz jest one grin.

"But some folks, though, they
looked so sad,

It seemed a downright sin,
I heard 'em say "Oh, dear, I'm
mad,

But then, next time, we'll
win."

C. C. C., '04.

Hockey.

1905 vs. 1906.

Havemeyer... centre for...	Richardson
Kempton.... right in.	Spencer
Little left in.	Kingsbacher
Le Fevre ... right wing	Ford
Mason..... left wing	Wade
Denison... centre half	Smith
Underhill... right half	White
Longstreth... left half	Neall
Parks... full-back, right	Harrington
Putnam... full-back, left	Hewitt
Nichols..... goal	Delano

Score—2-3 in favor of 1906. Kemp-
ton, 1; Little, 1; Wade, 3.

1903 vs. 1904.

1903.	1904.
Raymond... centre for.	Pfaff
Brusstar.... right in.	L. Clark
Meigs..... left in.	Wood
Wagner.... right wing	Lewis
James..... left wing ...	Lombardi
Clarke..... centre half	Case
Lange..... right half	Peck
Lovell..... left half ...	Magruder
Day.... full-back, right	Peters
Stewart... full-back, left	Ullman
Morris..... goal	Ehlers

Score—3-0 in favor of 1904. Pfaff.
3.

1905 vs. 1906.

1905.	1906.
Havemeyer... centre for...	Richardson
Marshall.... right in.	Congdon
Little..... left in.	Spencer

(De Koven.)

Kempton... right wingFord
Le Fevre.... left wingEvans
(Wade)

Denison... centre half Smith
Underhill... right half White
Mason..... left half Neal
Morrow .full-back, right Harrington
Sturgis... full-back, left ... Neilson
Nichols..... goal Delano

Score—5-0 in favor of 1905. Havemeyer, 4; Marshall, 1.

1903 vs. 1904.

1903.

Raymond...	centre for.Wood
Brusstar....	right in.Woods
Meigs.....	left in.	Van Wagenen
Wagner.....	right wingLewis
Lovell.....	left wing	...Lombardi
Hull.....	centre halfCase
Lange.....	right halfPeck
Leupp.....	left half	...Magruder
Day.....	full-back, right	...Peters
Fetterman..	full-back, left	...Ullman
Stewart.....	goalEhlers

Score—5-0 in favor of 1903. Raymond, 2; Lovell, 2; Wagner, 1.

1905 vs. 1906.

1905.

Havemeyer .centre for. Kingsbacher
 Marshall... right in. Congdon
 Little..... left in. Lyon
 Kempton.... right wing Ford
 Le Fevre.... left wing Wade
 Denison... centre half Smith
 Underhill... right half White
 Mason..... left half Neilson
 Morrow. full-back, right Harrington
 Sturgis... full-back, left ... Hewitt
 Nichols..... goal Delano

Score—4-0 in favor of 1905. Havemeyer, 2; Little, 2.

1903 vs. 1904.

1903.

Raymond....	centre for.	Wood (Pfaaf)
Brusstar....	right in.	White
Meigs.....	left in.	Van Warenen
Wagner....	right wing	Woods (Clarke)
Lovell.....	left wing	Lombardi
Hull.....	centre half	Case
Lange.....	right half	Criswell
Leupp.....	left half	Magruder

Day..... full-back, right ...Canan
Fetterman. full-back, left ...Ullman
Stewart..... goalEhlers
Score—2-1 in favor of 1903.
Lovell, 1; Wagner, 1; Pfaff, 1.

1903 vs. 1905.

1903.

Raymond.. centre for. . . Havemeyer
Brusstar..... right in. . . Marshall
Meigs..... left in. . . Little
Wagner..... right wing . . . Kempton
Lovell..... left wing . . . Le Fevre
Clarke..... centre half . . . Denison
Lange..... right half . . . Underhill
Leupp..... left half . . . Longstreth
Brayton.. full-back, right . . Morrow
Fetterman. full-back, left . . Sturgis
Stewart..... goal . . . Nichols

Score—2-3 in favor of 1905. Raymond, 2; Marshall, 1; Little, 2.

The match games between 1903 and 1905 will be finished after Thanksgiving.

College Notes.

Miss Thomas has asked the graduates and undergraduates to consider the question of French lectures for this year. M. Mabillot, who lectured last year on Victor Hugo, and M. Martin, who lectures on sociological subjects, are to come to this country on lecturing tours. Also Mr. Sidney Lee, the English critic, is lecturing in the United States.

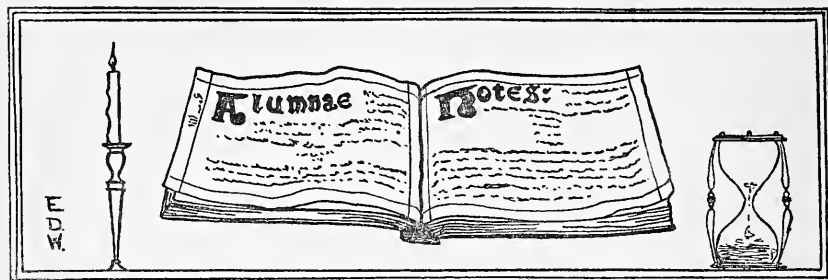
It has been requested that no cheering shall be done near Taylor Hall in the afternoon before six o'clock, as there are classes until that time.

The stone for Rockefeller Hall is exactly the same as that of Pembroke. Work has already been begun on the site of the

new building, and the cement walk will soon be closed.

Miss Thomas asks that all failures of the college omnibus to meet trains be reported at

once. It is very important that students should pay their fare promptly, as otherwise it is very difficult for the omnibus to be punctual.



Alumnæ Notes.

'89.

Miss H. Randolph offers for sale, for the benefit of the students' building, slips of English ivy and seeds from the college grounds. Slips of English ivy, four for 50 cents. (Purchasers make choice of building from which ivy shall be taken.) Seeds, 25 cents a package. Ampelopsis, dogwood, hemlock, silver maple (ready in the spring), sugar maple, white birch (Am.). Sent postpaid with directions for planting on receipt of price.

'93.

Susan Walker Fitzgerald has a daughter, born October 31, 1902.

'01.

Madge Miller has been back for a few days' visit to the college.

Elizabeth T. Daly has signed for a Ph. D. at Columbia University.

'02.

Eleanor James is teaching school in Delaware.

Elizabeth Chandlee is to be married in May.

Ellen Ropes is teaching German, English and Greek in Bangor.

Marguerite Allen is teaching in Georgia.

Claris Crane and Lucia Davis are tutoring in Baltimore.

Elinor Dodge has been visiting Corinne Blose in Urbana, Ohio.

Marion Balch has returned from Europe.

Edith Orlady has gone abroad to remain two years.

Elizabeth Bodine is visiting Josephine Keeffer at Lancaster.

Jane Brown is private secretary and tutor in family of Mrs. Simes, of Washington.

Clarissa Harben is engaged to Mr. William Crocker Macavoy, of New York City.

Elizabeth Lyon has been back for a short visit to the college.

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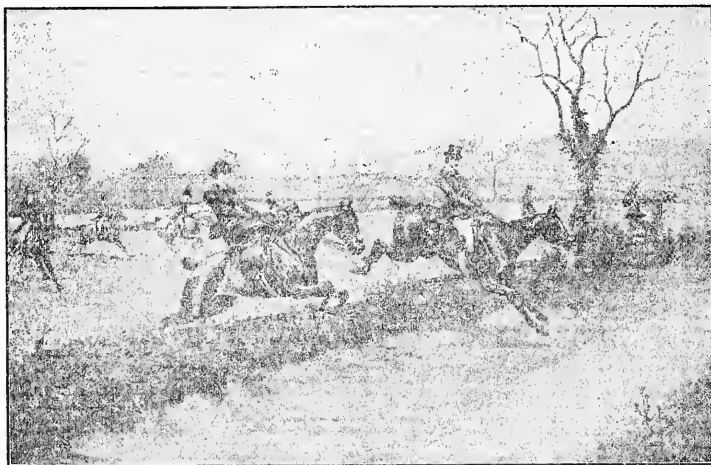
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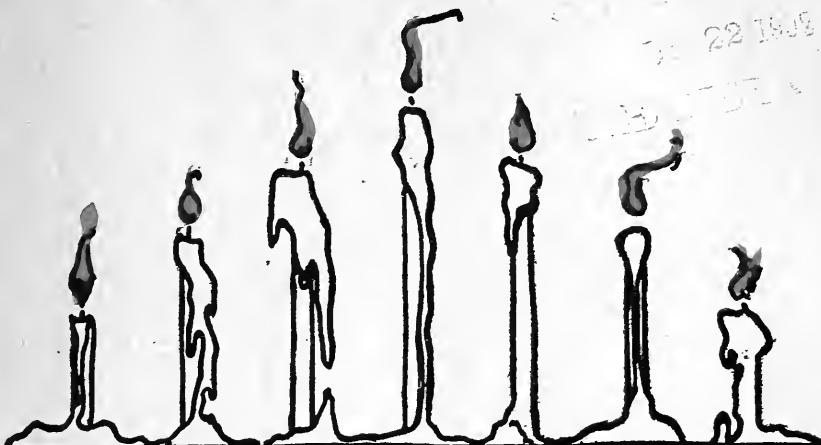
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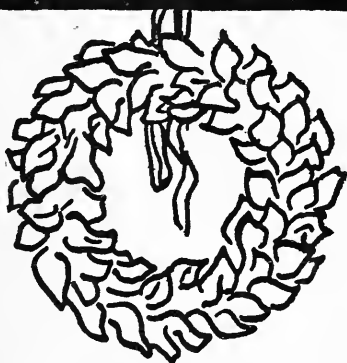
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Vol. IX. One Dollar and Twenty Cents per Year. No. 5.
Entered at Bryn Mawr Post Office as second-class matter.

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Editorial.

Who says that in our heart of hearts Christmas isn't the best-beloved season of the year? The spirit of Yule-tide goes abroad weeks ahead of time, and, after setting Jack Frost to his work on the outdoor world, touches everyone with the same enthusiasm. It drives us madly forth into the teeming shops, in the

tearing hurry indispensable at this time of year, it transforms the streets into a very English channel of conflicting currents and eddies of people who stagger under their burden of misshapen bundles, and it distributes cheerful smiles to one and all. The very campus has caught the prevalent humor, and has put on its holiday garb,—a comfortable

whiteness studded, down toward the gate, with little Christmas trees, ready trimmed for us. Their boughs are bent beneath their burden of real snow,—none of your asbestos variety,—and are tipped with real icicles,—none of your isinglass,—and, we hope (but we say this with bated breath, and with our fingers crossed,—um berufen)—we hope, somewhere under that snow mantle, at their roots, are stacked the component parts of our Fata Morgana called Rockefeller.

Who says this isn't the nicest time of all? Spring and rain and mists and colds, quotha? Pshaw! Summer and hot suns and golf? No, no! Autumn and uncertain weather and watching the departure of the summer panoply from the world? Never! What we want now-a-days is biting winds and clashing skates, the midnight rush of reindeer hoofs and the tinkling of the jolly little sleighbells, roaring fires and impossibly shaped stockings, plum puddings and holly wreaths, and all the other "trimmings." The infection has spread to all of us "incurable children." The steady procession of trunks from the attic; the yard-long red, blue, and yellow tickets, and the steadily widening grins show what is in every mind,—Merry Christmas.

A Love Story.

The PHILISTINE is glad to be able to offer its readers the following exquisite translation of

a well-known German classic. It was taken down carefully in shorthand from an extemporaneous recitation overheard about a week ago.

When after therefore already, she the, with the long yellow hair trimmed young man into the room treading saw, Adelheid slung her eyes at him, and then said in herself, "Tis Adelbert!"

She then now her long whimpering (O is that eye lash) adorned eyes down throwing went at him; and without up to look she slung him around with her arms; and pressed herself firmly onto him; with part drowned voice exclaiming, "You are then already at last to me come, my expensive Adelbert!" The young, in the dark-blue with glancing buttons of the under head government bailiff council's inspector trimmed coat, man; himself loose shaking, laughed her out, and said, "You mistake yourself, my expensive, friendess (no, I suppose you would say lady friend). I do not name myself Adelbert; but already yet so soon I name myself Jacob Stumpf."

Holding his head in the high, and into a hen laugh (hohn is hen, isn't it?) outbursting, he trod from the room.

Onto the, with the bottle green velvet and haircloth back trimmed couch herself throwing; Adelheid since her mind was torn down—or scattered around—or picked to pieces (anyway she was peevish) out burst and said—"

What Adelheid said the PHIL. will never know, as at that moment someone else said, "That will do!" and the PHIL. had to hastily extricate his ear from the key hole.

Meeting of the Association of Self-Government.

An open meeting of the Bryn Mawr Students' Association for Self-Government was held in the chapel, December 8. The Boards have for some time felt the advisability of changing the latest train at which students might come from Philadelphia unchaperoned from 7.45 to 9.15. This was a measure advocated by the Boards for the reason that it is a rule very hard for students to keep who have been traveling or dining in town and would be more just if the limit were extended. The change was finally made with the amendment that after 7.45 students must be chaperoned to the train.

The next question brought before the meeting concerned the enforcement of quiet hours in the halls of residence and Taylor. The Boards suggested a system of fines as a possible expedient for forcing a regard of the rules. This was received with unanimous disapproval as being contrary to the spirit of honor in the Self-Government system. A motion was made that the students put themselves on probation until March when, if they had not shown themselves more honorable in keeping quiet hours, severe rules should be

adopted. But this, too, was rejected as being unnecessary, for in reality we should consider ourselves as always on probation. So no decision was made, as the students felt that it was a case which the honor of the students was still strong to meet. This meeting showed many doubtless that the spirit of the founders of Self-Government lives on unchanged by the growing size of the organization.

A Letter From Dr. E. X. Cavations to His Friend, Professor D. I. G. Emup.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—It will interest you greatly I am sure, to hear of a discovery which I have recently had the good fortune to make; a discovery, which, I am confident, will be of benefit to all posterity. A few days ago, as I was making a tour of the country surrounding the city of Philadelphia in order to make some investigations concerning my pamphlet on the "*In dig enous Tribes of Pennsylvania*," I chanced to pass through the village of Bryn Mawr, where the Educational Institute for Females is situated. I made use of my propinquity to that excellent academy to examine the grounds and buildings; and no sooner had I entered within the precincts, than I perceived that a great research was being carried on. Earth works were thrown up on every side, and a large force of men were engaged in working upon the excavations. I was delighted to behold this, and decided to pass the remain-

der of the day at the Institute, that I might make inquiries regarding the nature of the research. But, becoming wrapt in thought as I paced along I made a chance misstep, upon which I felt myself precipitated with no small haste into one of the trenches. It was a fortunate occurrence, however, for as I regained my equilibrium I espied a square of paper, ancient and worn, which lay half concealed, beneath the soil. Upon scrutinizing it, I became immediately conscious of the fact that this discovery was of no little value. I hastened to acquaint the authorities of this fact, and to my gratitude and pleasure, was given the right to publish it in my own name. I send you a copy of the MS., my dear friend, in order that I may have the benefit of your esteemed advice. It had occurred to me that this MS. might be the means of the discovery of some race, hitherto unknown to us, which, perhaps, inhabited these regions in prehistoric times. Trusting that you may be able to throw some light on this matter, and that I may hear from you soon in regard to it, I am

Your obedient servant,
E. X. CAVATIONS.

November, 1902.

MS.

II.—Tortoise = starter. Ach. must = Tort. comes, sed tort. = a dist. fur. on Ach. . . must = pt. ut over the tort. yt. tort. = I. . . some dist, in pt. d. etc. to ∞ . Ach. can never = to

tort. if sp. = no. of pts. & = \div to ∞ .

III.—Arrow p. bow = in pt. of sp. all time. In cert sp. every ins. & to occu. sp. = unpass. sans esse pres. for time. Th. not poss. sans staying there . . not at some pt. every inst. = resting ev. inst. How can move?

A. K. B., '04.

Junior Entertainment to 1906.

On Saturday evening, December 13, the Class of '04 entertained the Class of '06 in the Gymnasium. Nineteen-four worked very hard and began so long ahead of time that they were able to persuade Noah and as many of his animals as are still extant, to bring the Ark with them to the Gymnasium—throw open the portals of the great animal refuge and give the eager Class of '06 an opportunity to catch a glimpse of life therein. At first the Freshmen were a little frightened for sights there were calculated to inspire the most lion-hearted with awe. Great gray wolves leaped about in the company of mice of heroic size and camels, leopards and the kangaroo all unshackled sported on the stage. But when Noah, ably supported by Ham, Shem, Japhet,—and a superb cast of beasts,—sat right down there forninst us and started a minstrel show,—interest overcame fear and the Class of '06 abandoned itself to joyful mirth. At last two doves flew from a window of the Ark out over the heads of the audience, pulling

with them the new banner of '06 presented by Miss Gillinder in the name of '04 and accepted by Miss Neall, vice-president of '06.

The Morality Play.

No old English audience could have watched the Morality Play of *Every Man* with more interest and awe than we did, last Friday. The dark chancel, with tall candles and dim curtains, which met our eyes when we first came in, invested the Gymnasium with unwonted solemnity, and then presently down the aisle came a figure with bent head, the Doctor it was, who mounted the stage and gravely spoke the *Prologue*. An interval of silence, and then shuffling from the rear, now and again beating upon his great drum, came pale-visaged Death, a grim figure, waiting to intercept *Every Man*, who appeared singing gaily to the accompaniment of his lute.

It would be impossible to tell the story of *Every Man's* trials in other than the quaint old English verse of the dialogue. He had a wonderfully clear and vibrating voice, and when he made his pilgrimage, bearing the cross in front, we could see more closely the beauty of his pure, grave face. After the red angel, standing above his grave, had pointed out the moral of the play, the audience passed slowly from the room, the smell of incense clinging to them, and in their minds the feeling that they had seen something unusual and impressive.

A Hero in Vain.

Bob was lazy; there was no denying it. In fact this very day he had bet a hat with Ned Brown that when once settled for the afternoon he would not stir a foot.

It was hot and sultry and Bob, seated upon the beach among a crowd of jovial friends, was feeling his very laziest. However, something happened which aroused his energy. This was a sudden outburst from the fellows:

"Oh! I say, Bob, look coming."

Bob guessed the cause of the cry for his one object of admiration and interest was a pretty young lady. In his casual way he cast his eyes languidly in the direction indicated. Then with a low whistle he jumped to his feet and gazed with animated attention at—yes—at a *girl*. But such a girl! A dainty bunch of muslin, she seemed to the fellows, as she sauntered gracefully (down) toward the pier.

I think our Bob was never more thoroughly aroused in his life. He held his breath lest the vision vanish. Still on and on she went to the very edge of the pier. And then! Awful moment! She suddenly slipped and fell into the roaring sea!

Bob dropped his coat. He rushed madly down the pier, jumped in and soon was struggling manfully against the waves to save the girl. It was hard work but he pulled steadily—while his companions stood motionless.

At last with a cry of triumph
he brought her ashore only to
find her no other than the rogue,

Ned Brown, who, in this disguise,
had won the bet.

M. C. M., '06.



At a Summer Resort.

"Oh, child!" the father sadly
cried,

"I do declare, 'tis passing
strange!

For you and I came here to get—

A little rest, a little change—

But now my money's nearly
gone,

Our jaunting's losing all its
jest,

The waiters they get all the
change,

The landlord gets the rest."

Verses.

"Oh, Sally, dear," the maiden
cried,

"What shall I do? I've eaten
jam,

I've eaten candy, cake and cheese
And three large jars of potted
ham.

My family sad will mourn my
death

For I can ne'er survive, I
vow."

"Be comforted," quoth Sally
then,

"You will not di-jest now!"

"I'm sitting on the style, Mary,
I truly am, my word upon it."

And speaking thus, he took a
seat

Upon his wife's best Sunday
bonnet.

Fd, Fd R-R-R.

Oh, there was a fair maiden
came out of the West,

Of numerous charms and attrac-
tions possessed,

From the West she came seek-
ing the fountains of knowl-
edge

And bade fair to become a bright
light in college,

But in faith when to open her
lips she'd essay,

Folks all clapped their hands to
their ears in dismay.

These meaningful gestures be-
came quite a bore,

Her vocal discrepance repented
her sore,

And soon she was forced to the
bald resolution

To consult the instructor of
"voice elocution."

Quoth he quite delighted, "Your
trouble I'll cure,"

Just repeat slowly after me fd,
fd, r-r-r.

She started right in, did this
maid from the West,

Fired high with ambition, with
vigor and zest

A highly provoking unmusical
song

For one to be practising all the
day long,

Yet always contented and busy
she'd purr

At this vocal recurrence of fd,
fd, r-r-r.

Her friends might petition, so-
licit, implore,

Her pronunciation politely ig-
nore.

"Your vowels and diphthongs
would suit even Meade,

And really you sound very Eng-
lish indeed,

And you roll all your r's with a
beautiful burr,

Prithee put a quietus on fd, fd,
r-r-r."

Gadzooks, she stared wildly,
but did not demur,

Only muttered incessantly fd, fd,
r-r-r.

It rang in our ears with a curious
whirr,

That weird iteration of fd, fd,
r-r-r.

Next morning they found her
quite stiff in her bed,

A bottle lay near her with cross
bone of red,

A dose which should rid all crea-
tion of her,

Of that threatening ominous, fd,
fd, r-r-r.

R. McN., '06.

The Christmas Idyll.

One lorn little fir tree in a great
wood,

Alone midst a thick grove of pine
trees stood.

It had lost father, mother and
brother,

Uncles and aunts, one after an-
other.

Nor even knew how, though
once in the dark

He'd heard a quashing and
wringing of bark.

He'd said not a word, because he
was scared,

And, being well-bred, he'd not
even dared

To wonder, when loud banged
the bright light of day,

Why mother had left him and
gone far away.

Now it happened one night,
when all was quite still

He heard footsteps slinking and
creeping until

They seemed to him to be draw-
ing so near

That he almost cried out, half
frenzied with fear.

But no, good fir trees must and
will give a sign,

And he felt the dull whack, with
never a whince,

He thought the pine trees must
have lots to say,

And were taking this means to
get him out of the way.

He never knew that he was an-
other,

Who'd gone the same way as his mother and brother.

E. B., '05.

The Judge's Story.

As we sat in the dark in the deep veranda, there came a sound of heavy shuffling steps on the gravel outside. "Ah, the judge," said someone with a sigh of pleasure. The glowing end of a cigar, and then a huge dark figure appeared by the steps. No one rose, but there was a little chorus of "Good evening, Judge!" A cavernous roar was the response, as the man threw himself into a chair, took off his soft felt hat and threw it on the ground. For a time he sat silent, the conversation flowing on, unnoticed, about him. At length he struck in, in deep decisive tones:

"Did you see that thing in the paper this morning about me?"

We had seen it, and awaited an energetic attack on the writer. After a few vigorous puffs on his cigar, he said:

"Pretty good, I call it. Of course the fellow's a — fool, but he stuck up for his opinions all right. I'd rather a feller'd do that than be the Angel Gabriel himself. Did I ever tell you about that lynching I was at in Shako County?" There was a little rustle of expectation; the Judge's reminiscences, which came but seldom, were famous for vividness and interest. It was only by short glimpses, such as this, that we ever learned anything of his early life, when he

was farmer, miner, sheriff and student of the law in the "bloodiest county in Missouri."

His story did not disappoint us; the Judge's language was more vivid than usual, and more plentifully besprinkled with swear words. He told of the doings of a certain "wild cuss," whom the people of Shako County disapproved of and decided to get rid of in the manner usual at the time. This, the Judge explained, was before his days as sheriff. He went on:

"Wal, when I got up there, there was the cuss on horseback with his face turned to the tail. Round his neck there was a rope that was hitched over the branch of a tree. Jest as I came up Jim Donaldson was saying: 'Hain't you got one word to say for yourself before we whip up that horse? We'll give you fifteen minutes to think it over.' And he took out his watch and held it in his hand.

"The cuss looked round at us all and laughed. Then he called out to Jim's boy that was standing by the hoss, and said, 'Here you, sonny, run down to Alf's place and git me a ceegar,' and he handed him out a dollar.

"The boy came back in a minute or two with the ceegar, and gave it to the cuss, and the change with it. Eighty-five cents it was — Alf's ceegars were good ones. The feller took and lighted the ceegar, but he handed back the change. 'Keep it, sonny,' he says, 'I guess I won't want it where I'm going.'

"And there he sat on the hoss and smoked his ceegar out; and we all standing around and waiting. Just when he threw away the stump, Jim called out:

"Time's up all but one minute. Here's your last chance."

"The cuss gave a queer laugh and threw back his head.

"Wal, I did what I wanted to, and I guess I'm not sorry for it."

"And with that he gave the horse a kick himself and off he went. I saw I couldn't help any, so I cleared out. But that's what I call sticking up for your opinions; and I tell you that's the kind of men this country wants, not the sort they're growin' now-a-days. Well, good night all."

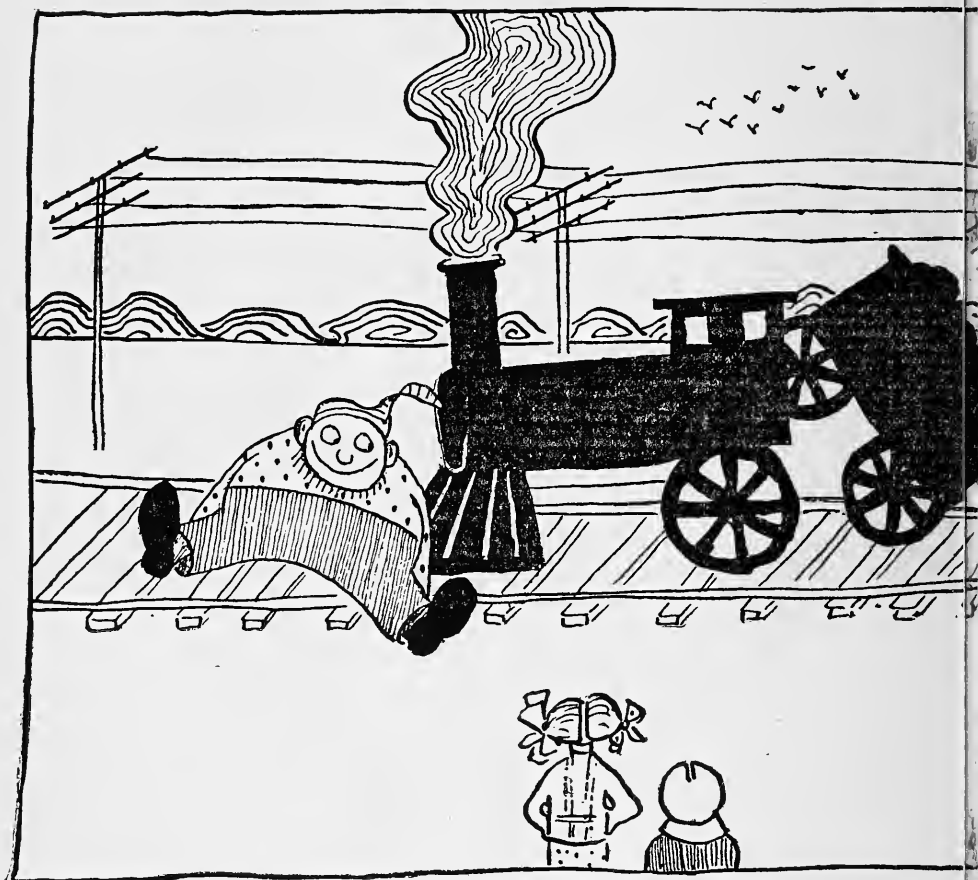
He brought his feet down from the railing with a bang and soon he and his cigar were lost in the darkness.

A Sunset Tragedy.

My guide's sudden whisper "Look!" drew my attention to the direction in which he was pointing. "First pair of horns this season," I heard him mutter as I turned to where the hill crest above us was outlined black against the sunset's afterglow. Between two groups of pines, silhouetted against this same rose-gold background, I saw the cause of my guide's exclamation. A doe was stepping quietly along, her big, sensitive ears held erect, and behind walked a stag magnificent in the bearing of his great antlers, proud head and graceful neck.

So stately was their peaceful content, so impressive the stillness of the evening, that the crack of my rifle was a sort of desecration and I deserved the unhappiness I took back to camp that night. The bullet broke the stag's shoulder and he stopped with a moan of terror. The doe looked back and with a bound was beside her bleeding mate. With her soft muzzle against his shoulder she began to push him forward step by step though he often stopped, and tried to sink down in his agony. As they went among the trees we loitered behind sure the buck must fall and loath to see the last scene of the little tragedy. However, we rode through the timber patch without finding our victim. We should come on him stretched in the rank larkspur growth beyond. No, there was no trail of blood, no trampled grass. There by the next group of trees was the doe. The buck must be crouching low, hidden in the larkspurs. Next she appeared in an open space half way across the valley below, and an instant later she stood at the next hill top, alone! Then she vanished.

Until dark we searched the ground all around us, in the trees, among the high grasses, back to where we first saw the deer, and then along the trail through the valley where the doe had tried to draw our shots to her own poor body before she disappeared. Once we found some broken larkspur stalks spotted with blood. That was



all. We never knew where the loving craft of the faithful doe had concealed the wounded forest lord. She had saved him from us but in the darkness she would not be able to keep him from the great claws and teeth which would come from the black shadows and finish our cruel work. With the haunting thought of what that pitiful last struggle must be, I went back to

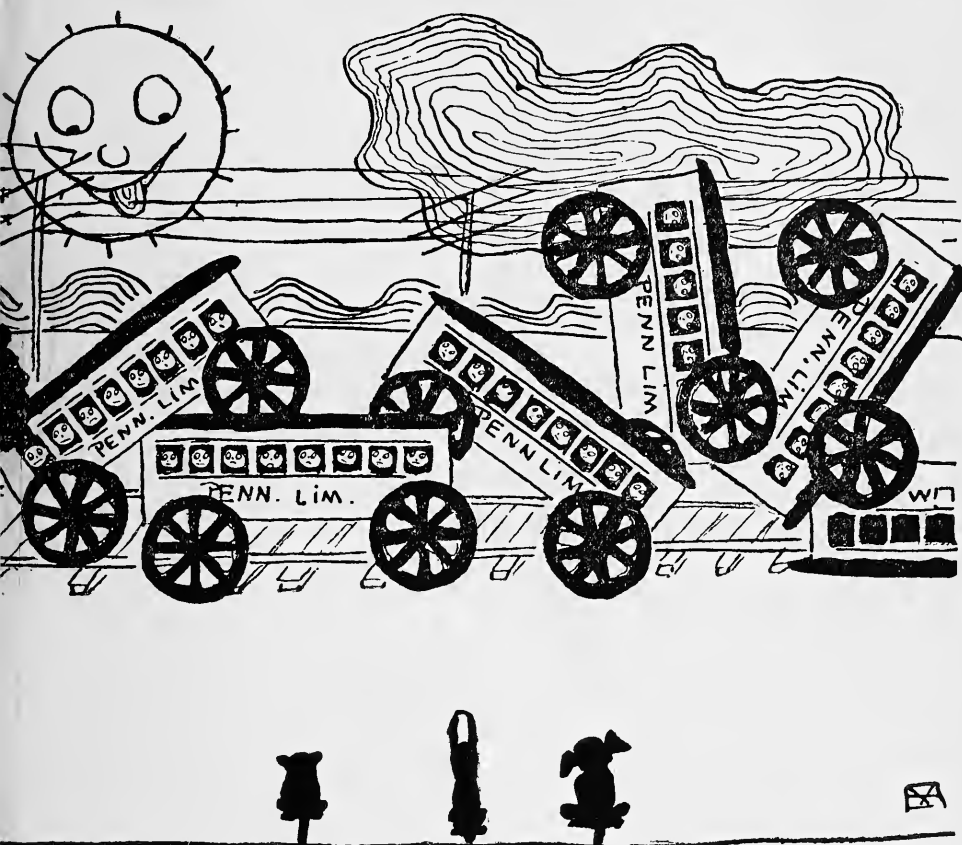
camp determined never to be actor in another such scene.

E. F. L., '05.

A Roundelay.

Come listen to my Roundelay
A ~~FAT~~ man went to walk one
day
And thoughtlessly alas! alack!
He stumbled on the railroad
track.

delay.



The train came near, he sat
there still
My goodness! wasn't there a
spill.

The TRAIN and not the man
was ill

He was not harmed, I'm pleased
to state.

The train was fourteen hours
late.

And oh! the Bryn Mawr girls
were cross

About that fourteen hours' loss.
(My meters' wrong? How *can*
you say
That this was not a round de-
lay?)

F. E. M., '05.

The Finger of Fate.

David was a nice fellow, but
he had an irritating habit of get-
ting the better of me in argu-
ment, repartee, or simple teasing.

My uppermost thought as I drowsed off to sleep was that now, at last, I could make him miserable. Fate had interposed in my behalf, and I felt specially grateful to her for taking the woman's part, since David was a lithe, good-looking fellow enough. I gloated over my just revenge. This was what had happened.

We had been rowing on the lake, and David, with the excuse of a lame arm, had teased me until I meekly insisted on taking the oars. About two miles from home, the intense stillness of the evening was broken by one of the sudden windstorms common on mountain lakes. In five minutes the water was so rough that to change seats with David would have been to capsize our shell of a boat. So I took her in; but once safe, collapsed melodramatically into the bottom of the boat and fainted. When I came too, David was expressing adverse opinions of himself in a manner unmistakably indicative of agitation, and at the same time was mopping my face vigorously with a wet handkerchief which involved incidentally a good deal of my hair in its rotary sweep. I stopped these proceedings, and managed to walk to the house, but fainted again on the front steps. When I came to for the second time David's language, as addressed to himself, was unquotable.

Next morning I felt far from well, and made no effort to disguise the fact. I lay in a steamer chair on the veranda, and David

watched me out of the corner of his eye and anticipated my wants in a novel, highly gratifying manner. In the afternoon we drove. I volunteered with crocodile humility that I was very much ashamed of my behavior last evening. David took me up roundly on this, and was pleased to blame himself with some heat for what was of course no fault of his. So far, so good. But like most novices in the art of victory, I grew over-bold and, forsaking more subtle torments, ventured on a little bare-faced teasing. He bore it with unnatural patience, and I, sure that the joke was securely fastened upon him, paid no attention to the increasing solemnity of his countenance, a familiar danger signal which ought to have warned me. In the midst of an especially pointed thrust, I noticed a slow shaking of his head, and incautiously asked what was the matter.

"There is one thing in connection with this regrettable affair which has grieved me deeply:" his voice sounded sad and world-weary—"and I think it only fair to let you explain it," he said. A cold foreboding of some unguessed trump card in his possession arrested my victorious spirit. I awaited developments in silence. Still with judicial gravity, but mischief in his eye, David thrust one hand into his pocket, and drew forth a crumpled handkerchief, rough dry from a wetting, and stained with suspicious carmine smudges. I recognized it.

"This," he said, emphasizing wickedly the implication of his words. "This is the handkerchief with which I bathed your face last evening." His impish laughter did not fail to misinterpret my flush of rage, and fate, the old cat, registered another victory for David.

1903 Oral Song.

To the tune of "Mr. Dooley."
 There is a language known to all,
 A parlez-vous Francais;
 A language that is spoken by the
 Senior Class to-day.
 They're conversant with Brune-
 tière,
 They know their lists no
 doubt,
 But once behind the fatal door,
 You hear them stammer out:
 Oh Mr. Foulet, oh Mr. Foulet,
 Am I the very worst you ever
 knew?
 Vous dites traduisez, je suis
 épuisé
 But Mr. Foulet kindly let me
 through.
 As the inner door was opened
 wide
 She bowed and stepped right
 in,
 She thought she knew her Ger-
 man
 As they know it in Berlin,
 She read it schelect
 She was not keck,
 They did not ask for more,
 And as she finished, who was
 first to show her to the door?
 'Twas Mr. Collitz, 'twas Mr.
 Collitz,

A man we do not care to in-
 terview;
 Oh see our Thränen,
 How they are rainin'
 Oh Mr. Collitz won't you put
 us through?

Ambition.

Oh, how I wish I was a man!
 I'd tame a great big bear,
 I'd always dress in clothes with
 spurs,
 And spangles every where.
 I'd take my bear and show him
 off
 In a big sawdust ring,
 I'd make him pose with me and
 eat
 My head,—and everything.
 And people needn't be afraid
 Cuz it would end all right,
 I'd always get my head straight
 back
 And beat in every fight.
 But as it is I'm nothing but a
 very little boy,
 I'll never have a real live bear,
 My bear is but a toy.

G. F. W., '04.

Alumni Notes.

The Bryn Mawr Club of New York will be open on Tuesday, December 30, to all graduates, fellows, and undergraduates of Bryn Mawr College. The Club's apartment is at 138 East Fortieth street, first floor up, East side. Tea will be served from four until six, and members of the House Committee, Admissions

Committee and the Class of '02 will receive.

'89.

Anne Taylor Simpson has a daughter, Eleanor, born this autumn.

'97.

Frances Fincke was married to Mr. Learned Hand, on December 6.

'01.

Helen McKee has announced her engagement to Mr. Arthur Quinn, instructor at the University of Pennsylvania.

College Notes.

On December 12 Miss Mary Jordan, Professor of English at Smith College, addressed the students at chapel on the subject of "A Wise Provincialism."

The same evening Miss Jordan addressed the Graduate Club.

An epidemic of diphtheria has broken out in the village near the Lancaster Road and the County Line Road. It is, therefore, very important that the students should not walk near that part of the village, and should not employ any sewing women at all from the village.

On December 3, Miss Eleanora Duse visited the College. She was shown Taylor, Dalton and Pembroke Halls. She was heartily cheered by the students.

All the College halls and cottages will be closed during the Christmas vacation.

Examination marks will no longer be given out orally. They will either be written in the students' course-books and these

returned as soon as possible; or all marks will be posted immediately after they are received.

It has been requested that undergraduates should use the back stairs of Denbigh as little as possible, as it is very disturbing to the graduate students studying in the graduate wing.

Athletic Notes.

HOCKEY.

FINAL MATCH GAME.

1903.

1905.

G. Meigs...centre for..A. Havemeyer
M. Brusstar...in. right..H. Kempton
H. Goldman....in. left....E. Little
C. Wagner...right wing..L. Marshall
A. Lovell....left wing....F. Lefevre
C. Clark....centre half..C. Denison
C. Leupp....right half....E. Mason
M. Ropes.....left half....I. Lynde
D. Day.....right full...H. Sturgis
G. Fetterman..left full..A. Putnam
M. Stewart....goal.. E. Longstreth
Score—3-1 in favor of 1905. Lovell,
1; Havemeyer, 1; Little, 2.

THE PHILISTINE wishes to congratulate the Class of 1905 on winning the championship.

The tennis tournament has been delayed owing to the hockey games. The championship in singles was won Thursday, November the twentieth, by L. C. Marshall, who defeated W. Houghton with a score of 6-2, 6-0, 6-1. Jean Clark is expected to come down early in the spring to defend the cup. If she wins this time, the cup is hers. There is still one set to be played in doubles between L. C. Marshall, H. Sturgis, and H. Brayton, P. Rockwell.

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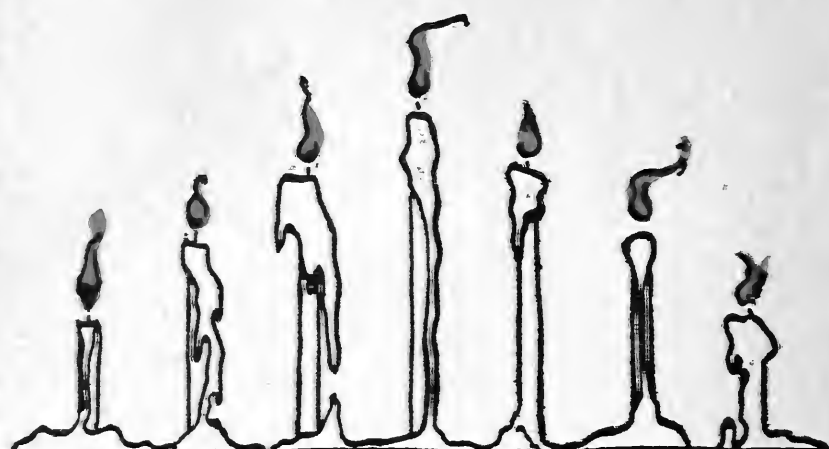
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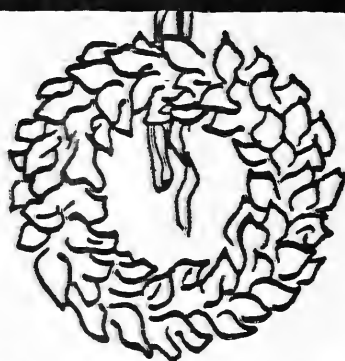
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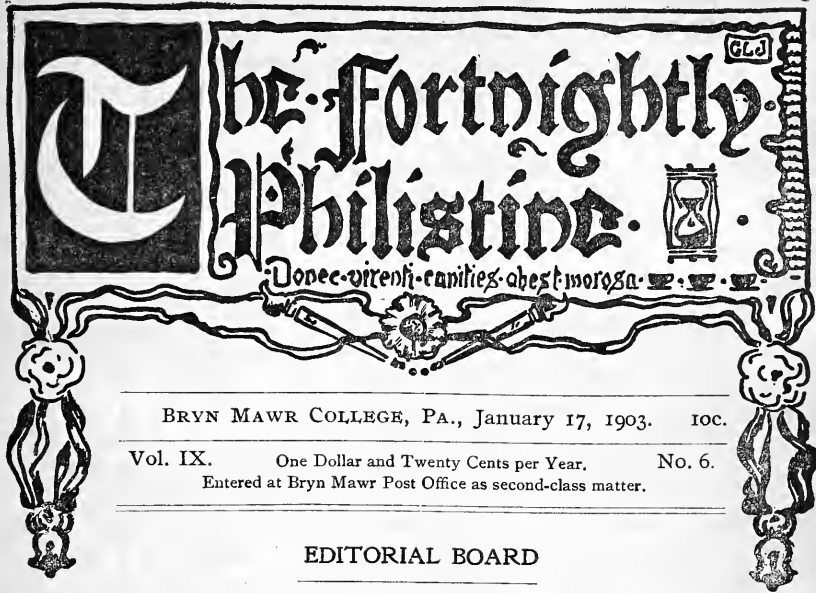
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Editorial.

What is the matter with our miniature world? What has happened to it during our two weeks' absence? It wears the same snow mantle that it did last December, we see the same faces around us, but a new, uneasy spirit is gone abroad in place of the jovial Christmas enthusiasm that held us a fortnight ago.

The time is out of joint, alas! and Dr. Lorenz is in Germany, and cannot come to our aid. The malicious spirit of oral week is on the war-path with her megaphone. "It's only one week before mid-years," she cries. "Why didn't you say so before?" we wail, making wild efforts to study from five note-books at once. And then the little imp

that lives on the wall hisses and jeers at us in his horrid superior way. Dash him. What have we ever done to him that he bears a grudge against? Never have we met a thermostat that we have not treated with the deference due his exalted position and sensitive composition, but there has been no show of politeness in return. His appearance is such as might ornament any refined home, but his language—!! Ah well, it's a hard case, as the Irishman said when he hit his friend on the head.

All of which means that it does violence to the feelings and temper to have to act the part of Adam and Eve thrust from a Paradise of do-nothing contentment, and told to go to work. Strange, but true.

Do we speak to the purpose, or do we not speak to the purpose? Or, if we do not speak to the purpose, to what purpose do we speak?

The PHILISTINE feels that an apology is due to many of his subscribers for the confused paging of many copies of the last number. It was due to carelessness of the printers, and will not occur again.

The Trophy Club now needs only the following numbers of the PHILISTINE to complete the whole series. It would be most grateful to any alumna or undergraduate, happening to have

these numbers, who would be willing to present them to the Club:

Volume IV (1897-1898), Nos. 1, 2, 12 to end.

Volume V (1898-1899), No. 2.

Volume VII (1900-1901), No. 9.

Volume VIII (1901-1902), No. 4.

Book Review.

"Masterpieces of Greek Literature." Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Such is the title of a book of selections from well-known translations of eighteen Greek writers, from Homer to Lucian. It is under the "supervising editorship" of Professor J. H. Wright, of Harvard, whose name appears alone on the back and title-page of the volume. Professor Wright contributes an "Introduction" of eight pages, which is, we need hardly say, scholarly and suggestive, and very unlike the usual perfunctory "foreword." With it Professor Wright's responsibility ends. The selections were made and the biographical and other notes were written by Miss Clara Seymour, "with the counsel of her father," the eminent Greek professor at Yale University. *The work which is an evidence of Bryn Mawr scholarship*, appears, therefore, under the ægis of both Harvard and Yale.

The selections have been well made, and the biographical and

other notes are clearly written and sufficient for the general reader, to whom we heartily recommend the volume.—*The Nation*.

Letter Box.

The following letter is evidently from a literary Sybarite, who dwells in the upper ether and cultivates her orthographical sensibilities:

DEAR PHILISTINE:

A little while ago an outsider picked up one of your fortnightlies, and read the editorial of which you, naturally, were the theme. It seemed to surprise him immensely.

"He!" he said. "Is the Philistine a *he*? I thought it was a *she*."

"Why did you think he was a *she*?" I replied.

That brought him up rather short, and he had no reason to offer except, "Why shouldn't he be?" That is not weighty but it is suggestive, and since then I have been thinking it over and over. The idea made an impression by its surprising novelty. Why, indeed, may not the Philistine be a *she*? All these years (how many is it? Eight?) you may have been acting a part. Surely there have been *she* Philistines, and wily ones at that.

When I entered college you had a well established identity and you were always called *he*; and I accepted you as such, for I confess I had a girlish cast of

mind, and did not question things that were presented to me in print. But now, after a year of science and who knows how much philosophy, I can question even my senses. That question, "Why shouldn't he be?" has fired a long train of doubts.

You have decidedly a *she*-tone, you know. The other day you were "in a flutter of excitement" about something—a play. It is feminine to be in a flutter about anything. You have never attacked anything (except the Class of 1903) and you have never tried a reform of any kind, and this conservatism is a woman's trait. You are all politeness—a most lady-like virtue.

You must not ask us to believe you are a *he* until you can offer a better proof than simple reiteration.

Your true admirer (*quand même*).

SCEPTICA.

Well, really, we have no proof that the PHILISTINE is *he* except that we have never known a Phil who was not. And in such an overwhelming feminine majority, may we not be permitted the fiction of a masculine pronoun, if only for a change?

Merry Christmas!

Polly turned away from the ticket-office, and came back to where I was keeping guard over the bags and umbrellas. Her brows were puckered ominously. "What did he say?" I asked.

"Well, he said," she answered slowly, as though to obliterate all trace of emotion from her voice, "he said that our train was so late that the south-bound train didn't wait for it. It left two hours ago. And he doesn't know when the next train will leave, perhaps at two or three, or at four perhaps."

I looked at the clock. It was on the stroke of midnight. "Well, it might be worse," I said with an attempt at gaiety. "How?" responded Polly, dully. It must be confessed she was not an inspiring companion at that moment.

We gathered up our bags and looked about the room. It was the usual small, dingy crowded waiting-room of a Western way station. One side was taken up by a lunch counter on which were displayed, under glass, halves of dusty pies, uncertain pale cheeses, and gloomy cake of unknown character. Their stale odor filled the hot, close room. On the brackets fastened to the counter were already perched many of our fellow-travelers; the rest had huddled themselves on the narrow benches around the walls. There were half a dozen cross, sleepy men, smoking gloomily with their collars turned up, several old maids (one with three bags and a basket suggesting kittens), many pale, bedraggled mothers, and innumerable children.

"Where did they all come from?" sighed Polly, pessimistically; "do you suppose there is a single baby left at home?"

We drifted aimlessly across the room and finally found seats, as far as we could from the lunch counter. Next us were a stout, burly man and a thin, drooping girl, apparently his daughter.

"Get out, Sal!" he was saying loudly as we sat down. "You're off your feed that's all. What you need is some of those baked beans of Lem's (they're A 1) and a piece of juicy pork pie."

Polly arose hastily. "Let's go and walk on the platform," she said; and I assented. Outside the wind beat us about and whipped our faces with icy sleet; so that in a few minutes we went back, humbled in spirit. We were just in time to see Sal dragged to the lunch-counter by her father, ruddy and triumphant.

This time it was our fortune to sit down beside the old maid with the kittens. She was a small, stiff woman in a dingy black coat and dejected fur tip-pet. Her hat, however, was gay with stiff erections of jet that gave her small, keen face a very wide-awake look. She was deep in conversation with her neighbor.

"Oh, yes'm! It was the stylishest and genteelst funeral I've been to since Aunt Rebecky's. There was three red hearts of immortals; and they had the hearse with the gilt tassels, and all the folks wore black veils two and a half—"

"Much grief displayed?" asked her companion; a fat woman with small, sleepy eyes.

The narrator leaned forward and tapped the other's knee.

"Well, I should smile. Mamie used three handkerchiefs,—they had black borders two and a half inches wide to my knowledge; and I didn't watch her after the second prayer."

At this moment a mournful cry made us all look up. One of the babies, sitting on her mother's lap near by, had waked up, and was uttering at regular intervals, like a piston, this mysterious cry: "Wanta bananer! Wanta bananer! Wanta—" Its mother hastily extricated a banana from a bag, and the baby began to swallow it rapidly, gazing at us meanwhile with uninking gravity. The lady of the kittens arose, her hands trembling with excitement, her jet flowers quivering, and bustled towards the woman.

"Madam," she gasped, "don't you know that you are risking your child's life with that there."

The other looked at her and drawled slowly, but with a touch of malice:

"Well, Miss, I've raised six already, and I guess this one'll get on all right."

The little woman stood for a moment speechless, quivering; then turned and fled, utterly routed.

And so hour after hour dragged away; till just at three, the south-bound train came in with a puff and a roar. Then every one gathered bags and babies and tried to get out of the narrow door at the same moment. Polly and I, not being

progressive, were far behind in the swaying, huddling mass.

"Be not like dumb driven cattle; be a hero in the strife!" I quoted, very aptly, as I thought. But Polly only said, "Be one yourself," and plodded on desperately. She was distinctly cross.

When we had struggled up the slippery steps of the car we found, of course, that it was already full to overflowing; so that finally, with the "lady of the jet bonnet" and a few other women, we ensconced ourselves in the smoking-car. Polly promptly went to sleep; while I amused myself by watching a game of poker which was being played on a dress-suit case propped on four pairs of knees.

At last the windows turned from black to gray, the oil-lamp burned dimly above our heads, and then a long ray of sunlight shone in, lighting up the thick clouds of smoke, the dirty faces, the floors strewn with papers and peanut shells.

Then suddenly I sat up straight. "Why it's Christmas morning," I said to myself; and as I gazed at Polly's sleeping face I reflected sadly that I had forgotten entirely to wish her a Merry Christmas.

G. L. M., '03.

The Disapproving Thermostat.

A factor new, yet bold, I fear
Has come—not by request,
I found upon my wall this year
A most ungracious guest.

It sputters, growls and gurgles
 loud,
 And easy 'tis to see
 This critical young thermostat
 Does not approve of me.

At first I keenly felt reprov'd
 For coming back at all,
 My lack of welcome here was
 proved
 By the monster on the wall.
 No matter what I do or say,
 It ridicules with glee,
 Or else it storms about and
 scolds
 Me most incessantly.

I've given up all hope to please
 This critic in my lair,
 And every chance I get, I seize
 To seek my fun elsewhere.
 I wish I were a Hercules,
 How pleasant it would be
 To smash in bits that thermo-
 stat
 Who disapproves of me.

**An Historical Novel Up-to-
 date; or the Janice of To-
 day.**

CHAPTER I.

She was sitting at her dainty dressing table, the Janice of to-day, eagerly looking from the miniature in her hand to the face in the old gilt mirror above her. Yes, she would do. She was living up to her descent, to her name, and to the miniature of her great, great, great, great grandmother, the first Janice Meredith, for whom she had been called. She gracefully tossed back a truant curl of that same golden hair; and then with a

spring and the laugh of a full-throated bird she was at the window, drinking in the sunshine, and watching the figure of a man, as he mowed the grass on the lawn. He was their new coachman, strong and athletic in build, with the bloom of youth on his handsome face. Suddenly he looked up at the window, took off his hat, and gallantly smiled. Janice, too much surprised to think, could only repeat:

"James, what do you mean? Remember your place, man."

"Beg pardon, miss, I thought as it was Bridget," he murmured, while a look of pain crossed his manly face.

Janice slowly put down the window, opened up her pianola, and began in dreamy fashion: "There are eyes of blue."

"Janice, Janice," called her mother. "You'll miss that appointment at the dressmaker's."

CHAPTER II.

Two weeks later our heroine, card-case in hand, stood on the steps waiting for Henry and the automobile. Soon the machine steamed up the drive and stopped at the door. But Janice turned white and red at the same moment when she saw—instead of Henry, the new coachman.

"Where is Henry," she demanded with stifled indignation in her tone.

"Henry's busy, Miss, so I took his place."

"Well, I hope you know how to manage it," she pouted, as she took her seat.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Where did you learn?"

"Oh, I just sort of picked it up down on the Massachusetts farm."

"And where do you get your good looking clothes, James? The ones I saw you sporting at the Yale-Harvard game the other day?" This with a roguish twinkle in her brown eyes.

"Oh, those? Left over from my last place, Miss Janice."

"You seemed to be quite for Harvard that day?"

"Yes, Miss, I've often thought as I'd like a college trainin' there."

"Perhaps that's why you spend your spare time with Greek Grammar, and Plato's Republic?" with another roguish twinkle.

"Oh, I don't any more now," he said, quite seriously. Then with a sudden burst of feeling, "Oh, you surely don't believe that I'm a coachman. Perhaps you even remember meeting me in Tom Greene's room."

"James," said the girl, "I'll have to ask you to keep your place, or you may lose it, you know." She smiled.

"I'd never have been in it," he groaned, "if it hadn't been for the bills. Heavens, there's strain enough on a man without this from you, Janice, Miss Janice. Listen. I've loved you from the first time I saw you. I never meant to tell. But a man can't help it. It was you made me want to stop ping-pong and pass my quizzes. So I've worked, worked hard, hoping they'd let me stay on, but it's no use—"

Here, strong man though he was, he broke down.

"Fired?" she asked, with a laugh.

"Yes, fired," he answered between his teeth. "Ah, but I could be of some account even now if you'd only give me hope."

"Thank you. But I take nothing short of a millionaire," was Janice's gay retort.

Then there was a pause, until at last she ventured softly:

"Would you really go on, if you could?"

He only nodded.

CHAPTER III.

"Yes, my great, great, great, great grandmother would have done it. If she could influence the father of our country, I surely can move the president of a college." She hurriedly dressed in a black gown, long and clinging, which just set off her golden hair and brilliant coloring; wound long strings of pearls around her slender throat; and left the house. She boarded a trolley bound for Cambridge; bravely walked over the yard, bowing to acquaintances right and left; and only stopped when she reached the president's door. Before a long waiting line of students and professors she boldly shoved it open, and was at last face to face with the venerable old man. Five minutes she sat there, skillfully, irresistibly, with pleading eyes putting her case before him. Then he was on his feet.

"My dear," said the president, patting her on the head, "he's

not worthy of you, but we'll give him one more chance. I'm an old man, and I hope you'll allow me to say that if there were more women like you in our nation, its sons would turn out finer men. It has done me good to see you to-day."

Janice smiled, and with a full heart and swimming eyes left the room.

The Romance of the Younger Cock-Robin.

There was once a young cock-robin,—a swagger red-breast he,

He lived upon the topmost branch of an ancient apple-tree;

He belonged to an old family, well known to every bird,

His father was the murdered one of whom the world has heard.

II.

Young Robin was an only son—his fond mamma's delight—
She let him stay in the nest till noon and fly abroad all night.

He dressed in quite the latest style, wore pale white gaiters and

A handsome, shining, tall, silk hat and a satin four-in-hand.

III.

The Robin nest was high up on a most exclusive limb,

The birds who lived in the lower twigs were hardly "in the swim."

Proud Mrs. R. knew little of what went on beneath her.
But Cock heard all the gossip that was floating in the ether.

IV.

Before the day was over he had found out, quite by chance,
That the Sparrows had moved in on a low plebeian branch.
Now Mr. Sparrow had the worst of all bad reputations,
And between him and the Robins were rather strained relations.

V.

'Twas well known he'd killed C. Robin; indeed, everybody knew it,
Old Mr. Fly had said as much—and he had seen him do it.
So what was Mother Robin's grief to learn from *sweet* Miss Jay
That "Cock had been seen flying with Miss Sparrow yesterday!"

VI.

When he came home that night quite late, his parent asked him sobbin'

If what Miss Jay had said was true about her "darling robin."

He said, "I've seen Miss Sparrow, as I flew past above her,

I saw her at the front-nest-door and to see her was to love her."

VII.

At this his ma flew in a rage—
and declared she would be
firm;

"I turn you out, you may leave
my nest and earn your daily
worm!"

.

She turned him out. He thought
to himself, "I couldn't have
left too soon."

He called for Miss S. and wing
in wing they went South on
their honeymoon.

The Recrudescence of Cheops

Outside, the wind was blowing freshly and the air was clear and cool. The change from the stifling heat and dust of the subterranean chambers was most welcome to us and we filled our lungs with long breaths, experiencing the full pleasure of danger past and purpose achieved. For this we had traveled hundreds of miles, expended large sums and devoted the time and energy of three long years. Now, successful, we gazed on the mummy case lying upon the ground before us. There was little doubt that it was the great monarch Cheops, and over me there came an indefinable sensation of desecration as I realized that we, two insignificant mortals of the nineteenth century, had dared disturb the final resting place of the mighty potentate. My companion, however,

had no such scruples. His hand trembled with excitement as he bent down and commenced to unwrap the narrow bands of faintly scented, discolored muslin from the still form.

"The scroll!" he whispered. "The scroll. It must be inside." The sun shone slanting through the leaves of the palm overhead, straight upon the wrapped figure which, as the numerous folds were removed, showed more and more plainly the outlines of the human shape beneath. I glanced fearfully around me. No human being was in sight, but I felt afraid. "Stay, Hubert," I entreated. "Don't unwrap the thing on its own grounds. Come aboard the yacht. Don't do it here. *Don't*, Hubert." But Hubert, grunting something about "sentimental nervousness," proceeded rapidly. "The scroll," I heard him murmur again. "It must be here." As Hubert removed the last of the coverings the sun shone with full force upon the figure. There lay the old, old king, just as he had lain for centuries. His face, though brown as a monkey's skin and wrinkled, still preserved traces of the grand mold in which it had been cast, and the glass eyes in the eye sockets glittered with life-like brilliancy. In the left hand, which, contrary to the custom of most mummies, was raised and laid on his chest, there was a long roll of parchment. Even Hubert was awed out of his eagerness for a moment and as for

me, I seemed to be hypnotized by the dried old face. As we gazed, it seemed to me that an expression of malicious hate crept over the immovable features. Below, over the edge of the cliff, I could hear the waters rushing far down, and was conscious of a vulture hovering overhead as if in pursuit of the prey which had escaped him countless ages ago. But I looked only at the silent figure illuminated by the afternoon sun. Hubert finally shook himself and stepped forward. "Don't touch it, man," I pleaded. "Let's wrap it up again and carry it back. It isn't worth it." But Hubert only bent forward to take the scroll from the stiff hand. Then suddenly he stepped back with a cry. A contortion went over the face of the mummy. As if by a hideous effort it raised both arms high in the air with a convulsive movement. The scroll flew out over the cliff down into the swift current beneath, but neither Hubert nor I noticed it. Then the arms sank down with a dry clatter. Life left the face. Cracks appeared throughout the body and Cheops crumbled away before our eyes, leaving on the ground only a little fine dust.

The scroll was lost. The great king who had guarded his secret for six thousand years, guarded it to the end. Hubert looked at me and murmured something about "action of the sun"—"muscles"—"contraction," but I—I knew better.

The Appeal of Idealism.

On Friday evening, January 9, Professor Woodbridge, of Columbia, addressed the Philosophical Club on the subject of "The Appeal of Idealism."

Idealism, he said, does not appeal to the intellect but to the will. Two questions to be answered are: (1) What is idealism? (2) What service does it seek to perform?

Idealism lays stress on ideas. There is a distinction between the existence of an object and what the object really is. When, "What is this distinction?" is asked, this question is a form of knowledge, an idea. The statement then becomes, there is a distinction between the existence of an object and what it means, or, between the existence of an object and an idea. Since our knowledge is found not in the world itself, but in our ideas of it, by explaining ideas we can discover the nature of the personal world. Therefore, the idealistic view of the world must be sought.

Idealism is valuable because it gives the world a meaning. It shows the possibility of knowing things. This is the meaning primarily for our actions. Our natural conceptions of reality in the light of idealism become meaningless. Reality can be understood only through the service of our wills. This proposition, therefore, arises, that reality is given to us only in the form of ideas, and idealism is the philosophy of actions.

There is much more to the reality of things than seems, and much more might be found. The unattained reality of things is, consequently, to be desired. Life is a battle for the possible. Idealism also sees in reality the possibility of the realization of ideas, the ideal of things. The purpose, also, of things we wish to know. For idealists, purpose and ideal mean the same. This fact is significant not for the explanation of nature, but for the will. It is a summons for them to realize the ideal the world suggests. Reality is, then, a challenge to the actual to become ideal.

Idealism also brings home the moral character of experience. It does not make reality something subjective, for reality is objective. But it teaches that we can know reality, not as we will, but as we must. Idealism is the intensely moral philosophy

of life, of which the moral view is the only one we can have. In life, we sometimes doubt this fact and therefore inquire into its truth. Our hope of attaining knowledge disappears. Idealism helps to keep us sane. It points to something possible, appealing not to our intellect, but to our will.

Further, idealism clarifies our belief in God. Science deals only with the nature of things. It shows nothing of God. When we ask if God is He out of whom our will goes in search of the possible, idealism answers that He is the highest reality. Consequently the service of religion is to make man will to achieve the highest possible good of life.

Idealism, therefore, appeals not to the intellect, but to the will as the philosophy of action. And philosophy can be true only when it reveals the highest possible good of things.

Freshman Theme.

Preparatory plati-
tudes forbidden.
Pathetic fallacy.
How and with what?

Foolish.

Express sensations.
Weak ending.

I am very fond of all music. It reminds me of the everlasting sweep of time, so great and eternal is its power. One afternoon I went to the opera and before the orchestra began I watched the people coming in. After the curtain arose my attention was fixed upon a little boy page who was exceedingly pretty. In fact the whole performance was delightful. When I got home I remained in solitude for a long time, thinking of the beauty of music.

This theme would have been good if you had avoided the above mistakes.

St. Sauveur.

(Chapel of the French Protestants, Philadelphia).

The streets are quiet where it stands,

Hard by the City's central hum,

Decorous, though scarce ten steps remove

The courts and alleys of the slum.

The old brick school across the way

Looms large beside the Chapel's walls;

A wagon rattling through the streets

Half drowns the bell as service calls.

Eglise de St. Sauveur, in French
We read the letters on the door,

Shy, shrinking, lest the sounds themselves

Should startle on the stranger shore.

Inside are some late come from France

Whose eager gesture, quick embrace

Greets old-time neighbors newly found

With Gallic warmth and Gallic grace.

The *blanchisseuse* from South street comes,

A buxom matron, and her boys
With round, black heads and wide-set eyes;

"Chut! Tais-toi" checks their threatening noise.

Monsieur le Professeur one knows

By pointed beard and large cravat.

He bows to Madame. Does he note

The *chic* of Paris in her hat?

A final tinkle of the bell,

The hidden organ softly plays.

Noël! they sing. We seem to breathe

The air of simpler, saintlier days.

For conscience's sake an exile here

Like Huguenots in Richelieu's day

The preacher seems, or now recalls

The eloquence of d'Aubigné.

Port Royal's holiest martyrs haunt

The Chapel through the twilight dim;

Pascal's pained utterance thrills and blends

Austerely with the closing hymn.

Outside the first high stars come out,

The City glimmers white with snow,

And stilly sings within our hearts

The Christmas anthem of Gounod,—

The angel song of Bethlehem,

"Though poor the chamber, come, adore."

So too the earliest Christians sang

Beside the Midland Ocean's
shore.

Humble in mind and glad at
heart

Like you that exiles hither
came,

Finding in loss the right to call
Your Chapel by the Saviour's
name.

M. E. T., '04.

Alumni Notes.

The Bryn Mawr Club of New
York gave a Twelfth Night Mas-
querade on Tuesday, January 6.

'94.

Henrietta Palmer is librarian
at Leland Stanford University.

'96.

On December 20, Ida Ogilvie
successfully passed her oral ex-
aminations for Ph. D. at Co-
lumbia University.

'99.

Marian Ream has announced
her engagement to Mr. Redmond
Stephens, of Chicago.

'00.

Clara Seymour has edited a
collection of "Masterpieces of
Greek Literature." See p. 2.

'01.

Bertha Laws has announced
her engagement to Dr. Homer J.
Edmiston, of Bryn Mawr Col-
lege.

'02.

Grace Douglas has returned
from abroad to Chillicothe, Ohio.

Caroline McManus has an-
nounced her engagement to Mr.

John E. Dickey, of Philadelphia.

Harriet Spencer was married
on January 1, at Scarsdale, New
York, to Mr. Harry Pierce. At
the wedding were E. Cross, '01;
E. Clinton, E. Plunkett, E.
Wood, H. Murray, '02; M.
White, A Kidder, '03.

College Notes.

The new lists for oral reading
may be had at the secretary's
office, where old lists may be ex-
changed for them.

Rev. J. Milner Wilbur will
lead the Sunday afternoon Bible
Class for next Sunday.

The thermostats as well as all
the heating arrangements are
now working, and after a little
adjustment and regulation will,
it is certain, be perfectly satis-
factory.

At a formal meeting of the
Philosophical Club on Friday
evening, January 9, Professor
Woodbridge, of Columbia Uni-
versity, delivered an address on
the "Appeal of Idealism."

Athletic Notes.

Indoor baseball has been
started in the gymnasium with
great success. The participants
were enthusiastic and the skill
displayed most remarkable. One
fleet amazon accomplished three
home runs in succession while
the ball was up in the gallery.

The swimming pool is at last
finished and will be ready for use
immediately. Water polo will
soon be started.

A Mediæval Episode.

In days of old,
 So I've been told,
 There lived a knight
 Of wondrous might.
 He loved a lady passing fair,
 And she (of course) had golden
 hair.



One very dark and gloomy night
 Daughter and knight were lost to
 sight.
 To his strong castle they both
 fled
 And lived there happy, so 'tis
 said.

E. C., '03.



Her father had objections
 To the knight's misplaced affec-
 tions.
 But who can conquer little
 Cupid?
 Who thinks to do it's very stupid.



Botanical Notes.

1. Although winter is upon us we still see many green things flourishing over the campus.

2. Although College is at present crowded, yet when Rockefeller goes up we hope to have a mush-room season.

3. The heat plant has been saved, though nearly killed once by too assiduous watering.

4. The Macaulay flowers of literature are thriving in the English division.

5. Bryn Mawr students are still assiduously cultivating the "Been."

6. THE FORTNIGHTLY PHILISTINE is cherishing a fine crop of chestnuts.

7. We hope that by 1950 the season for electric currants will come round.

8. The late frost caused by the German orals has reduced the garden to a crop of dead beets.

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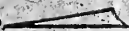
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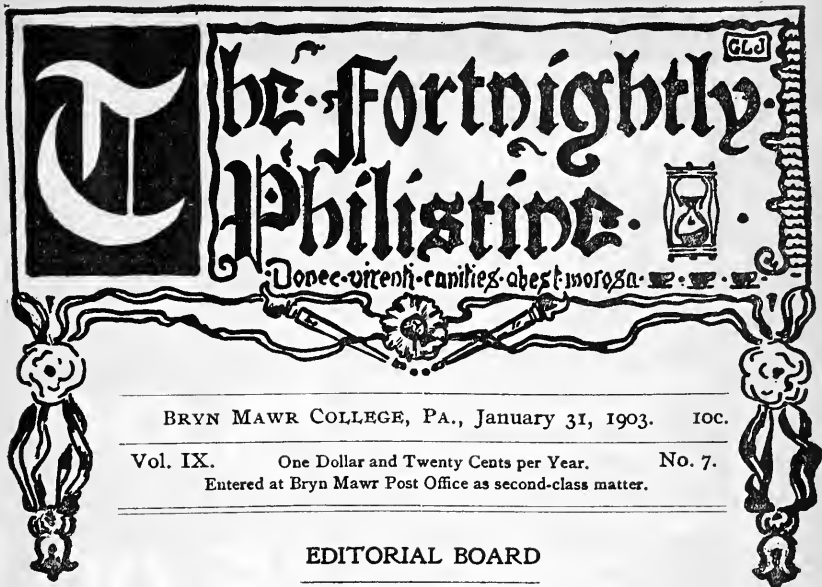
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The Fortnightly Philistine

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BRYN MAWR COLLEGE, PA., January 31, 1903. 100.

Vol. IX. One Dollar and Twenty Cents per Year. No. 7.
Entered at Bryn Mawr Post Office as second-class matter.

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Editorial.

Don't be worried, friends.
The PHILISTINE is not going to
talk about

" . . . so much to do,
So little done, such things to be,"

and exams, and note-books, and
Taylor, and other horrors. The

horrid caricatures of the Lady
of Shallott that he sees about
him, the three hundred charmed
maidens who labor night and day
without lifting their eyes for a
single peep at the outdoor world
(poor things—Launcelot is not
even allowed to peep in, now that
the blinds are all pulled down),
the three hundred Penelopes

whose mental web, laboriously fashioned one day, is all lost again before the next,—all these shall comprise a mystery on which his pen shall not tread with careless hand.

Instead he is going to tell you of the wonders being accomplished with the new hall, tell you how she who wishes may see a miracle performed beside which the princess who made a mountain and a dense forest from a scissors and a lock of hair will pale to insignificance,—to wit, how a dormitory is to be made from three holes in the ground, five stones, eleven planks, and one large mud pie,—how, to look at it from another side, Rockefeller is almost half finished, the rocks having arrived in great numbers,—how —

What! Won't you listen to him? Won't you pay any attention to your motley when he shakes his bells, and prances for you? One by one you frown disapproval and withdraw to your diligent spinning of ropes of sand, disgusted that his discourse does not treat of "the great Nothing-in-general which men call the Universe," and is too much in keeping with the fresh verdure of his cover? Very well then. If for these two weeks no one will come and play with him, he will retire and sulk in his tent. May we all be in a more cheerful mood when next we meet.

The final date for contributions to *The Lantern* is March

1. Manuscripts may be given to any member of the editorial board.

Letter Box.

Come, this is getting interesting. Here is a reflection on our moral character which comes to us from Butte, Montana:

DEAR PHILISTINE:—I have been very much interested in the heated discussion that has been going on recently within your pages in regard to your sex, and would like, so to speak, to get into the scrap.

The argument which your editor uses, merely that she has never known a Phil that was not a he is palpably worthless, for was not Delilah a Philistine and (pre-supposing as free a use of the abbreviation then as now), consequently a Phil?

Is it possible that your editor does not read the Bible?

As for the fact that you have never been known to try a reform of any kind, between you and me I believe this feminine conservatism a mistake; why not let reform, like charity, begin at home? Suppose next issue you give your subscribers a PHILISTINE to excel all other PHILISTINES (even Delilah) in wit and resource—eh?

Many thanks, dear Sceptica, for your gentle hint!

HONORIA.

And all this time the PHILISTINE hugs his masculine identity unchanged.

.

MY DEAR PHILISTINE:—I am in great trouble and turn to you and your contributors for help. I am a *débutante*. I was invited to my first dinner to-night. My hair was shampooed this afternoon for the occasion. Then I bought two of those stunning life-size hairpins,—quite the latest thing, you know—and jabbed them into my top-knot, one on each side in front, producing an effect really rather chic. Now I'm here, but, oh, to have never come! It happened just a minute ago. The soup had come on. I was talking away to the man next to me—very good looking, dear PHILISTINE—and I was getting on beautifully,—at least he didn't *look* unhappy—when—well I suppose I was excited, but I only gave my head a little shake, and before I knew it, to my horror, to my despair, those two front hairpins were—yes, were in his soup. The worst of it is, they're still there. What shall I do? What can I do? No one knows. Everyone just laughs. Please help me right away, dear, dear PHILISTINE. Of course he doesn't want to eat his soup, or hurt my feelings. Do tell me quickly what to do. I'm almost under the table

“BÉBIN TANTE.”

The editor earnestly requests you to take pity on the poor girl, and suggest possible outlets for her embarrassment at once. At the same time he recognizes the difficulty of satisfactorily doing so. He, therefore, offers as encouragement, a handsome re-

ward to the one who best answers the question, not only of immediate interest, but also of future importance in the career of a *débutante*: What should a young lady at a dinner party do, whose two front hairpins have fallen into the soup of the gentleman next to her?

The Trials of a Contributor.

The week before Mid-Years in a moment of madness, I promised to write something for the PHILISTINE, on a twenty-four hours' notice. Then I utterly forgot the incident, and was only reminded by one of the editors saying to me, “Don't forget to hand it in to-night.” I remonstrated for a moment, and then she left me, in proud despair. Frantic with remorse, I rushed to my room, climbed over the scores of note and text-books lying on the floor, like a wilderness of rocks from which my desk rose a green-topped plateau. I seated myself on the perilous summit of James's Psychology, supported by the stalwart Beowulf, and having unearthed writing materials, I lashed Pegasus, and waited for him to rise to the clouds. But no, he never moved. I threatened and coaxed him alternately,—it was of no avail. “Get up, you miserable animal!” I cried angrily at last and then I heard a hoarse and smothered voice say in Houyhnhmian, “Oh, let me alone! Can't you see they've got hold of me?”

I turned and looked, and be-

held a piteous spectacle. My poor Pegasus, usually only too fiery and untamed, lay prostrate on the floor, held down by a sinister form,—a form at the sight of which a cold fear seized me, for well I knew nothing could be of such awful mien, save the monster Midyears's! And, as if this horror was not enough, I saw some little imps crawling over Pegasus, and seeming to mock at his fallen estate. Spell-bound with terror I could not move, but I tried to speak encouragingly to my poor steed:

"Can't you shake that spectre off? They say it really isn't as bad as it looks."

"Can *you* shake it off? If you could, then I wouldn't be here."

"When did it get hold of you, Pegasus?"

"Ever since Thanksgiving I have been feeling a numbness all over me. Now and then I forget it, but some chance remark always brings it back, causing me a cold chill. Since Christmas I have only too plainly seen that the spectre had hold of me firmly, not to be shaken off till February seventh, and alas, maybe not then!"

"Poor Pegasus! Isn't it an awful creature? It has frozen my brain completely! And those little demons! Who are they?"

"Ah, you should know *us* well," spoke up a gristly, ghastly horror. "I am the brain and the nervous system, and these are my two friends, Sensation and Feeling—you thought they were twins the other day."

"*L'état, c'est moi*," remarked a princely gentleman, "but as I know you don't know anything about me, I must introduce myself—Louis XIV."

"I am —" began another.

"Socrates!" I interrupted.

"How did you know" he asked in great surprise.

"By your bust in Taylor Hall," I answered.

"Your method of recognizing historical personages —" began Socrates, but he was interrupted by a man of broad brow, and serene aspect.

"We are Heracleitus, Parmenides, Aristotle, Democritus, Anaximander, Plato, Epicurus, and Pythagoras, and I don't believe your general idea of us is at all correct," he said, "you should be 'doing' us now, and not wasting your time."

"You should be doing *me*," cried Louis XIV.

"Me first—Emperors before Kings!" cried Napoleon.

"You don't know anything about *me*!" said Matthew Arnold most satirically.

"I suppose you'll flunk me again, and I'm so tired of having you take me," moaned a long, pale spectre, which was an Essay.

"Do me!" shouted Beowulf.

"Us! we're older!" said the Philosophers.

"For your own sake, do us," clamored Louis, Napoleon, William of Orange, and a host of others.

"I come first!" screamed James's Psychology, Andrew Lang and Brander Matthews

tackled it, thus upsetting me into a wilderness of books, each clamoring and shrieking for first attention. I looked hopelessly at Pegasus. He had fainted.

Is it any wonder I cannot write for the PHILISTINE?

F. W., '05.

Diaries.

My opinion of diaries is that they are an abomination and a snare. I may be prejudiced from sad personal experience, I don't know. I have kept a diary. I was given one the Christmas I was fourteen. I was passing through that romantically silly stage that one goes through like the measles, and fancied myself much in love with a boy whom I scarcely knew, in my class at school. To my diary I confided all my hopes and fears, rhapsodies and despair. Sad to say, after six months had elapsed, I recovered from my passion, and the diary fell into disuse. One day I heard laughter in the next room, and going in, discovered my elder brother reading the diary aloud to a select few of his acquaintances. I snatched it from him, ran out and was about to throw the hateful little volume in the fire, when I reflected what an excellent reminder it would be to me to keep me from committing future like follies. So I locked it away in my desk, where it reposes still. But some of the sentiments still linger in my brother's memory and when I am particularly self-confident

and pleased with my own achievements, he has only to quote, "O moon, that looketh down upon my love, protect him with thy silvery beams," and I wither.

T. L. R., '05.

A Shipwreck.

The pursuing footsteps drew nearer and I ran on desperately. A few more steps and I was at the old wharf at the foot of the garden where I found my brothers waiting with a small green boat which I noticed was almost half full of water. I hesitated, but my brothers reassured me, and so I jumped in only to feel the boat fill suddenly and sink under us. Down I went through the water, down, down, gasping and choking. Would I ever come to the surface again? It seemed like eternity. Oh, this terrible feeling of suffocation! Suddenly I felt a post, grasped it firmly, wrapped myself around it —

"The next time I let you sleep with me you'll know it," remarked my sister, removing herself forcibly from my tenacious embrace.

E. B., '06.

The Tale of the Ducklings.

One of the great tragedies of my childhood came about in the following manner: When I was about six years of age my sister and I were given for a Christ-

mas present, three sweet little yellow ducks—the prettiest little things imaginable. Out of the kindness of our hearts we wanted to make our pets as happy as possible, and as we had often read that ducks are never so happy as when they are in the water, we decided to give them a bath. We drove them from their little house to the spot where stood the large bucket from which the horses and cows drank. It was a bitter cold day, and, therefore, it was only natural that the poor little ducks, introduced to the water under such inauspicious circumstances, should not have shown signs of great enjoyment, but we thought that their continued struggles were due to the fact that they did not yet know what they liked, and we felt it our duty to teach them. I don't know how long we held the poor little things under water, but it must have been some time, for the first thing we knew three little corpses were floating on the top of the water. Words cannot describe our feelings when we realized that what had been done by

us with the best of intentions, had killed our little pets. We could not for a long time bear to speak of our sad experience, and even to-day I never can see ducklings without thinking of those that we killed with kindness.

A. W. N., '06.

Equations for Mid-Years.

1. (Cramming + anguish of heart + despair) \times daily — time — temper — beauty sleep — pleasure in life = mid-years.

2. Mid-years varies as brains.

Ethel.—“What was the primeval college?”

Louise.—“I don't know; but I know what the prime evil of college is: orals!”

Lost!

One theme: dropped from essay on its way to Low Buildings.

Somewhere in Taylor, all hope of my degree.

All exercise taken in the Gym must be returned immediately.

Idiotic Idyls of Illicit Idlers.

There was an old man from Wabash
Who rather liked tacks in his hash.
When they said, “You're a goat!”
He nibbled his coat
And asked for some more of the trash.



I thought I'd like to learn to skate
And so I rashly tempted fate.

I did not learn the thing I sought,
But, with experience dearly bought



I've learned the very fixed relation
Twixt me, my skates, and gravitation.

E. CLARKE

Verses.

"Oh stalwart soldier," quoth the maid,
 "Come tell me, were you not afraid,
 Did not your heart within you fail
 When for the Transvaal, you set sail?"
 "No, no!" he said, "our hearts ne'er failed,
 We were in transports when we sailed."

She gazed at the spirit with horror-struck eye
 As he hurriedly gobbled that quarter of pie;
 Her cheeks became pale and she felt so afraid,
 For she knew it was ninety degrees in the shade.

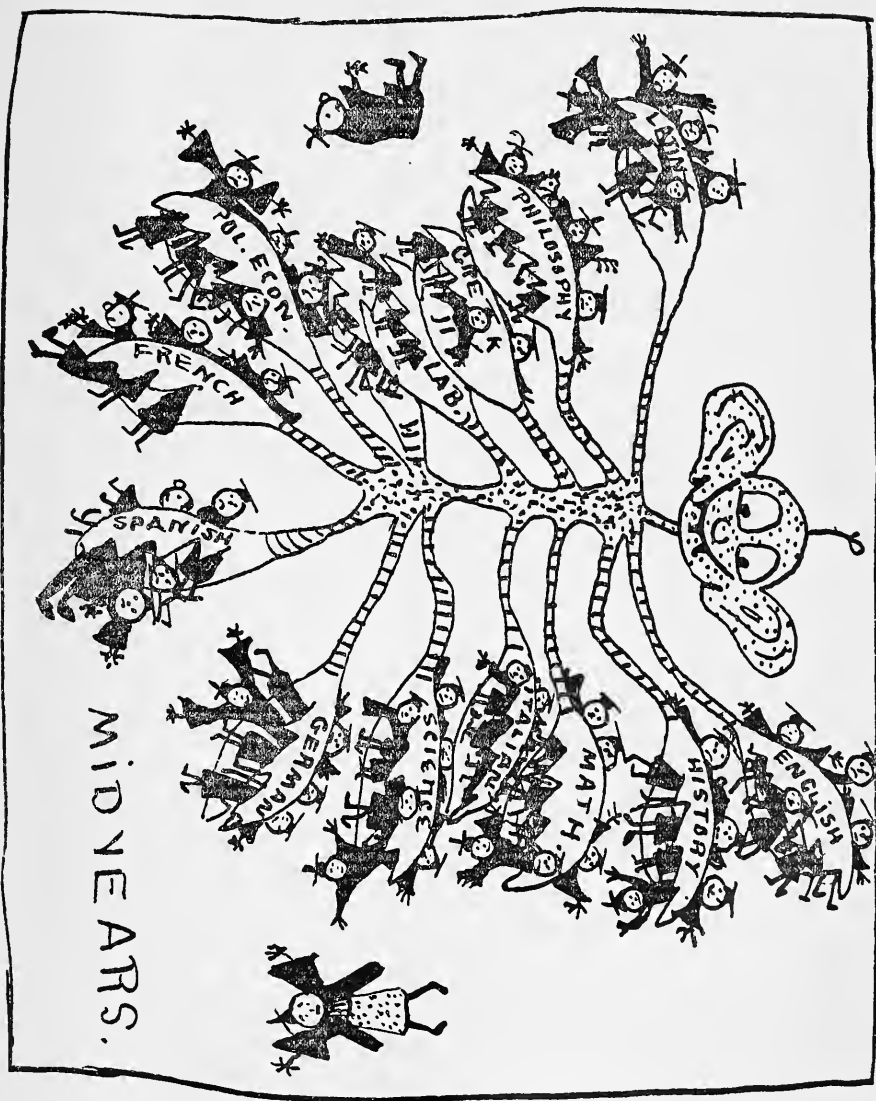
I've always wanted to be told
 Why mermaids do not die of cold,
 When on the icy rocks they sit,
 Deprived of furs and garments fit;
 Perhaps they don't know how to sew,
 Or have no scissors down below.
 At all events, they must be dull,
 Since green serge is *so* plentiful!

F. E. M.

A Sonnet (With Apologies to Wordsworth.)

Ditches are too much with us; late and soon,
 Stumbling and rising, we lay waste our powers:
 Little on all this campus now is ours;
 We have stored our sod away, a useless boon!
 Here man-holes bare their bosoms to the moon;
 There pipe will be uncoiling at all hours,
 Writhing their lengths across the campus flowers;
 For these, for everything we're out of tune;
 They move us not.—Great Scott! I'd rather be
 In boarding school, from college life be torn;
 So might I, standing on some pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
 No more see women strolling leisurely;
 Nor hear at one the siren's angry horn.

J. S. W., '05.



A Plea for Neglected Books.

The friends who know my study are wont to exclaim over the works of unknown poets, of antiquated economists and, it may be, of ponderous historians that gather in dusty heaps upon my table. Little do they dream that I am merely trying to warm with my hospitality the forlorn volumes—aye, forlorn, though they be brave in red morocco and gilt edges or dulled to a phantom brown—which no one else will receive within her doors. Have you never felt a thrill of sympathy, gentle student, for those sad sentinels, who stand ever at their posts upon the shelves in Taylor library, while their companions come and go merrily, leading lives of change and adventure? What tales, for example, of tea parties and midnight vigils must Lady Mary Wortley Montague, the scandal lover, just returned from a polite sojourn in Pembroke, pour into the ear of that unpopular near neighbor of hers—I forbear for pity of his uncut leaves and respect for his hoary age to disclose his name—whom she evidently flouts. Prosy though he seem I could weep to think that year by year he has been for an occasional brief moment taken into the hand of the curious and then thrust back again to moulder in his stolid corner.

Prithee, kind student, humor for a while some of these unnoticed worthies. You shall hear with what a thrill of satisfaction these fair cards—how much better alas! were those cards

smudgy and pencilled,—will slip into the box. And, fluttering their leaves in idle minutes with some show of attention, you shall persuade them of their usefulness in the world and send them back at last triumphant to their proper habitation.

My Theatrical Debut.

Shall I ever forget the night in which I donned the tragic buskin for the first time in "The Tragedy of Rodrigo and Rosina, or Love Will Find a Way," written in the days of his youth by our tutor and given us by dint of much persuasion? We children were always having "make believe" plays; but now, at the ripe age of thirteen, we thought it was time to go on the stage in earnest, so we invited our tutor, Mr. Harlowe, and a few other chosen friends to view the performance.

Though the smallest and most unsuitable of the troupe, I insisted upon being the hero, for the thought of myself in tights, trunk hose, plumed hat, moustachios and golden curls was too much for my fancy; so Rodrigo I became.

On the all-important night the door flew open between the library and dining-room and the gorgeous stage-setting was revealed,—shaded lights, heavy tapestries, massive furniture, everything to suggest a mediæval stronghold. In the first scene the noble youth Rodrigo was to rush in, fresh from the chase, his hounds tugging at their leash. After an eloquent speech in

which he explained his mission (to enter the castle of his lady and carry her off despite her cruel father), he cries with a lusty voice, "And if the villain tries to stay me, I'll give one blast upon this horn and the brave band concealed below will answer to my call."

There was some whispering and suppressed giggles behind the scenes, when suddenly the hero appeared, plumed hat, moustachios and all, but those hounds! Behind him slunk three fat fox terriers sullenly rebelling against their chain. No sooner had they come into full view than "Spider," the fattest one, rolled over on his back and lay with his legs kicking inanely in the air, while "Chris" and "Judy" squatted near by sleepy and bored. This situation reduced the audience to polite mirth, but the storm of laughter burst when I was about to cry: "One blast upon my horn," etc., I suddenly realized that I had forgotten that important article, but an arm was thrust from behind the screen and instead of the beautiful bugle an enormous trombone appeared. I preserved my princely pose as best I could, put the instrument to my lips and gathered breath for a blast that should make the castle ring. This was

too much for the trombone, and with a dying shriek it burst into pieces, leaving me in utter dismay and convulsing the audience.

In the next act occurred the touching meeting of Rodrigo and Rosina, and as I clasped the fair heroine in my strong arms and buried my face in her shoulder the onlookers collapsed with merriment again.

Much incensed at this unseemly mirth, I looked around for the cause thereof. I had a strange feeling that there was something lacking in my make-up. My worst fears were realized when I saw nestling in the folds of Rosina's sleeve my beautiful moustachios which had left me during my fervent embrace. Quite unabashed, however, I continued my telling speeches, swearing vengeance on all my enemies and everlasting love to Rosina.

At the end of the last act, when over the bodies of many disputants I had won the hand of the fair princess, we knelt at the feet of the playwright and cast a laurel wreath about his head. The deafening applause was balm to our troubles and we felt that our dramatic career had indeed begun.

F. T. W., '03.

Nonsense Verse.

There was once a young woman said "My!
That bat flew right in my eye."

When questioned what hit her,
She answered, "Jupiter!

Did you think 'twas a species of fly?"

A Journey.

It was in June. The mosquitoes and sand flies had already organized under regular armies and attacked systematically. The time had come to mount our horses and flee to the mountains. But horseback riding had been forbidden me. The only way, then, was to curl up in a sort of sedan chair slung over the horse's back. That is the method in which children and other helpless and useless individuals are transported where wheeled articles are unknown. But the *moffah* (for so the chair is called) must have something to balance it on the other side of the horse. So my self-sacrificing little sister had to share my humiliation by taking the *moffah* on the other side. She, being lighter than I, took her two dogs on her lap to make up the difference in weight. So there was Jean and her two dogs on one side, and I on the other side, with a poor, sickly-looking, speckled horse in the middle.

But that was not all. Jean insisted that her two canaries be placed on the pack-saddle between the two *moffahs*. So there was Jean and her two dogs on one side, I on the other side, and the two canaries in their cage in the middle.

But that was not all. I was the happy possessor of six little chickens without a mother. These were put into a little box cage and hung on my *moffah*. So there was Jean and her two dogs on one side, the six orphan

chickens and I on the other side, and the two canaries in the middle.

But that was not all. We had jogged along for a day and a half when we reached an inn. It happened that a sedate-looking hen was taking her five little ones out for a walk. My father instantly suggested that we buy the hen and persuade her to accept my orphans as an addition to her family. I protested, father insisted, and the new family was purchased for nineteen cents. We put the new little chickens in a basket and hung them on one of the loads. But the mother hen was thrown into chains and placed on the pack-saddle in front of the canaries. So there was Jean and her two dogs on one side, the six orphan chickens and I on the other side, and the two canaries with the indignant hen in the middle.

But that was not all. The keeper of the inn—and old green-turbaned moslem with a long gray beard falling over his hairy chest, gave my little sister a hoop-poe not quite ready to fly. As Jean was altogether too busy trying to keep her lively dogs in place, the hoop-poe was given into my charge. So there was Jean and her two dogs on one side, six orphan chickens and a hoop-poe and I on the other side, and the two canaries with the angry hen in the middle. Thus we journeyed sociably and arrived safely without, fortunately, stopping at any more inns.

The Summit Grove Bus.

SECOND DECLENSION.

There are many joys in College,
But the thing that gets to us
And carries us away with it,—
It is the Summit bus.

How tenderly and lovingly
It rattles to and fro!
We are never quite so happy
As when riding in the bo.

As a lamp unto our feet
And as the apple of our eye,
Is gentle, patient Alfred,
The driver of the bi.

At night there comes a little bus,
That carries six at most,
But thirteen of us get inside,
Proud to have two bos.

Two bas on a week-day,
Rattling to and from.
And yet I think that more than
all
We love our Sunday bum.

We cherish them, we honor them,
Revere them and adore 'em,
And sacred will be always
The memory of these borum.

As long as we can ride in them,
Our hearts they are at peace;
And life is ever strenuous
Inside those Summit bis.
P. S. C., '06.

Little Sketches of College Life.

II.

The 5.42 Bryn Mawr express
pulled slowly out of Broad Street
Station. (The girl settled back
and looked about her.) The car

was filled with men, busily reading their newspapers, and women armed with packages, coming from a day's shopping in town. There was a pleasant hum of conversation, as most of the passengers were neighbors on "the main line." At Ardmore several departed, some hurrying down the station stairs, while others stepped into neat private traps, driven by solemn-looking coachmen. A girl in a pretty dinner gown got on, and joined another already there. They chatted of the prospective dance at Rosemont. (The two men in front discussed anxiously their winter's supply of coal.) As the girl got off at Bryn Mawr, an over-powering wave of homesickness swept over her. These homely pleasant details, these flying glimpses of the every-day life about her, gave her a keen sense of the utter isolation of her position as a college girl. And as she turned her face towards the College, the blinding tears rushed to her eyes.

T. L. R., '05.

Alumnæ Notes.

'92.

Edith Wetherill Ives, '92, has a son, Gerard Merrick, born January 7.

'01.

Bertha May Cook has announced her engagement to Mr. James E. Kelley.

'02.

Alice H. Day is studying law under Dean Ashley at the New York University Law School.

Alice Marmberg (for two years a member of '02) has announced her engagement to Mr. J. Proskaner, of New York.

College Notes.

The Founder's Lecture was delivered on January 23 by Professor Josiah Royce, of Harvard University, on the subject of "George Fox as a Mystic."

The foundations of Rockefeller Hall are now being dug. There has been some difficulty as to the procuring of the steel necessary; but this has now been definitely promised for February 15. The stone for the hall will be cut by hand on the grounds, so that it will resemble exactly that of Pembroke Hall.

Many long-felt needs will be provided for in Rockefeller Hall. There will be a suite of rooms for the accommodation of lecturers or ministers who are to deliver lectures at the College. In the basement of the hall there will be a dark-room for developing photographs; and also a sewing-room.

It has been requested that students do not use in any way or injure the electric light fixtures before the bulbs are put in.

The first College reception was given on the sixteenth of January.

Athletic Notes.

Record marking practice has begun and will continue every Tuesday afternoon 2.30-4 and Friday evening 8.30-10. It is

hoped that many girls will enter the contest this year, as Bryn Mawr College record-marking is not so good as her other athletics. A comparison with Vassar records shows that we are ahead only in the running high jump and vault and are equal in the standing broad jump. In all the other records Vassar surpasses Bryn Mawr.

The contest day will be about the first of March.

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE RECORDS.

	<i>Ft.</i>	<i>In.</i>
Running High Jump—Pfaff, '04	4	3
Running Broad Jump—Churchill	10	..
Standing Broad Jump—Case, '04	7	1
Ring High Jump—Pfaff, '04, E. Dean, '99 . . .	6	11
Bar and Rope High Jump—K. Williams, '01 . . .	4	..
Vaulting—E. Haughton '00	4	11½
Kicking — M. Minor, Height, 5 ft. 8 in.	7	..
Standing High Jump—Pfaff, '04	3	3
	<i>Time.</i>	
15-yard Dash—E. Haughton, '01	2	seconds.
Rope Climbing (21 ft.)—L. Peck, '04	14½	"

VASSAR COLLEGE RECORDS.

	<i>Ft.</i>	<i>In.</i>
Running Broad Jump...	14	3¾
Running High Jump...	4	¾
Standing Broad Jump...	7	1
Fence Vault	4	10½
Putting Shot (8 lbs.)...	29	11½
Throwing Basket Ball...	72	5½
Throwing Base Ball... ..	173	6
	<i>Time.</i>	
100-yard Dash	13½	seconds.
50-yard Dash	7	"
220-yard Run	31½	"
300-yard Relay	42½	"
102-yard Hurdle	20	"

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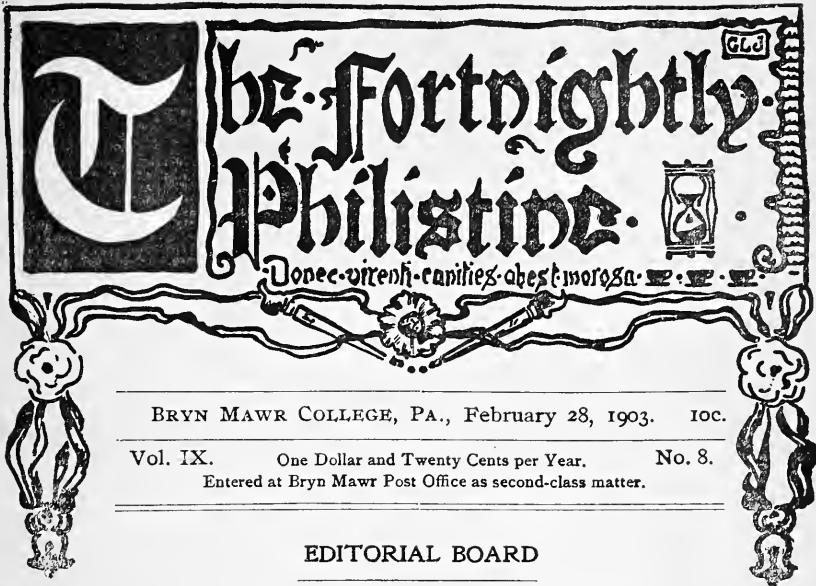
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Editorial.

After the snub accorded his efforts to be pleasant last time, the PHILISTINE withdrew to his underground den, and indulged in a prolonged fit of ill-humor, which lasted, we are grieved to say, for four weeks. Starvation has at length forced him out. Usually he is only fed once a

fortnight, and is apt to become rabid and dangerous if not appeased with humble hecatombs of fat manuscripts. No dragon of old with his forced contribution of a maiden a day was ever more finicky and exacting than is usually this home-made bully. Fancy then what must have been the state of mind that made a

hermit of him for a whole month, impervious to the pangs of hunger, deaf to the blandishments of his devoted attendants, the editors. At the greatest personal risk, however,—at the risk of being obliged themselves to satisfy the PHILISTINE's usual meal,—his votaries have coaxed him forth from his lair with sundry wily baits,—toothsome lyrics, spicy epigrams, fat novellettes, and other dainties of like description. How cleverly chosen and how well worth while these tit-bits were anyone may see by perusing the following pages. This whole incident has been most mortifying to us, the editors, and we sincerely hope the college will help us to keep him in good temper by keeping us supplied with all the delicacies of the season. He is very young, and it is not too late to train him in good habits.

As a result of his long retirement time has stolen a march on him. He has emerged to find a whole new semester in full swing, with brand new undergraduate officers, a couple of dozen brand new rules, and a couple of thousand brand new conditions. Were it not for a few phases of the old semester left over, the PHILISTINE would feel lost.

He recognizes the new semester as a blood relation of the other semesters he has known by its repetition of the good old custom of starting off with a play. One ominous fact reached his ears however. He heard that

some people were shy about going to the play, lest it prove to be "The Loan of a Lyre" again. To prevent all such qualms in the future, the PHILISTINE wishes to assure his readers that a most solemn oath has been registered by the perpetrators of the "Loan of a Lyre" never to be found guilty again.

Another phase of the old semester is noticeable in the pale ghosts drifting around with long lists of French and German words, the ghosts of the slain in the terrible slaughter of December 6 and 13. Pray be careful how this custom keeps up. 'Twould be dreadful to have Bryn Mawr overstocked with ghosts, and to crowd out some of the good old standbys, such as the murdered Music Committee and the starved ping-pong parlor, and to turn them out into the cold, unsympathetic world to seek new haunts. Be kind to these old friends for Auld Lang Syne.

The final date for contributions to *The Lantern* is March 1. Manuscripts may be given to any member of the editorial board.

The College Watchman.

We were quite well acquainted even before I had ever seen him. As a Freshman, being, according to the natural order of things, timid, I was nervous at living on the ground floor and having a window within easy climbing

distance of the ground. When, therefore, every night at exactly 11.15 I saw a reflected light steal slowly and stealthily across my ceiling, indicating the silent passage of an individual directly beneath my window, I was frightened enough. But before long I became so used to it that I watched for it with awe and only a vague feeling of uneasiness.

One night, being very tired and asleep before the usual light time, I was waked by a dog howling. After vainly trying to go to sleep again I arose and, stumbling to the window, yelled at that dog a few words indicative of my feelings.

"Worroh, worroh wh-r-r-r," was my reply from a man (undeniably Scotch) before unnoticed by me, standing not twenty feet away. Being utterly unable to understand his remark, and being incidentally in a somewhat unconventional costume, I replied at random:

"Yes, certainly; good-night," and withdrew with haste.

When the following evening, staying after 10 p. m. in Taylor, I was addressed in the same burr by the lanterned man whose duty it seemed to be to lock windows and put out lights, it was suddenly borne in upon me that my friend of the night before was the college watchman,—of whose existence I had heard vague rumors,—and the explanation of my nightly light visitant.

Not long after he helped me find an errant side-comb. And

as our acquaintance by degrees progressed, I found I could understand him to a certain extent. He let me ring Taylor bell one night at 10 p. m., and recounting this adventure later, I found I had a rival in his affections in the shape of my next-door neighbor. I was smitten with jealousy when, on election night, he offered to throw mud at her window and tell her the news of the returns. Further, he asked her to read with a critical eye some poetry he had written and was going to send to a magazine in Edinburgh whose editor had given him for a former production the sum of \$2.61.

One night, however, I was in Taylor until 10.10 and still my Scotch friend appeared not. At 10.20 in walked not the large, burly, clumsy Scotchman, but a tall, slender youth, unmistakably an American, carrying the watchman's lantern. On inquiry I found my friend was addicted to the bottle, and was no longer reliable as a guardian against tramps and thieves. I regretted his loss greatly, but before many days, going down to see if the pond was skateable, I saw him walking with fear and trembling across thin ice; I found that, rejected as unworthy by the college authorities, his cause had been adopted and he was employed by the Athletic Association. Being heavy, he made an excellent ice tester and, I suppose, as useful a one drunk as sober.

Though a great talker he has

a somewhat illogical mind. Being directed one snowy day to clear the pond when it had stopped snowing, he came in a quandary to the out-door manager in the afternoon with the information that it had stopped snowing, and what should he do now?

He always rejoiced with me over good ice and condoled over it when rough. At all hours of the day and night he was to be found on the pond, so that I was always sure of company when playing the pioneer after a thaw. Although I never can understand more than one word in three of his conversation, he talks so much that that is sufficient.

Since the ice has gone I have not seen him; but I do not doubt that when summer comes he will be again visible on the tennis courts and basketball field. He may then propound to me some more of his maxims, such as, "Its ay warum beneath the snaw," only adapted to changed time and season.

C. D. L., '03.

**Tempus fugit, eadem lux
venit revenitque.**

Far away Eastward, many hundred years ago, an old woman was sitting at close of day before her loom. On it was her life work, a silken rug.

The rug was beautiful to look upon; its fantastic designs, its fineness of weave, its rich colors, all excited much admiration among the women of the harem.

But that which caused the most wonder amongst them was the soft, clear light which the rug gave forth. They could trace it to no one of the silken threads nor could they discover any unusual weave. Some said that the maker unwound charmed silks from her cocoons; others, that she dipped her silks in magic dyes. None but its weaver knew the real source of the rug's mysterious light.

She was glad that her work was beautiful for she loved it as her child. Every day since, as a young girl-wife, she had entered her mother-in-law's house, she had worked upon it and now, an old woman about to die, she was finishing it. Her pinched and narrow existence had been able to express itself through her rug alone. Every strand had its meaning to her. All her longings for something better, all her blind gropings for light, all her joys and all her sorrows she had woven into it.

Resting a moment from her task she saw reflected in her work the incidents of her life. There, at the further end of the rug, that bright fanciful figure took her back to her girlhood when she had first come to this harem before trouble and sorrow had fallen upon her. The next bit recalled her pride and joy at the birth of a baby boy; and so, one by one, she lived over the events of her poor life. At last her eye rested on a figure near the centre. Even now she recoiled at the remembrance awak-

ened by it. A great trouble had come upon her. Bowed under it, her heart had been filled with bitterness and despair. Fierce hatred had burned within her and her anguish had almost maddened her. It was then, in all her agony, that she had woven this weird and sinister figure. A gleam of light shining out from the rug recalled her from her gloomy thoughts and softened the lines in her face. It took her back to that morning long ago when her grief was yet strong upon her. Rising early after a sleepless night, her madness and hate redoubled, she had chanced to look down into the garden. There, raising its pure head toward her, she had seen a beauteous lily, glistening with dew. The lovely thing held her spellbound; it seemed to speak of a God and peace and hope, all hitherto strangers to her. Even as she looked upon it the anguish and despair in her heart lessened. That day she had begun weaving into her rug, in an invisible silver thread, a lily. It was from this figure that the soft, clear light came. None knew it because, so cunningly had she woven the lily that it could be seen in but one light.

Day by day as she had worked upon it her heart had become unburdened. The narrow harem walls ceased to confine her life. The women about her noticed the change: they wondered at the soft, clear light which began to shine from her eyes, and often among themselves they spoke of

the likeness it bore to the rug's strange radiance.

As she thought of the lily and what it had meant to her, the great desire seized her to behold the lovely thing once more before she died. So, her old eyes shining, she slowly turned the rug until it was in a certain position. There, the beauteous lily, so perfect in every curve, shone forth.

The last rays of the setting sun fell upon it and reminded her that the day was nearly over. She felt her life ebbing away. So nearly done, what if she should die, leaving her rug unfinished! A dread seized upon her and praying to she knew not whom for aid, she feverishly set once more to work.

Her hands dropped into her lap. It was finished! The lily shed its soft message of peace and hope upon her head bowed in death.

Intervening centuries have wrought many changes, but the silken rug has survived them all. It has traveled thousands of miles and is now hanging in a luxurious house, far away from its original home.

It is the early, early morning, that dark, still hour which precedes the dawn. No one is yet stirring. No one? Yes, there is one in that stone mansion on the hill—a woman, young and beautiful. Bowed under a great grief she is pacing restlessly the wide halls. No confining harem walls shut her life in, nor have any barbarous customs denied her

knowledge and narrowed her life. Far otherwise had it been. But this makes her sorrow none the less crushing and she broods upon it as she wanders through the great rooms.

Why has this great grief fallen upon her? Anything else she could better have endured! And yet they say there is a God and that he cares! She laughs a scornful laugh and her heart within her hardens. Buried in these bitter thoughts she sits down closing her eyes to shut out the increasing light.

The sun has risen above the horizon. Its first rays, shining into the great windows, glance aslant upon a silken rug on the wall. The sudden flood of light arouses her from her reverie and starting up, amazed she beholds a silver lily gleaming forth, shedding its soft clear light upon her. It casts its subtle charm over her, holding her spellbound. This vision of beauty and purity—what part has it in the life she has been imagining? Words from the book whose teachings she so recently mocked flash across her mind, "Consider the lilies." Is there then a God and does he care? Else whence and why this beauty and purity? The lily's soft light relieves the cruel strain, and sinking to the floor she bursts into tears. Bitterness and despair give way.

The distant hum of a city awakening arouses her and announces that a day has begun. But before taking up again the thread of her life, so long neg-

lected through useless grief, she rises to receive once more the lily's benediction of peace and hope. The soft light falls about her, casting its gentle witchery upon her. Is it a dream or does she really hear a faint, far-away music, ineffably sweet? Perchance it may be the spirit of that other woman rejoicing that even her small life has helped another. Who knows?

H. G., '05.

Entertainment for the College Settlement.

On Friday, February 13, a play, "His Lordship the Burglar," was given in the Gymnasium for the benefit of the College Settlement. This was preceded by the "Mad Tea Party," with the following cast:

Sophie Boucher,
The Mad Hatter.
Maud Spencer, The March Hare.
Florence Wattson,
The Dormouse.
Helen Raymond Alice.

We many of us realized that somewhere before we had seen that identical "Mad Tea Party," somewhere that identical cast, but our pleasure, though different, was none the less great, for one never ceases to enjoy the appearance of a truly star company.

In "His Lordship the Burglar," Florence Craig was the heroine, whose charitable attempt to reform a supposed burglar enabled her to recognize and permanently win a real live lord. Helen Army was the lord,

first the cause of maidenly fright, then the object of maidenly affection,—an enviable position truly. Helen Garrett, although she had no opportunity for personal romance, still took the rôle of brother so well, that by her magnanimity and devo-

tion to her sister, she won the respectful admiration of the audience. Altogether the plays were a great success, and helped to dispel the after-cloud of mid-year's which had hitherto shadowed our spirits.

G. F. W., '04.



If.

I.

If there were spirits in the air
And I could but be one,
I'd frolic off without a care
And join them in their fun.

II.

I'd leave my heart and soul behind,
For they'd be in my way:
Though that may sound a bit unkind
They'd hinder in my play.

III.

I'd sport about the icy trees,
And break their twigs apart,
Nor would I mind to see them freeze,
For then I'd have no heart.

IV.

Up far into the blue, blue sky
Upon the wind I'd go
And watch the white clouds, how they fly,
And push them to and fro.

V.

And when back to the earth I came,
 All glowing with my dance,
 My heart would be there just the same,
 I'd meet it there, perchance.

VI.

And then, what fun! I'd cut it dead,
 Or say "Why who are you?
 Your cheeks are pale and mine are red.
 You're not me. 'Tis not true.

VII.

"You speak to me of tears and pain,
 And what's that? Love, you say?
 My dear, you surely are insane.
 There's no such thing to-day!"

VIII.

I know 'twould be a shabby part:
 I hear you cry, for shame!
 But then you see, I'd have no heart,
 So would not be to blame.

H. S., '06.

Flunk-Me-Note.

What threw us all in mighty
 gloom,
 When on hall table they did
 loom,
 Informing each one of her doom,
 Those flunk notes!

They came we know not when or
 how.
 Oh, well! It is all over now,
 But when they came they raised
 a row,
 Those flunk notes.

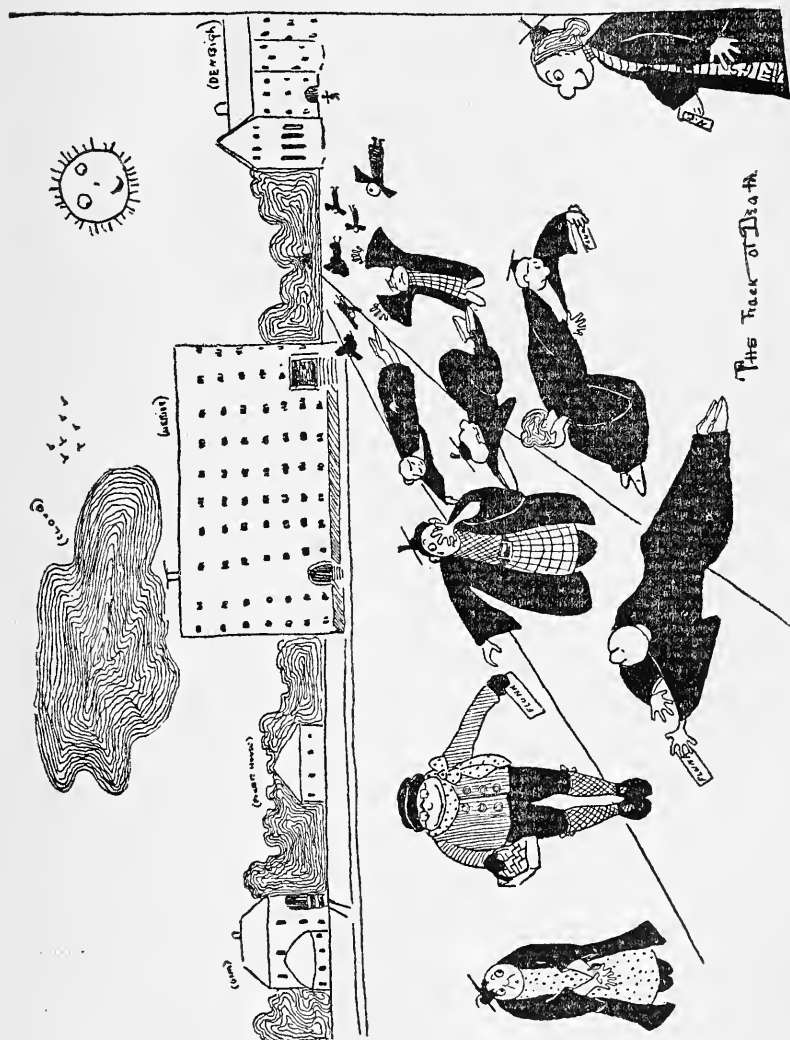
A. K. B., '04.

At first sight innocent to view,
 But horror fast upon them grew,
 They put us in an awful stew,
 Those flunk notes.

February 24.

Relentless as the morning mail
 They daily come; with cheeks
 grown pale
 We waited breathless for that
 trail
 Of flunk notes.

"Now is the time," the sponger
 cried,
 "From all my friends to bor-
 row,
 For though they grasp their
 money fast,
 It will be Lent to-morrow."



A Sketch.

"We-el, Henery, where be you a-goin' to with them barrils?" The speaker was evident only as a large coonskin coat atop a pair of slender legs, while from somewhere in the collar a head emerged periodically for purposes of vision.

Henery being addressed, stopped his horses. "Wal," he said, "ye see Lottie hed to wash some clothes, en she's bin askin' me to bring her some water, so I thought I'd fetch it to-day seein' as the snow is too deep to draw lumber. 'Slong, Alec." He whipped up his horses and the sledge creaked slowly away, Henery plodded beside apparently unconscious of the water that was overflowing the barrels on to his shoulder, or of the snow which was oozing up through his worn boots.

"Henery! Say Henery were ye born deaf?" Again Henery stopped the sledge and prepared to listen. This time the voice belonged to a woman, evidently a woman of wrath, for she continued, "No-ow Henery you turn right straight around and carry them barrils back to the lake. Will Sears hez been up here to get you to work for him, 'en I've told him we'll move down to the lake farm to-night so's you can help him to-morrow. So you hurry up en put the stove on with them barrils en take 'em down en come back."

"Saay, Lottie, ain't you a little speedy?" This was all he said, and strengthened with the additional warmth of two pieces of

blanket tied about his legs, Henery commenced his three-mile journey back to the lake. "Saay Henery," said Alec, "do ye think the lake will need that water or air ye jest doin' pleasure drivin'?" There was no answer.

At ten o'clock that night the moving was finished. Henery and Lottie had retired to a well-earned rest, undisturbed by their limited resources for comfort. They had decided not to "onload" till next day. The moon shone down on the three wagons borrowed to facilitate moving and containing piled-up household furniture, and upon the sledge with its barrels of water long since frozen. No sound broke the stillness, save the reflective munching of horses whose long coats had become as curly as astrakan with the toil of the day. Presently, however, there was audible the sound of horses' hoofs, of men's voices, and rattling chains, and three men, headed by our friend of the coonskin coat, appeared, each driving his own team. Now they drew up to the three wagons, and presently one might have heard the sound of retreating wheels grating in the snow.

Next morning Lottie was the first to rise. She dressed and opened the door. Outside, the snow was trampled with many feet, but no wagons were visible, only one sledge holding three barrels of ice and a stove. On the door was printed this note:

"Henery, I had to have my
waggins. I left the barrils."
"Alec."

"Henery! Henery! Were ye
born deaf? See here, Henery."
"Well, I swan!" said Henery.
G. F. W., '04.



The Big Brother.

We all adored Tom. From Kate who was eight through the long line of us down to the baby, we one and all followed enthusiastically whenever he chose to decree that we should, and aped him and his fine ways when he didn't. The baby was perhaps his most stanch supporter, though for this she had least cause, inasmuch as it was always she who—was it because she was the littlest?—received orders to "go divies" with the chief. Often and often has Tom been known, after making way with incredible

speed, with his own peppermint cane, to say in infinite tenderness, "come baby, tell you what we'll do, I'll suck the other end of your stick, and then we'll have a big race to see who'll get to the middle first." Was she ever heard to remonstrate? Wily Tom and unsuspecting baby! Just as often has she forgotten, in blissful consciousness that her hero stood at the other end, to encroach upon hers at all. He has made wonderful headway towards the centre, yes, even nearing the limits of baby's half, the while she has been clapping her

sweet sticky hands in glee. She may have whimpered a little, in sudden realization of the true state of affairs, but has always been easy to appease with vague promises for the unfathomed future.

Now Tom had fallen into disgrace. He was away at school this year, and had brought home at least two new accomplishments. He not only designated us all as "kids" now, even Kate, but greater, more horrible, more wonderful than this, had learned to lie. At the first evidences of this failing, mamma had looked pained, had even spoken firmly. Then, as the number of misdemeanors increased, papa's attention had been called, and now Tom was locked into the nursery. Our Tom, our idolized Tom, had sinned.

In turn we offered at the keyhole all forms of consolation, endearment, even congratulation—thinking to please with the last course if the others failed us—all to no account. Tom would not answer.

It was Kate, dear loyal Kate, who thought of it. She found two pennies in her pocketbook—yes, Kate had a pocketbook, you see—and the rest of us managed to shake three more out of our tin bank. With the five, we rushed off to the store and bought—the glory of us—bought, with our own pennies, at our own thought, a grand whole package of chewing gum. Then home again with all speed and up to the nursery door! Whispering all the time in order

that news of it might not anticipate the delicious surprise, we undid the packet and took out the thin slices. Six fat chocolate-colored pieces, each one marked off into five parts—no, they were not for us, Tom should have them all. Such was the zeal of our devotion! Just then baby came running up, pleased as Punch now, whereas for the last hour she had let us see plainly that something preyed upon her mind. And what was she waving at us but her own very best China silk handkerchief with the blue edge—the one grandpa had given her on her birthday! "It's for Tom-mie," she gurgled, "cause I'm pretty sorry I didn't have a penny to give too."

There was nothing then but to push baby's handkerchief under the door first—that the gum should have precedence would, in the name of peace, never have done. This offering won no more response however, than the appeals at the keyhole. Then those six slender little slabs of gum followed, one by one, each watched lovingly out of sight. For a while there was silence, and we wondered. Then back beneath the door came baby's handkerchief; after that, one slab with the five divisions marked off: there were five of us. By this time Kate's ear was glued to the keyhole. That was unnecessary, however, for we could all hear quite plainly our idol's lordly voice, choked, now, and somewhat gruff. "Clear out from here and leave me alone. Does baby think I'm crying? I don't

want her old handkerchief. The gum is pretty jolly good though, and I'm sending you out a batch. That's because I'm generous, you see. I'm playing with three giants, and I'm killing an army. So now! And you can tell mamma that I'm not a bit sorry, do you hear?"

Tom ended with a growl. This was too much for baby. She caught her breath, spluttered out, "Oh, Tom-mie," and fell in a tearful little heap on the floor.

E. L. B., '05.

To Girls Who Want to go to College.

The Educational Committee of the Philadelphia Branch of the

Association of Collegiate Alumni desires to be of service to girls and women who wish to go through college or to do some college work. The following lists along with general data, will be sent on application accompanied by a stamp for each:

- (1) The colleges of the United States represented in the Association of Collegiate Alumni.
- (2) College-Preparatory Schools of Philadelphia and suburbs.

Laetitia Moon Conard, Chairman,

4323 Sansom Street, Phila.
Anna Palen, Secretary,

127 Harvey St., Germantown.

Lydia F. Reomig,

931 Fairmount Avenue, Phila.

Alumnæ Notes.

Notes of the Alumnæ Meeting Held on February 7.

The Board of Directors reported that the total of subscriptions to the Library Fund, which are to be credited to the alumnæ amounts to over \$125,000. The College is willing to credit the alumnæ with the main reading-room of the new library in addition to commemorating the large individual gifts in the cloisters. Of the smaller amounts promised to the alumnæ only about \$1,900 remains to be collected before next October.

The Loan Fund now amounts to nearly \$6,000. The outstanding loans amount to over \$5,000, and there is a balance of \$800. About \$1,400 was loaned last year.

A new set of books has been opened for the Association by an expert accountant, who has also made the annual audit.

Honorary membership was abolished, as associate membership practically takes its place.

Under the by-law passed last year, forty former students have been elected as associate members of the Association.

A new by-law was adopted providing for the nomination of the Academic Committee by the Board of Directors or by any twenty-five members of the Association.

The election for members of the Academic Committee resulted as follows:

Pauline D. Goldmark, '96,
1903-1907.

Susan Fowler, '95, 1903-1907.

Marion Reilly, '01, 1903-1905.

Mrs. Fitz Gerald is chairman
of the Academic Committee for
next year.

A new by-law was adopted for
the formation of a finance com-
mittee to take charge of collect-
ing money for objects design-
ated by the Association.

'99.

Elinor Margaret De Armond
was married to Mr. Frank R.
Neill, of Wheeling, W. Va., on
November 26, 1902.

'01.

Marion Reilly has returned to
college as a graduate student.

College Notes.

On February 6 Mrs. Percy
Widington delivered a lecture in
the Chapel on "The Education
Bill in England." Mrs. Wid-
ington is one of the best known
lecturers of the Fabian Society.

The sermon on February 19
was preached by Rufus M. Jones
in place of the Rev. Charles R.
Erdman, who was prevented by
the blizzard from coming.

On February 20 Dr. A. T.
Clay, of the University of Penn-
sylvania, delivered an address
before the Graduate Club on
"The Excavations at Nippur."

Mr. C. P. Austin, chief of the
Bureau of Statistics, United
States Treasury Department,
on February 11 delivered a lec-

ture on "Home Trade," on Feb-
ruary 19, a lecture on "Foreign
Trade." The third lecture, the
last of the series, on "Trade with
the Tropics," was given on Feb-
ruary 26.

On February 7 there was a
recital of negro melodies by Miss
Martha V. Dorsey for the ben-
efit of the Students' Building
Fund.

On February 13 an entertain-
ment was given in the Gymna-
sium for the benefit of the Col-
lege Settlement. See page 6.

On Sunday, February 22, the
Rev. Hudson Shawe delivered an
address in the Chapel on "Pa-
ganism and Christianity." On
March 1 the Sunday Bible Con-
ference will be conducted by the
Rev. William A. Freemantle, in
Room E, at 3 p. m.

On March 8, and on the three
Sundays succeeding, the Bible
Conference will be conducted by
Professor Rufus M. Jones, of
Haverford College.

Dr. France has returned, and
has resumed her work in the
Department of Greek.

There is a possibility that next
year a practice school, which is
to serve as a laboratory for the
class in Education, will be
founded.

The students have been re-
quested to be very careful in
the use of the electric light until
the new dynamo has been put in.

Miss Eugenia Fowler has re-
signed her position as head fire-
captain of the college. Miss
Clara Case has been appointed to
succeed her.

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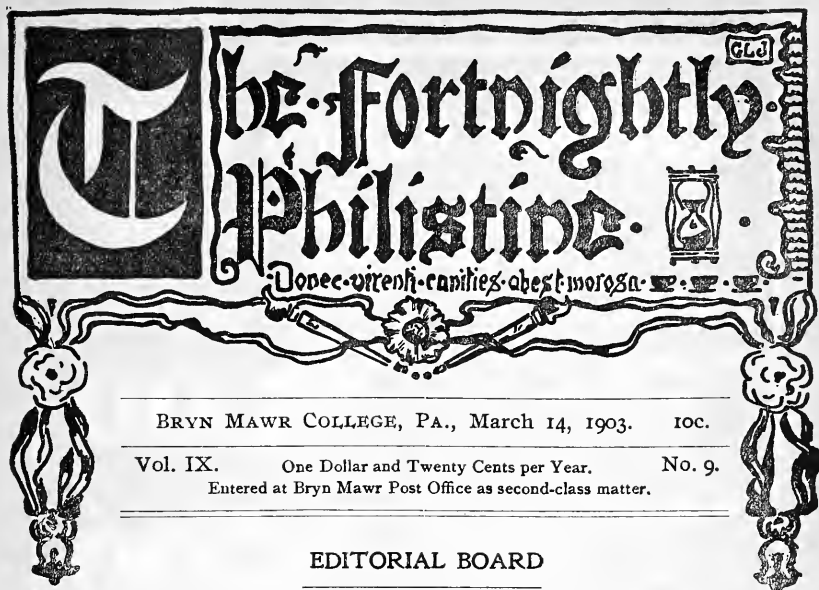
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D. FOSTER, '04, *Assistant Business Manager*

Editorial.

The PHILISTINE, well disciplined after his berating of last time, arrives punctually on the scene this week, and with an expectant grin, looks around for some topic for his usual breezy monologue. He gazes, his confident smile becomes perplexed, he puts on his long distance

glasses and looks again. Alas! What he sees is just exactly Nothing. Then he tries a telescope and sweeps the furthest confines of the campus. Still sweet Nothing. A microscope proves equally useless. The college is peacefully drifting along in its well worn track, and is doing Nothing, Nothing, absolutely Nothing.

"‘Nothing’ can be done well hastily" has been said, and perhaps that is why Bryn Mawr is so devoted to it. But remember, oh, Bryn Mawr, that out of Nothing comes Nothing, and therefore this editorial must perforce be a faithful reflection of our miniature world, and be Nothing worth. But who dare complain while imitation remains the sincerest flattery? The friends of the PHILISTINE, then, will be satisfied, while his enemies who make disparaging remarks as to the contents of his columns had best con over Pope’s valuable saying, "Blessed is he who expects Nothing for he shall never be disappointed."

But seriously, the PHILISTINE cannot do all the prancing—Come, wake up! wake up! Do something, anything.

"Sound the concertina’s melancholy string,
Blow the spirit-stirring harp like anything,
Let the piano’s martial blast
Wake the echoes of the past,"

and the PHILISTINE will celebrate anything you choose to offer him for inspection.

"What a good-for-nothing suggestion," you cry, you lazy things.

Socrates Undone.

ACT I.

Scene—A Street in Athens.

Socrates (walking up and down, arms folded, a contented smile upon his face)—Yes, good

old Delphi is all right. I am the wisest man in the world. I’m not conceited, but by the dogs, I have yet found no one wiser: Ah! the wisest man in the world! (Hugs himself.)

Athenian (enters from the right, looks at Socrates, then stops)—Beg your pardon, sir, but are you the fellow that thinks he’s the wisest man in the world?

Socrates—Ah! my dear sir, I do not think it, I know it. I weep to think it has been proved.

Athenian (scowling)—Proved? and how?

Socrates—Ah! very simple, very. I am, in fact on the way to proving it now. Just take a seat and wait and see.

(Athenian seats himself on the curbstone. Lysander enters pulls his toga around him, frowns thoughtfully. Socrates touches him on the shoulder.)

Lysander—Leave me alone, man.

Socrates—Just a minute, my dear sir. (Rubs his hands.) Ahem! What are you?

Lysander (surprised and sternly)—Your superior at all events, and an Athenian judge.

Socrates (aside)—Yes, thought as much. I’ll give him one more chance. (Aloud.) Do you know anything?

Lysander—Certainly; what Athenian judge does not?

Socrates (winking one eye)—Then, you think you’re a wise man?

Lysander—Of course, I am an Athenian judge. (Shakes Socrates off and walks on.)

Socrates (smile expanding; jumping up and down for joy)—Saved again! Still the wisest man! By the cats, it's splendid. (Sees Athenian.) Ah, you don't follow me? I'll explain. Now Lysander here, the politician, says that he is wise, and he's not. Now I say that I am not wise, and I am not. Therefore, because I, who am not wise, say that I am not wise, I am wiser than Lysander, who not being wise, says that he is wise. Do you see? Very simple. I've tried that game again and again. It never fails. I always remain wiser than any of them. I still have the poets to question. But, 'sh—here comes some one.

(Telemachus enters, an uplifted expression on his face, as he reads poetry from a manuscript in his hand.)

Socrates (tears the paper from him)—What is this, sir?

Telemachus (frightened)—Oh, my poetry! My beautiful po-e-try. (Begins to cry.)

Socrates—Then you're a poet?

Telemachus (recovering somewhat)—Yes, sir, and a good one. (Dries his eyes.)

Socrates—Ah! (Aside.) I've got him now. (Aloud.) Er—now er—er—does your poetry contain any wisdom?

Telemachus—Sir, you insult me!

Socrates—Then you believe that it does? You esteem yourself a wise man?

Telemachus (haughtily)—I fail to grasp your meaning? My poetry—it is beautiful, sublime,

above all, wise. The great Zeus knows it is the duty of poets to be wise. All the world admits their wisdom. (Passes off the stage, wrapt in sweet thoughts.)

Socrates (dances for joy, pulls the Athenian off the curbstone, and shakes him violently by the hand)—Ah! congratulate me. Congratulations are my due. The wisest man in Athens! Soon the wisest man in all the world! Hurrah! my task is nearly done. (Skips joyfully off the stage. Curtain.)

ACT II.

Scene—In Taylor Hall.

Time—Mid-years.

Bryn Mawr girls; worried expressions on their faces, dark circles under the eyes. Socrates enters. Bryn Mawr girls rush upon him. All talk at once—Oh, we're so glad you've come. You are just in time. You'll be as good as a trot. Do tell us about the subjunctive. We'll never get through. (Another group of girls comes running up and joins the circle.) Oh, and tell us about your school, you know. Philos. exams. are awful, and we don't know a thing.

Socrates (jaw falling)—What! don't—know—a—thing? You are sure? Oh, think again, say it's not true.

Bryn Mawr girls in chorus—Oh! but it is true. We don't know a single thing about anything. We can't possibly pass. We know it's awful. (Shark pushes in, in front of the rest, whispers hoarsely.) Yes, it's

true. I may only get credit. It's shameful. I don't know a thing.

Socrates (slowly sinking to the ground, faintly groaning)—No wiser—than — Bryn — Mawr—girls—Ah! I—faint—I—die. (Curtain.)

D. D., '05.

Before a Quiz.

Scene—A very untidy study. On window-seat lies conspicuously a copy of the PHIL. Editor discovered seated at desk with all the signs of studying for a Philos. quiz (i. e., corrugated brow, mussy hair, wild eye, etc.)

Editor—I suppose it is too much to expect, but I do hope that "engaged" sign won't attract visitors as it did last night.

(A loud sigh is heard just outside the door, shuffling feet, ostentatious coughing.)

Editor (viciously)—Oh, for land's sake go away, or come in. (Enter girl in large convex spectacles. She has pale dejected hair, and large transparent ears; her eyes are dim and near-sighted, but in them now there glows the light of fanatic determination. She stops nervously on threshold, drops spectacles, stumbles to window-seat, and sits down on PHIL.)

Large-eared Girl—Oh, dear! I'm afraid you're studying and I wanted to have a long talk with you.

Editor—Really? Excuse me, you're sitting on a book.

Large-eared Girl (removes PHIL.; catches at opening delightedly)—Yes, and how odd! It was about the PHILISTINE!

Editor—Indeed!

Large-eared Girl—Yes. You see I've had it on my conscience for a long time. It doesn't seem to me—(how can I say it without hurting your feelings!)—that the moral tone of the PHIL. is high enough. There are no thoughtful studies, no serious forms; nothing that gives one the sense of moral uplift; of new strength to fight the battle of life; nothing like—(Large-eyed Girl leans back comfortably, settles her glasses firmly. Is evidently good for many hours.)

Editor (with an inspiration)—Like some you have written? Oh, yes; I'll hand them in.

Large-eared Girl (startled, gradually rises)—No. I haven't written any myself; I can't write very well—but I thought you might—

Editor—Well, write me some by Friday morning at eleven; no, 10.30. On one side of the paper, please, and words carefully counted.

Large-eared Girl—Oh, dear. —I'm afraid. Well, I won't disturb you now, you must be busy; good-bye. (Retreats in haste.)

Editor (sardonically)—I wish I'd thought of that before.

(Enter without knocking clever-looking girl; she has smooth hair with a rose stuck in it. Saunters about room looking at pictures. Sees copy of PHIL.; shivers slightly.)

Clever Girl—Ed., my dear, you must change the color of the PHIL. That crude raw green is so vulgar. There is nothing indeterminate, nothing faintly suggestive in it; nothing that puts one in mind of a dim light under sea, or the first crab-apple tree one ever saw—the PHILISTINE! the very name strikes terror to the heart of a—a lover of culture. (Looks rather guilty.) But after all, its name is singularly and suggestively appropriate. But, Ed., is it necessary always to be consistent, always to be dull, moral, philistine? Couldn't you let a faint ray from those dim unfathomed reaches of the soul creep into the darkness—

Editor (briskly)—Oh, yes; what kind of ray?

Clever Girl—Well, perhaps, the soul-autobiography of someone trying to reconcile the universe; or perhaps a little reminiscence of childhood—a shadow cast back from our dreamy days—like “My feelings when I first looked in the glass,” or “Impressions of my first piece of beefsteak.”

Editor—I don't remember mine. Give me yours next Friday at —.

Clever Girl—Oh, no! I couldn't write them; at least not for the PHIL. Art is too long, you know. Besides there is a paper due soon, and really, Ed., I'm sorry, but I couldn't. (Exit abruptly.)

Editor—I'll write my impressions of the dreamy joys of editorship. (Loud knock at the

door.) Oh, come in, certainly, oh, yes!

(Enter pretty girl in evening dress, large pompadour.)

Editor—Do you want to talk about the PHIL.?

Pretty Girl (rather surprised)—Why, yes, if you do. No, on second thoughts I won't; I don't want to go to sleep yet. (Pathetically.) Oh, Eddy, why do you make the poor old PHIL. so dull? I used to read it, honestly I did, all the way through. But now, I have to skip all the stories about people's infancies, and “Sketches of good old men I have known,” etc. So now I only read the Editorial and College Notes. Why don't you have some good love stories; or, I tell you, write down that funny tale I told you yesterday.

(Editor, exasperated, seizes pencil and paper, and puts them in her hand.)

Editor—You'll write it now yourself before you leave this room.

Pretty Girl—Oh, no, I won't. I must go to a ball. I'm not a writer, you know, like you. I was only giving you some suggestions; so that poor benighted children of nature like me won't have to starve for want of literature. As Swinburne says, “Water, water everywhere, but never a drop—” well, it was in general English, anyway. Good-bye. (Exit singing, “There Are Eyes of Blue,” etc.)

(As she goes out, enter large-eyed Freshman.)

Freshman—Oh, Miss Editor,

thank you so much for lending me this copy of the college journal. I kept it so long because I sent it home to mother to see. And she likes it very much, she says I can take it. She read it to the children, and she said she couldn't see that it had done them a bit of harm. She says she thinks it is very good juvenile literature. Thank you. (Editor falls on window-seat, then viciously kicks copy of PHIL. on to the floor.)

Editor (—! —! —!)—*That* certainly was the most unkindest cut of all.

The Changes in the Spirit of their Dreams.

In Philadelphia the other day I met my friend Jane, a recent alumna, who, I had heard, had been making a short visit at Bryn Mawr. I asked her why she had not stayed longer. A sad and puzzled expression came into her eyes and she said, pathetically, "Please walk home with me; let me tell you about it and perhaps you can explain." So I listened to her tale.

"First I went to Marion's room (you know how it looks usually), and there stood Marion in hat and veil, just putting away a bottle of shoe-polish, and hunting for a new pair of gloves. Her room was beautifully neat, her skirt was nicely brushed. There was not an ink spot visible anywhere. 'Going to town?' I inquired.

"No," she said, 'only to the Pike, won't you come too?'

"Thank you, no," I remarked and fled. What *do* you think has happened? Marion was so unlike herself that I was uncomfortable. It is too sudden and mysterious."

"No it's not," I answered. "It's easily explained. She was merely being '*a perfect lady*' for the day."

"But you can't explain Eleanor that way," she went on. "Surely she was not acting like a lady of any sort. She seemed all but insane. I found her walking up the Gulph road chewing a pencil to bits, with a battered note-book under her arm, also James's '*Varieties of Religious Experience*.' She hardly smiled when she saw me, and burst out with—'Are you a fatalist? or are you an optimist—have you a divided, serene or baffled soul?' I gasped out my ignorance on the subject, but she went on in earnest. 'No, please tell me what you consider success? What do you think I amount to anyway? I can't decide whether I am happy or morbid, cheerful or pessimistic, and I *must* find out before night!' She began to look abstracted and dive into her book again. Has she been working too hard, or has she been ill? Have things gone wrong, or is she taking '*Insanity*' and being a little affected by it. Please be quite frank, for I am Eleanor's friend and I am much troubled by seeing her face so pale and despairing and all her old life gone."

"Again do not be discouraged," I answered. "I presume she was merely trying to *react on the universe*."

"And what is that?" Jane demanded in astonishment. But I had fortunately discovered that it was time for my train, in fact, necessary for me to go running up the street.

L. P. A., '03.

The Lost Chord.

Tim hugged his violin closer to himself, panting softly. He had seen pictures of green fields, oh, yes, and even pretty flowers were not unknown to him through the medium of the florists' window, but he had never, never imagined anything like this real country. He stood knee deep in a meadow of Queen's lace: the clean sunshine shone down upon his ragged little head; the cool breeze brought to his nostrils the scent of drying hay. Tim drank in the pure air, listened to the chirping of birds in the hedge. It was too beautiful; it hurt him so, and without knowing why, he lifted his violin to his breast and began to play. He had never before known any music save popular songs and rag-time tunes, the playing of which had earned for him his meagre living, but now from off his bow, by no conscious effort of his own, there rippled a melody such as he had never in all his life conceived of. It was clear and liquid, clean as the sunshine, sweet as the scent

of the drying hay, joyous as the whole bright summer's morning, but as Tim played, the beauty of it so clutched at his throat that he flung his violin away, and burying his head in his arms, he sobbed among the nodding Queen's lace in the broad meadow.

Tim went back to the city that afternoon, but he went back exalted, joyous, for did he not possess, locked up in his violin, music more wonderful than any one had ever before heard? The melody sang in his brain, filled him with strangled painful happiness: he craved it, longed to feel it oozing out from his finger tips again. Alone and late that night he took up his violin, laid the bow lovingly across the strings, and, shutting his eyes, waited. But no wonderful melody came forth, he could not play it, his hands refused to move. The very melody in his brain grew indistinct: it became blurred, degraded. It mingled itself with coarse popular airs and soon entirely vanished, leaving behind only a vague, indefinite longing, a sweet subtle memory, and for the second time that day, Tim buried his head in his arms and cried himself to sleep.

Tim grew up. As time went on the memory of the ghost melody became fainter. Sometimes vague suggestions of it would haunt him, but always before he could realize them they were intangible nothings, and floated far beyond the grasp of his brain.

And so Tim grew old; ever poor and unknown, always craving the impossible and always alone and loveless. And the crowded streets grew familiar with the bent, ragged old man who played cheap rag-time tunes on an old violin, and now and again some kindly soul gave him a few pennies for charity's sake.

"He won't last but a little while longer now," remarked the doctor. "Those old city tramps never have any constitutions anyway, and a strong man could hardly pull through this accident. Humor him and let him keep his old fiddle. He doesn't suffer, and it's only a matter of a few hours."

But Tim was far away from the hospital then. He was a little boy again, hugging a violin under his arm and standing knee-deep in a meadow of Queen's lace; the clean sunshine shone down upon him and the scent of the drying hay came to his nostrils. He lifted his violin to his breast, and from off his bow there rippled a wonderful melody. Doctors and nurses gathered round, patients forgot their pain, a woman in the next ward sobbed aloud. Old Tim, unconscious of all, played on and on. The music dripped like molten gold, now sinking into low sweet minor strains, and again swelling clearer and stronger and more joyous. An expression of ineffable joy came across Tim's face. Then the violin dropped from his hand and he sank back against the pillow.

The old woman in the next ward drew a long sobbing breath. "Kind o' reminded me o' home," she muttered. "The blue sky an' the sunshine an' the smell o' the hay, and them big medders o' Queen's lace."

F. E. M., '05.

Lucy's Ghost Story.

"Lor', Miss Ida, lem me tell you a ghos' story das de truf," said Lucy, the little kitchen girl, when she could not sit listening to others any longer. "Tuz a cold winter night an' Seymo an' Wal'er wuz on one pallet, an' Marthy an' Ava an' me, us uz on de other pallet, an' muh had done tuck de lamp in dey room, an' tuz awful dark. An' somehow I wuz awful skeared. Pres'n'ly, presn'ly I hyurd a scratchin' an' a scratchin', but I didn't see nothin'. An' den—ah 'clare dis de truf, Miss Ida; ef taint ah hope, ah hope ah may never draw bref—sumpum come an' jumped on me an' curled, an' I uz so skeared ah didn' know what to do; but I poked my head fum under de kiver for one minute till I see tuz sof' an' white an' all curled up. Norm, taw nair cat—an' den it went back out de winder. Norm, taw nair cat an' taw nair dog (tuz *too* light) an' taw nair chicken an' taw nair duck. Norm, tuz a ghos'. An' den ah called muh an' she was skeared, so she sent puh wid de light; an' puh he went back so quick ah b'lieve he wuz skeared, too. Hit's de truf, Miss Ida, dat show wuz a ghos'.

J. K., '06.

The Lady M'ria M'randy Jones.

The lady M'ria M'randy Jones
Walks with her daughter o'er the
stones,
When suddenly before the two
A villain bold comes into view.



He's snatched the daughter by
her hair
And waved her high up in the
air.
Deaf to her mother's tearful cries
He'll keep on waving till she
dies.



But what is this comes round the
corner?
'Tis the brave knight, Sir Johnny
Horner.
He gives the villain such a slap,
He's let that child fall down ker-
flap.



Full soon the bloody fight is o'er,
The villain 's fled all stained with
gore.
The happy mother and her child
Now thank the victor bold and
mild.



E. C., '03.

A Cat-Tale.

He was sitting at my bed-foot,
Sitting wrapped in his fur-garment,—

And he sang a little cat-song,
Sang it softly, purring low.
Sang of his, the Black-cat people

And of all their deeds of hunting,

Sang how, years ago unnumbered

They excelled in size and prowess
Living in the leafy forest,

Fighting man and one another.
And he sang me of a maiden,

Blue-eyed, slender as a lily,
Crowned with yellow hair, that shining

Caught and held the living sunbeams,

And the maiden's name was Okra.

Strayed she once into the forest,
Laughing music that enchanted
All the fickle monkey-folk.

Okra's wayward feet had wandered

Far into the forest shadow,
When she met the Black-cat
Tahti,

Dusky, strong and terrible,
Chief of all the Black-cat people.

Tahti saw her, and he trembled,
Knew his heart was lost to Okra

Passionately loved the sunbeams
And the music of her voice.

So he left his life of hunting,
Left his home to follow Okra.

Frightened all the forest-people
In his fierce defence of her.

Okra petted him and loved him,
Stroked his head with hands like feathers,

Hung great strings of yellow lilies

On his shiny coat of fur.

So they came to her own people,
Who had fear when they saw
Tahti,—

Wished to kill him with their hatchets.

But he did not hurt their children,

Could not hunt, for love of Okra,
Followed ever her glad footsteps,

Listened to the laughing-music.
Others of the Black-cat people

Came to live in Tahti's village,
Hunted seldom, ceased their war-cry,

Learned to purr a song of peace.
As they multiplied in numbers,

Grew smaller in the body,
Grew unfit for big-game killing.

Tahti, long ago, and Okra
Found the land of happy hunters,

Buried side by side together.
But the maidens who came after

Still have charmed the Black-cat people,

Now they battle with each other
For the favor of a word.

G. F. W., '04.

Horatio at the Door.

The friend of all the Table,

By the hall clock she swore,
That the fell pangs of hunger
Should there be felt no more.

By all the clocks she swore it,
And watched the time of day,
And bade her messengers go forth,

East and West and South and North

To summon the array.

East and West and South and
 North,
 The messengers go fast,
 And study, hall and chamber
 Have heard the warning blast.

Woe to the slow collegian
 Who lingers in her room,
 When the friend of all the Table
 Is warding off her doom.

In all the upper hallways
 Is tumult and affright:
 Unto the spacious dining-room
 In haste girls take their flight.

But the watcher's brow is sad,
 And the watcher's speech is
 loud,
 And darkly looks she at the
 clock,
 And darkly at the crowd.

"The door will close upon us
 Before the last comes through;
 And if they once shall close the
 door,
 What hope is left to you?"

But meanwhile tie and hairpin
 Have heroically been plied;
 And now the door moves threat-
 eningly
 The dark-skinned maid beside.

"In, Seniors! In, ye Juniors!"
 Loud rings the watcher's cry,
 "In, Freshmen! In, ye Sopho-
 mores!
 The minutes quickly fly."

In darted upperclassmen,
 The Freshmen darted past,
 And as they crossed, behind their
 back
 They heard the door close fast.
 E. L. and H. E. A., '05.

A Story Without a Moral.

Father's pet cherry-tree had been broken, and mother had caught them, literally red-handed, so it was two very meek and subdued little girls that slunk back from the orchard that morning. "Little girls who can't mind when mother says 'No' can have no dessert for dinner," had been the edict, and Mildred and Marion were filled with remorse—and hunger—as they sat on the kitchen steps. For some time they sat silent, looking at the cherry stains on their pink pinafores, and sniffed from time to time the tantalizing odor of plum-puddings, which was wafted from the kitchen windows. Suddenly Marion broke forth, "I wish we'd never gone near that old cherry-tree!—only the cherries were so good—and now we can't have any of those puddings—and mother feels bad—and everybody'll know—and they smell awful nice—but I just won't let them see I care, so there now!" and after this incoherent outburst, the little brown head went down into two grimy and cherry-stained hands and Marion began to cry.

Mildred, who knew by long experience that when Marion was "spunky," it was safer to leave her alone, said nothing, but sat and quietly sobbed, then turned and sniffed the puddings, and sobbed afresh.

Dinner time came, and the two culprits appeared in the dining-room with clean, stiffly-starched pinafores and red, obviously-

washed faces. They ate very slowly, dallying over their meat until it had to be taken out. Finally the evil moment could be postponed no longer, and the tantalizing puddings appeared, steaming in a most provoking manner. When father had helped all the rest, and turned to Marion with a cheerful smile, she managed to anticipate mother's explanation, and to answer in a voice which she meant for one of haughty scorn, "No, we don't like that kind of pudding." Then they both fastened ravenous eyes on brother George, who, strange to say, did not appear to enjoy his pudding overmuch. He tasted it, turned it over, poked it with his fork, and finally made a face and left it alone. The truth had to come out. The puddings were hopelessly scorched and not fit to eat.

Mildred and Marion said nothing as they went down the path after dinner, but they were filled with unholy joy. "Say," said Marion, suddenly, "let's us climb the apple-tree this afternoon!"

A. S., '04.

The Philosophical Club.

On Thursday, February 26, Dr. Mary Calkins, of Wellesley, addressed the Philosophical Club on the subject of "The Study of Philosophy." She first spoke of the narrowing field of philosophy.

Shall the constant narrowing of the field of philosophy be con-

tinued to the exclusion of Psychology, Ethics and Aesthetics, under the plea of their being sciences? According to the definition of a science as the study of the facts of phenomena, and the connecting of them by explanation, these studies are sciences. They study events of consciousness and explain them by means of physiological accompaniments.

Philosophy thus narrowed is the study of the whole of reality, and of parts of reality in reference to the whole. Where science says, "How are the parts related," Philosophy says, "How does the whole explain its parts." Where science has a starting point in certain assumed facts, philosophy assumes nothing, but keeps probing deeper and deeper.

From the very fact that philosophy goes so far into the depths, there is danger of its becoming mere lifeless generalities, bloodless words and phrases. But at the same time it is worth considering that the questioning attitude is of worth in itself. The safeguard is to approach it by one of three roads, by science, by mathematical training, or by the mathematical unphysical sciences.

Various definitions have been put forth to explain the dualism of matter and spirit found in the universe, and many contradictions have arisen from these attempts at explanation, but philosophy is not therefore a quicksand. The fallacies merely show the dangers in the way.

The study of the history of philosophy is of immense importance to the student of philosophy as showing the logical possibilities of various schools—Monism, Dualism and Pluralism. Such study will correct one's own efforts. By no means the least part of the task is the learning what the philosopher studied means by his particular use of words. Study the men themselves, not books on books.

Interpretation and criticism make us think for ourselves, and form our own system. Ideal preparation for our own system is natural science studied in connection with philosophy—Aristotle's method. Thus studied, philosophy looses vagueness.

The passion for ultimate truth having once seized us, fear of failure will not deter us. Philosophy can *give* us nothing, we must *wrest* everything we would have from her. Even if he never reaches a satisfactory end, the true philosopher looks to the joy of the pursuit, and to his occasional glimpses of the truth. It makes us know that it is good to ask to know.

"There is a World Elsewhere."

Although I was a very imaginative child, make-believe was much more convincing when I had some actual object to hang my trappings on, as it were. On snowy afternoons father and the boys would sit in the big dim library around the fire. One day

when I had played all my plays with Fritz and the squirrel and my dolls and everything in the nursery palled, I ventured downstairs to the library and stood hesitatingly between the dull yellow curtains in the doorway. Directly opposite on the wall hung a pair of sabres, a bare sword and a canteen, reflecting the gleam of the fire. But all the light in that part of the room centred about a leather case below the accoutrements whose glass front was opaque and fiery, seen from the doorway. There were father's medals: the thought made me catch my breath as I turned impetuously to look at him, a big genial soldier.

Flash, the slender, graceful hound, heard the slight sound of my movements and stood up stretching. I held out my hand and the dog laid his head upon it. Romance had come at last, though all that day she had refused my calling.

"The lily white doe Lord Roland
had brought

Leapt up from where she lay,
And laid her head in the maiden's
hand

And followed her all the way."

Slowly, thrillingly I walked to the fireplace with the great dog at my side. Standing there I forgot that I was a fat, apple-checked little girl, with a person so prosaic that even my all-transforming imagination despaired of using it; and I remembered

only my soft brown curls and knotted silken sash, from which slender basis I promptly became a wonderful tall lady and my brothers about the fire were gallants, awaiting my good pleasure.

The blazing logs under the high white mantle, the polished floor with its broken reflections, the heavy square furniture upholstered with leather, the shadows in the distant corners of the room were fine background for imaginings. As I looked around, I was indeed Lady Clare in Lord Roland's Manor Hall.

H. H., '04.

Report of the Bryn Mawr Club Dinner.

The third annual dinner of the Bryn Mawr Club of New York City was held at the hotel Marie-Antoinette, on Friday evening, February 27. The guests of honor were: President M. Carey Thomas, Miss Mary Garrett, Miss Veltin, of the Veltin School, and Mr. Franklin H. Giddings, of Columbia University. There were sixty-five present, a significant increase over the thirty-four guests at the first annual dinner.

Alumnæ Notes.

'99.

Marion Ream was married on the eighteenth of February to Mr. Redmond Davis Stephens, at the Second Presbyterian Church, Chicago.

College Notes.

The address which was to have been delivered on February 24 before the Economic Club on "Child Labor," by Mrs. Florence Kelly has been indefinitely postponed.

On February 27 Mr. Austin delivered the last of his series of three lectures; the subject being "Trade with the Tropics."

On February 28 the Hampton Quartette gave a free recital in the Chapel.

Subscriptions are now being gathered in order to endow a scholarship at Hampton Institute.

Miss Helen Gould plans to visit Bryn Mawr on the seventh of April, when Miss Thomas is going to ask the members of the Christian Union to meet her.

Mr. Sidney Lee, the editor of the Dictionary of National Biography, will give a lecture on "Foreign Influences on Shakspeare," in the Chapel on the afternoon of the sixteenth of March.

The attention of the students has been called to the revised rules of the Faculty which have lately been posted.

It is probable that the dates of the college receptions for this year will be made permanent and printed in the program.

The Christian Union elections took place on February 26. The results were as follows: President, Kathrina Van Wagenen, '04; vice-president, Clara Cary Case, '04; treasurer, Helen Taylor, '05; secretary, Katherine Anderson, '06.

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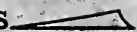
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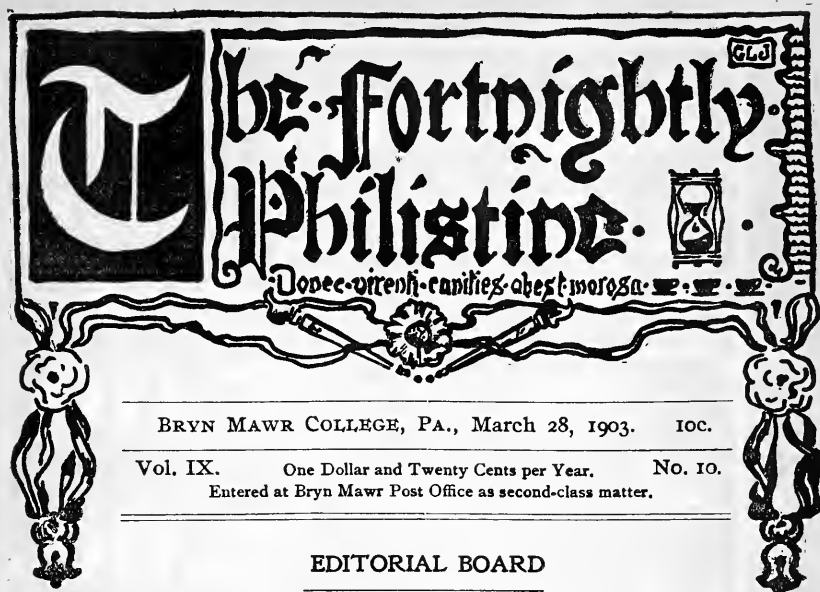
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Editorial.

Who says the pen is not mightier than the sword? A fortnight ago the college was as lazy as lazy, but at a mere threatening flourish of the PHILISTINE's able pen, a feverish activity has broken forth. On the very evening of our last issue one play appeared, a week later

came another, and our private wizard in casting our horoscope for the rest of the year predicts yet others, as our private constellation Virgo was lately seen in close proximity to Cancer and whatever we try to do, by Gemini, we can, sir. And our enthusiasm over anything once started never wanes but soars and soars, just as the careful

PHILISTINE, once started talking, never pains but bores and bores.

The other subjects of enthusiasm at present seem to be basketball and dressmaking,—sure signs of spring when aided and abetted by the thermometer and the calendar. But that is dangerous—to talk about spring. There are little demons abroad at this time of year whose whole delight is to trap the unwary. "What a charming day," we say, and start for Valley Forge. Off flies the imp to the weather clerk, and tells on us, mean thing, and a water spout greets us at King of Prussia. So were the PHILISTINE to expatiate on the beauties of the spring weather we are having, snow banks would probably greet him on his emerging from the printer's hands. Mark Twain's typical New England weather prediction would fit this time of year excellently well. It runs somewhat like this (we forget the precise words), "Weather for to-day will be bright, still, and clear, unless varied by showers and hail. Probable thunderstorms and snow toward afternoon, with high wind, cyclone, and possible earthquakes." So all we dare say is that at time of going to press it doesn't rain, but pours and pours.

I feel that after several months of strenuous effort to become acquainted with him, I may at last be said to be his friend.

At first I merely met him occasionally if I chanced to be near Ramsay's at half-past five o'clock in the afternoon, for at that hour without one second's deviation, did Business Horse proceed homeward every night. Then I began to watch for him, and noticed that he always came from the direction of Montgomery avenue. Finally I found that he is employed by contract to build Rockefeller Hall; that is, his master is superintendent, and of course you know and I know that most of a man's responsibilities fall on a man's horse.

His evident determination, coupled with promptness, deliberation and accuracy, and a thorough grasp of the work in hand, denote the trustworthiness of Business Horse as an efficient superintendent of seminary building, and ease all anxiety we may feel on that score.

The first stroke of the clock at seven in the morning finds him neatly curried, freshly fed and unobtrusively harnessed, slowing up from his positive trot, before the site of his day's work. By the last stroke his bridle is off, he is hitched, and responsibility settles heavily upon him. Do you know that he has to see that each man of that mob of workmen does his work properly, that there is no swearing as to dump-carts and mud done either by men or horses, that there is no

"Business Horse."

Not knowing his real name I call him "Business Horse," and

shirking, that stone is laid on stone and other stones piled up in certain order, and all this within a given time and with no other assistance than his master's?

Do you wonder that Business Horse looks anxious and stern, when if he turn his back on the work for half an hour to do an errand in the village, everything is at sixes and sevens when he comes back? Do you wonder that he barely takes time to snatch lunch at noon from an uncomfortable box, that he stays at night in rain or fair weather, until the last workman has gone? Remember his responsibility and be glad for him that at half-past five o'clock he can turn his back and trot positively home, feeling that all is going well, thanks to his care. Sometimes I think, Business Horse gets quite exhausted and indulges in a bran mash in the seclusion of his stall, but as a rule he is a very sober horse.

Many days have I been to see Business Horse, many apples has he eaten from my hand, taking furtive glances at the work between times. He says little and frowns at familiarity, but he always greets me kindly and I think I may venture to call myself his friend.

This afternoon Business Horse told me to tell you that he feels sure he can make a satisfactory job out of Rockefeller. He is not one bit nervous.

G. F. W., '04.

Saturday.

It is rainy, it is muddy,
You've decided you will study,
But you grumble softly: "Lud-
dy!

Saturday!"

You have shrieked a last adieu
To your town-bound friends,
and you

Wonder what you'd better do
This Saturday.

First you strive to con a page
Of a philosophic sage,
But he puts you in a rage
This Saturday.

Then you eye your theme pad,
hating,
Thinking of your friends await-
ing
In the theatre, celebrating
Saturday.

Thus these idle fancies teeming,
Thus this study that's but seem-
ing,
Thus you fall asleep while
dreaming,—
Saturday.

When you wake the lights are
burned,
It is time your friends returned,
And you groan "What *have* I
learned
This Saturday?"

D. D., '05.

Our Policeman.

I first made the acquaintance of Mr. Calahan, the only policeman of my native town, when I was a child. Then his duties must have been very slight; for I remember that when Bertha, my nurse, took me out to walk on warm summer evenings, we would always pass him comfortably tilted back in the cool shadow of the station house reading his paper. He was usually without a coat or collar; but his shirt sleeves were very white, his hair sleek, and his red face, to all appearance, newly scrubbed. Sometimes Bertha and I would stop for a moment; he would struggle, blushing, into his blue coat and talk to us, nervously slapping his knee with his paper. My attention, I am afraid, was devoted to the brass buttons adorning his coat; Bertha's time, however, was employed to more advantage, as was proved afterward. For the next year the two were married; and now on warm summer evenings Mr. Calahan no longer sits outside the station house alone; Bertha, in a clean apron, is tilted back solemnly beside him, also reading the paper; and around them on the sidewalk play many broad-faced happy children.

But this is not the only change that has befallen Mr. Calahan; for now, though still the only policeman, he is also the driver of the patrol-wagon. Before the purchase of this vehicle our town was rent apart by contending parties; one declaring that the mere possession of a patrol-

wagon would add dignity to the place; the other insisting that there would be no use for it. The latter party was overborne, and should have been completely discomfited; for on the afternoon of the very day the patrol wagon arrived from Chicago, a woman, Mrs. Lucy McGivern, was taken up for selling pop and peanuts unlicensed, and was driven in triumph to the station house. To commemorate this victory, and also, as Mr. Calahan said, "In compliment to the lady," it was christened "the Lucy" and has borne the name ever since.

It must be confessed that after this propitious beginning "the Lucy" was for a long time unused. At length Mr. Calahan and Bertha hit on the brilliant idea of turning it to account as a family carriage. The first time that I saw the patrol-wagon jolting over the ruts of a remote country road I was a little surprised, till Bertha waved her hand to me, and the children shouted a cheerful greeting. But now the sight is quite a usual one; on every warm Sunday afternoon "the Lucy" rolls majestically past my house, bound for the country; Bertha sitting proudly on the high seat, with the baby in her lap; Mr. Calahan, fat and contented, beside her; and arranged in neat rows along the shining brass rails of the wagon behind, the round heads, with their flat red faces and open mouths, of the little Calahans.

G. L. M., '03.

The Story That Has no End.

Once upon a time there lived in a great Eastern realm a king and a queen who had one child, a daughter, whom they loved passionately. She was, like all princesses, very beautiful, but she was also very lazy, and her indolence troubled her parents very much. To make matters worse, she was betrothed to a prince, the son of a neighboring king, who though handsome as Apollo, was as lazy as herself. For this reason the King and Queen had been opposed to the Prince, at first, but to refuse the Prince would have been an insult, which would probably have brought on a war, and a war caused by laziness would have been absurd. So they were finally obliged to yield. Shortly before the Princess was to be married, the Queen died suddenly, the wedding was postponed, and the whole court went into mourning, and all gayeties ceased. But the Princess did not mind, for the Prince came to see her every day as she sat in her garden.

One beautiful warm summer morning, however, as she sat on the bank of a lake, he did not come, and the Princess, too lazy to worry, thought that very likely he was too lazy to come, and fell asleep. When she awoke, it was evening, and the stars were out. The Princess rose to return to the castle, when suddenly a beautiful woman walked out of the lake, and coming up to her, said:

"Princess, your lover is in danger. Go to him at once, or you will lose him forever."

"Really," said the Princess, "I am very sleepy. I couldn't possibly go now. Besides, the Prince is too lazy to go into any danger. You must be mistaken. Good evening."

But the beautiful woman began to weep, and caught her hand.

"Save him, Princess! He risked his life for you! Come with me now, and save him!"

"Oh, very well," said the Princess, languidly. "Don't cry so. I'll go with you, if we may drive there."

"We shall do better than drive!" cried her companion, and whistled, and a great water-lily floated slowly up to the shore. The Princess stepped on it, and sank down. The beautiful woman followed her, and the water-lily moved out into the middle of the lake. First it went slowly, then faster and faster, then it seemed to rise in the air, and the motion so bewildered the Princess that she closed her eyes. Then perhaps she fell asleep, for it seemed a long time before she heard her companion say:

"We are here, Princess. Let me help you off the lily." And half-dazed, the Princess arose, and stepped off the flower. On looking around, she found she was on an island in the middle of a wide lake, the shores of which were thickly covered with

trees, whose branches lay over the water. The island was very small, and very green; in the centre was a grove of trees, and all along its shores, right down into the water, grew red poppies. The Princess turned to the beautiful woman and asked for the Prince, but her guide burst out laughing, leaped on the lily, and began to sail away, calling out, "Go to sleep, Princess! You couldn't find a better place! This lake comes from the Fountain of Youth; the poppies are the flowers of sleep. Go to sleep, Princess," and the Princess sank down on the soft grass and fell asleep.

Now the beautiful woman was a wicked fairy, who wanted the Princess's realm. Having disposed of the Princess, she now enchanted the King so that he fell in love with her and married her, forgetting the Queen and the Princess.

But the Prince, though lazy, did not forget. He knew of the fairy, for she had made him lose his way on going to the Princess that fatal morning, and he sought a wise woman. When at last he discovered one,—for he was rather long about it,—she told him she could send him to the Princess, but their return depended upon themselves.

"She will wake when you come," the wise woman said, "and then you must leap from the lily and swim to the island, never stopping once, take the Princess in your arms, and re-

turn to the lily. It will have turned into a boat, and you and the Princess must row it home. That is all you have to do, and it is very simple. But remember, Prince, the wicked fairy rules the kingdom till your return." Then she showed the Prince a lake where there were water-lilies, and he, after thanking her, got on one, and it sailed away swiftly, and then rose up in the air, and the Prince knew no more till the lily stopped, and he saw he was in the middle of a great lake, and close by him was an island, all covered with poppies, among which his Princess stood.

"Princess!" he cried.

"Prince!" she answered. And they gazed and gazed at each other. Then the Princess sat down on a rock at the water's edge, and the Prince sat down on the lily, and he told her his adventures, and she told him her dreams, and he threw her kisses, and she threw back red poppies. And then he threw those back, and then she threw him kisses. And as the lake was of the water of youth, time seemed nothing to them, for they grew no older, the poppies never faded, and the sun was always setting. So the Prince and the Princess continue to throw kisses and poppies at each other in the enchanted lake, the wicked fairy rules the kingdom, the King has long since died, and whenever she thinks of it, the wise woman sighs and shakes her head.

Another Idiotic Idyll.

On the purple hill the sheeplets o'er the yellow cowslips passed,
 William asked me if I'd marry, and I said, "I'm glad you ast;
 Of my spouses four I've buried in the much regretted past;
 If the shoe should fit you, William, think you you would be the *last?*"
 William turned upon me rudely; said, "I wonder how you dast!"

O'er the hill the pinky sheeplets nibbled at the tawney grass;—
 And I sadly watched sweet William with those little sheeplets pass.
The Illicit Idlers.

1906 to 1906-1907.

On Saturday evening, March 14, "A Great Catastrophe" was given in the gymnasium by 1906 for the new member of their class, and incidentally a small admission fee was charged to the rest of the college for the benefit of the Students' Building.

The farce dealt with the skillful manoeuvres of Violet Drew and Jack Kennard to overcome the difficulties thrown in the course of their true love by the rich father, who objects to a penniless son-in-law; a crochety uncle, who objects to a romantic nephew, and a chaperone who is left in charge of the affair during the absence of the parent. They are materially assisted by the efforts of the pretty stage-struck house-maid, who appreciates the dramatic situations of her mistress and contrives others in which she herself plays the chief rôle, to the great discomfiture of Millikens, the credulous Irish butler, and Ben, the infatuated gardener.

Beth Harrington made a charming heroine, while Helen Smith was a most dashing and

devoted young lieutenant, Jack. The conscientious but timid chaperone, Miss Primrose, was well played by Josephine Katzenstein. Lucia Ford, as captivating Tilly, the maid, threw herself into her difficult part with great animation and cleverness. Her dramatic propensities caused great amusement among the audience, but endless confusion to the easily flustered Millikens, Adelaide Neall, whose consequent agitation and excited brogue brought down the house. Ruth McNaughton, as Ben, and Maria Smith, as Mr. Drew, had less important parts, but were fully equal to the situation.

It is to be hoped that 1906 will follow up its dramatic career so well begun.

The Child in Church.

He was kneeling on the seat of the pew, and boring his little first finger into the holes of the carved back, looking up with listless eyes as people entered. His mother seized his kilts, and, obedient to her look, he sank down in a bunch, and thrust the

finger he had used as a gimlet into his mouth. Presently he pulled it violently out between his compressed lips, and looked grimly at his mother to see the effect of the "wop." She looked at him. He slid to the floor and sat down on the footstool. He put his moist finger tips on his father's shiny shoes, and looked at the slowly fading crescents of wetness he left. A glance from his parent put an end to this amusement. He wriggled on the stool and discovered beneath the pew in front, two more shiny shoes. In a minute he was under the pew, making wet vanishing marks on the superintendent's irreproachable patent leathers. The next minute out he crawled, for the owner of the shiny shoes moved them back suddenly and hit him. A subdued sob and some tears,—his father lifted him to his knee. Now he wanted to "ride horsey," but napa frowned,—he leaned too far back, slipped, bumped his head loudly on the edge of the pew in front,—and retired to mamma's arms. The superintendent's little girl stared over the top of the pew at the noise.

M. L. C., '06.

The Other Point of View.

It was in the crush after an evening lecture at the Institute. A swift, beating spring rain had come up during the evening. Distracted fathers, husbands and escorts were dashing about in

search of umbrellas and wraps and wildly beckoning to imperious cab-men, while the street entrance and hall were filled with dismayed ladies, holding up their evening finery from the already muddy floor.

Myrtle, who had sat on the front seat was far back in the crowd, wedged in between two fat scientific gentlemen, who continued to discuss the topic of the evening over her head, and directly behind two girls, both of whom she had found herself watching closely all through the lecture. They were of a type which since her residence in the Eastern university circle she had been forced to recognize. They were both good-looking, healthy and well brushed. Their clothes were a marvel of appropriateness and cut. They had an absurd little mixture of the bouyancy of youth and the poise of women of the world. Myrtle knew they were bright and that they did good work and hard work, but she was continually amazed at the attention they paid to dress and externals, the importance they ascribed to charm and social ease, and the extremely facile way in which they picked up and toyed with "issues" and "problems."

Just now she was feeling a little heavy-hearted and lonely, and was wishing that there were some one to run around and get *her* wraps, and tuck *her* into a carriage, when the following fragment of a conversation came to her ears.

"Who was the creature in the green stripes who sat on the front seat and glowered?"

"You mean the lady with the bang? That's Miss Myrtle Gwendolen Williams from the muddy Missouri. Dr. Crawford calls her 'Miss Buffalo William.' She seems quite rampant to-night."

"Evidently she doesn't approve of trusts. She fairly bristled whenever they were mentioned."

"She doesn't approve of anything—that exists. She's one of the constitutional kickers. You know the kind—that have reforming dyspepsia."

"I wonder how those people ever get to be that way. Do you suppose they do it to be noticed, or do they really believe in the off side?"

"Oh," said the first girl easily, "I suppose they do it to attract attention. They are so unattractive, they couldn't get it staying with the majority. But my father says that Myrtle Gwendolen comes from generations of cranks. Her father was a Massachusetts reformer before he went out West, and descended from the old Abolitionists, and her mother's father was a Polish labor leader who came over to this country to preach socialism."

"What are they doing out West?"

"Oh, they went to start some scheme for reducing the concentration of people and wealth in cities and spreading them over the unoccupied land. I believe

they got some poor working-people to take up farms, but they lost all their money and nearly starved!"

"It's funny," continued the second girl, "why people who advocate reforms should be so queer. It doesn't seem as if you could believe in trades unions and do your hair well, and I never saw a socialist yet, whose skirt didn't hitch."

"Look out," laughed the first girl, "I am veering around toward trades unions myself, and I know if I dared think it out I couldn't help admitting the arguments of socialism."

"Then, for heaven's sake, don't think it out," said her friend, "I don't want you looking like Myrtle Gwendolen. Besides, you do a great deal more good in the world, being nice and attractive and intelligent, than being a freak, even if you have a mission to perform."

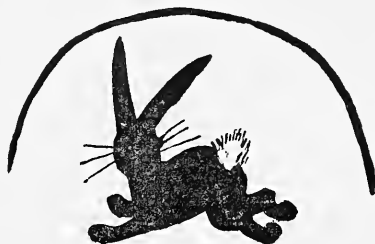
"I wonder," said the first girl thoughtfully, "if the other people realize that."

Myrtle found her cape mechanically and unmindful of umbrella and overshoes walked toward her boarding house, forgetting to hold up the skirt of her one evening dress, and oblivious to the fact that her wet hair was streaming across her face. "Is it true?" she said over and over again to herself. "Is it true? Oh! father! father! Can it be true?" until sitting down on one of the benches in the deserted and dripping park, she cried as if her heart would break.



Ha rabbit! would you learn your fate?
 To you the future I'll relate!
 Your fate is not at all propitious,
 In fact I'd call it quite malicious.
 Alas, poor beast; my cards they say
 Some time before the first of May,
 A victim to the cause of knowledge
 You're doomed to die at Bryn Mawr College.

E. C., '03.



A Tea in the World of Letters.

Imagine going to a tea with your own sister. Of course it is our fate to arrive just as the few people we do know are about to leave, and the little sis-

ter and I are left to entertain each other. We always have plenty to say when we sit down together to sew, but somehow society nothings are not in our

line. We attempt a feeble joke or two, but are almost embarrassed by our own laugh. Finally she thinks of a plan—asks me in a light tone: “A, B, C, D, E, F, G?” I giggle a little and answer: “H, I, J, K, L, M, N,” just as if I meant it. She looks attentively at the centre piece and the pink candle shades while she remarks thoughtfully: O, P, Q, R, S, T.” Maybe I am sincere and maybe I am only in fun, but I manage to say: “U, V, W, X, Y, Z,” quietly enough to keep the lady with gold lorgnettes from glancing in my direction. It has worked extremely well, my sister’s plan for entertaining familiar everyday me during the time we spent in the dining-room at that tea.

H. B., '06.

The Philosophical Club.

On Friday evening, March 20, Professor Edward A. Pace gave the Philosophical Club a very interesting lecture on the subject of “The Mediæval View of Brain Functions.”

Professor Pace said that while the mediæval scientific theories are of little value to modern physiologists, biologists and physicists, modern philosophers are concerned both with mediæval metaphysics and science. We must look at mediæval philosophy in relation to mediæval natural science, for philosophy then included everything which comes under natural science

now. Even in those times much was known of the brain, and the methods of investigation then used are essentially those of today. The difference in results is due to the fact that histology was practically unknown. The microscope had not been invented, and the usual method then used was that of clinical observation.

The main fact in mediæval philosophy is the triumph of Aristotelian philosophy over Platonic. But here the mediæval philosophers reject Aristotle’s view that the heart is the centre of life, and adopt Plato’s view that the brain is. This change is due not to preferment, but to the development of mediæval philosophy. The most important phase in this development is the attempt to localize functions in the brain. The mediæval philosophers divided the brain into ventricles,—usually three—of imagination, reasoning and memory. They did not know the value of the cortex, nor the difference between the gray and the white matter. But they knew that lesion to a part of the brain did not affect the whole; they understood a difference between motor and sensory functions; they localized the motor centre in the occipital region, though they did not know of the motor paths. The ventricles produced conscious processes by means of the *spiritus*. What this was is not clearly understood, and was not even by the mediæval philosophers themselves. It was ap-

parently a vapor or exhalation, which filled the ventricles, and could pass from one to another. In this transit it was sometimes detained, to pass an inspection by each faculty of the brain. Though the circulation of the blood was then unknown, this theory of the *spiritus* approached it closely. In conclusion, we see that the mediæval philosophers, in trying to localize brain functions, advanced beyond Plato and Aristotle. But they considered the soul and the body as made of the same substance, and thought that conscious and unconscious processes were alike the work of the soul. They did not realize how close the relation between physiological life and mental processes is, thus they did not develop the modern theory of parallelism. This question of the exact relation between psychical and physiological life is beyond psychology, or biology, and must be referred to philosophy.

The Bryn Mawr English Club

A Bryn Mawr English Club has lately been formed which will not only, it is hoped, prove useful and delightful to its members, but will also stimulate a general interest in writing in the College. The Club will hold each semester a formal meeting, addressed by a speaker whom it has invited from outside of the College; and every fortnight an

informal meeting, at which papers written by its members are read and discussed. The membership of the Club has been limited to eight, and the requirements for admission have been made very high in order that the students who have shown themselves most interested in writing may be helped by thorough knowledge and criticism of one another's work. All members must each semester write at least one paper especially for the Club, but they may in general, if they prefer, read at the fortnightly meetings papers that they have written for the advanced College English courses.

The membership of the Club is now complete, but there will be five vacant places in the autumn, for which application should be made either in May or in October.

Only those students are eligible:

1. Who have taken or are taking the course in Major English Critics, or either of those in Descriptive Writing.

2. Who have formerly received in English Writing Courses the grade of *High Credit* in the work of one semester or that of *Credit* in the work of two semesters. (An equivalent will be made for the students in the Classes of 1904 and 1905 whose General English essay work has been graded according to the old method.)

The English Department will in every case decide as to the relative merits of the applicants.

The Head-Groom's Son.

'Aven't you never seen my 'Arry—

'Im's wot's got such curly 'air?

W'y, 'e's allays in the stable,

I say, 'Arry, are you there!

'E's awful fond of 'orses—'e's a sporty little cuss,

But he aren't quite used to strangers, must 'a run when 'e saw us.

*Run 'im 'roun' the yard, 'Arry, keep 'im on the bit,
'E's pullin' at the bridle 'ard, but can't you make him quit?
Don't you let him throw you—NOW, take that bloomin' fence,
Run 'im 'roun' the yard, 'Arry, make 'im show 'is sense.*

There's that big bay 'ackney stallion, 'e's an orful hugly 'orse,
There don't no one dare go near 'im, 'ceptin' allays me o' course,
But, Al,—you'd ought to see 'im—'e jus' takes a piece of 'ay,
An' the brute begins to whinney an' to seem to try to say,

"I know 'e aren't no common kid, like 'im wot they calls Phil,"
(That's 'im as lives up yonder in the big 'ouse on the 'ill)
"E comes o' 'orsey people an' 'e knows a thing or two,
An' w'en 'e's in the stall with me 'e don't act scared 'arf blue."

That's 'ow all the 'orses talks with 'im, an' 'e just answers back,
With a pat between the nostrils an' a kind o' lovin' whack;
An' there aren't a one among 'em 'e can't sit as good as me,
From the ponies to the 'unters—Lord, it's awful nice to see!

No, 'e looks just like 'is mother, 's got 'is mother's yellow curls,
(An' if one thing gets 'im hangry it's to say they're like a girl's!)
But 'e is just like 'is father, so they tells me—them as knows—
Hit's 'is takin' way with 'orses makes 'em think so, I suppose.

But there 'e is—there's 'Arry, with the bull-dog at 'is side,
'E's comin' down to tease me for another 'orse-back ride.
You arsk 'im w'at he wants to be, an' 'e'll answer with a vim,
"I'm goin' to be a 'orseman an' 'ave crooked legs like 'im!"
(Meanin' me).

*Let 'im feel the crop, 'Arry, keep 'im on the bit,
'E's pullin' at the bridle 'ard, but can't you make him quit?
Don't you let him throw you—NOW, take that bloomin' fence,
Let 'im feel the crop, 'Arry, make 'im show 'is sense.*

A. H., '05.

College Notes.

On March 13 the three European Fellowships were announced as follows: For the Mary E. Garrett European Fellowship, Edith Hall; for the President's Fellowship, Amanda Becker; for the Bryn Mawr European Fellowship, Eleanor Fleisher. The honor list for the Class of 1903 was as follows: Eleanor Fleisher, Margaret Brusstar, Jessie Henry, Lilian Moers, Grace Meigs, Elsie Thomas Virginia Stoddard, Elizabeth Sergeant, Eleanor Deming, Dorothea Day, Mary Burns.

On March 10 Miss Jean Hamilton gave an address on "Club Movements Among Working-women."

On March 13, Mr. Thomas Wentworth Higginson delivered an address on "Famous Men I Have Known."

On March 16, Mr. Sydney Lee delivered an address on "Foreign Influences on Shakespeare."

The Wednesday evening sermon on March 18 was delivered by Dr. Robert Ellis Thompson.

A prize of \$50 has been offered by the Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts Civil Service Reform Association for the best essay based upon original investigation on some subject connected with Civil Service Reform that shall be submitted to the Committee of Award on or before November 15, 1903. A list of subjects suggested will be found on the bulletin board.

Athletic Notes.

RECORD MARKING.

March 12. Three records were broken, all by a wide margin. The records broken were as follows:

	<i>Old Rec.</i>	<i>New Rec.</i>
Running High Jump,	6 ft. 11 in.	7 ft. 6 in.
Marshall, '05,	Thomas, '06.	
Standing Broad Jump,	7 ft. 1 in.	7 ft. 8 in.
Marshall, '05.		
Standing High Jump,	3 ft. 3 in.	3 ft. 5 in.
Marshall, '05.		

The other winners were:

Vault,	Ehlers, '04.	4 ft. 4 in.
Running High Jump,	Case, '04,	
Pfaff, '04,	3 ft. 11 in.	
Rope Climbing,	Thomas, '06,	16 sec.
Hurdles, Ehlers, '04,		3 sec.

The points gained according to class, were:

'04.....	32
'05.....	18
'06.....	16

SWIMMING CONTEST.

The swimming contest took place on March 19. The winners were:

140 ft. Straight Swim,	Spencer, '05,	
	50 sec.	
Single Boards,	Peck, '04,	58 sec.
Swim on Back,	Dudley, '05,	59 sec.
Tandem on Boards,	Peck, '04,	Rockwell, '04, 60 sec.
Obstacle Race,	Richardson, '06,	
	24 4-5 sec.	
Paddle and Pulley,	Day, '05,	Raymond, '03.

Points gained according to class were:

'03.....	4
'04.....	10
'05.....	20
'06.....	5

Only one record was broken:

	<i>Old Rec.</i>	<i>New Rec.</i>
Swim on Back,	1 min.	59 sec.

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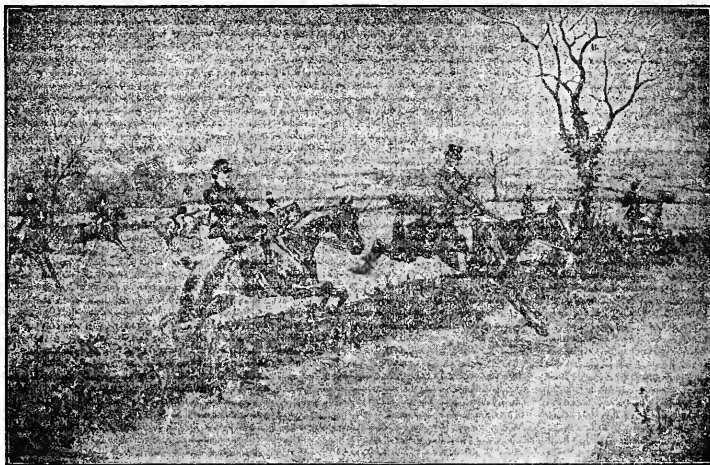
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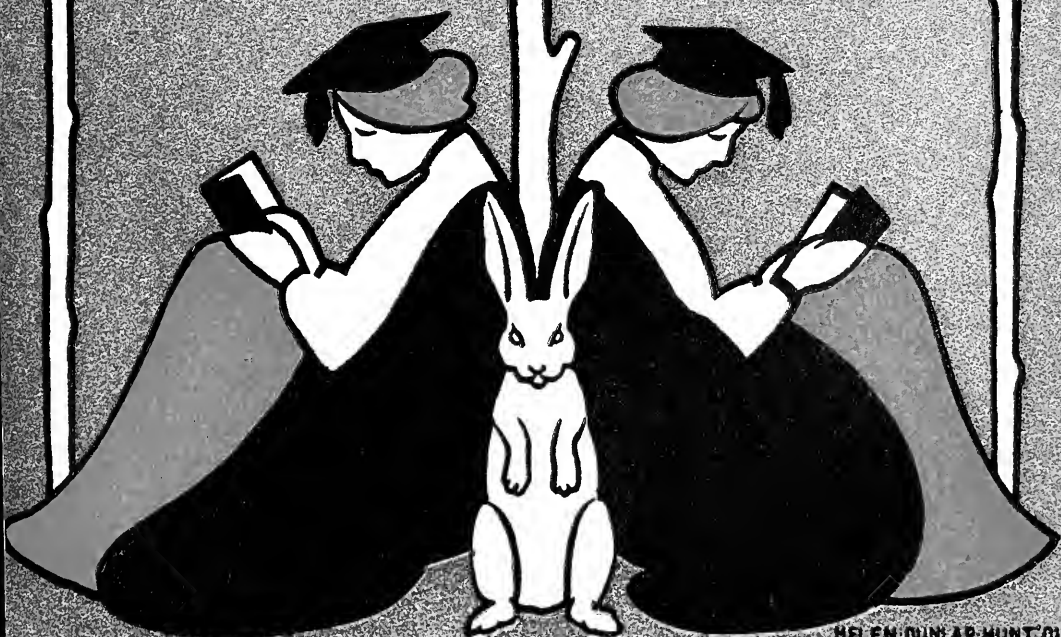
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Vol. IX. One Dollar and Twenty Cents per Year. No. II.
Entered at Bryn Mawr Post Office as second-class matter.

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Editorial.

It is really too discouraging. What is the use! THE PHILISTINE strives to be fresh, original and above all *up to date*. But really, what *is* the use, when our doings are celebrated in the outside papers *two weeks ahead of time*. You start, but 'tis true. Ha! ha! 'tis true, and my hated

rival thinks that therefore he has outdone me—but if he is such an expert prophet let him satisfy the anxiety of various members of the college, and foretell the outcome of certain dire events due the end of May. And if he is so clever, why didn't he prophesy the passing of all the competitors in the Senior Oral of April 4? Any babe could have

foreseen that in such a clever class as 1903.

By rights **THE PHILISTINE** ought to return the compliment and the interest, and expatiate on the doings of the outside world, but the necessity of this has been obviated by the scattering of the college during the Easter vacation, to see the world for themselves. By doing so, i. e., by disintegrating, the college has managed to keep out of the papers for two whole weeks, the only safe and sure method for so doing nowadays. While you have been to the five quarters of the globe, **THE PHILISTINE** has remained here on guard, preparing a welcome for you on your return, and he sincerely hopes that you will approve the form and contents thereof, and will agree that

" 'Tis sweet to hear the watchdog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as
we draw near home."

As a last bit of comfort, dear Bryn Mawr, take this to heart:—half of the fibs told about you aren't true anyhow.

Herr Gerstler.

Mary's music teacher, Herr Gerstler, is a very excitable little German. He has a narrow face with small, screwed-up blue eyes, light eyebrows elevated in chronic amazement and indignation, and yellow hair, standing up straight all over his head. His small body seems to work

on fine tireless steel springs; his thin arms are always waving; his lithe legs skipping nimbly about, his long delicate hands clutching the air.

Herr Gerstler has very decided opinions, and such a wealth of them that I have never heard him repeat himself, though I go quite often with Mary to her lesson. The first time that I went with her, I remembered she happened to say that she had been to hear one of the Beethoven concerts. To my surprise Herr Gerstler subsided onto the piano stool in utter despair. "I am glad you did, Miss Donovan," he groaned, "but I go no longer. These American audiences drive me mad. They think they must listen to music, so, in a dream; with sad eyes like cows;" he rested his face on his hand, opened his little eyes and assumed a most idiotic expression.

"No!" he shouted, leaping to his feet; "it is here, here one must enjoy the music." He struck his forehead loudly with his hand. "Ach, gracious, the good Beethoven, it is well he is dead. Come, Miss Donovan, do not delay longer, play the opus 14; and I pray Gott you may do it better than last time."

Another day we heard his shrill voice echoing down the stairs as we ascended: "Poor Miss Smithers," murmured Mary. "She comes just before me. She must be having a hard time." There was first a loud explosion of groans and cries, then a furious outburst.

"So, Miss Smithers, you will not play the violin on the Sundays? You think it is bad, do you? Tell me, Miss Smithers, what will you do on the Sundays; sit and hold your brow, so, and reflect how good you are? No, such goodness is not for me!"

By this time we had entered the room; but Herr Gerstler paid no attention to us; he was standing with his feet far apart, his chin raised, his arms sawing the air; his hair, even, bristled with excitement.

Before him sat a tall thin girl, with a narrow yellow face, pale eyes and sandy hair; she was holding the arms of her chair nervously, and evidently trying to escape, but the music-teacher stood as a lion in her way. "No, Miss Smithers," he shouted, "you have too much such goodness in this city and not enough art. You, yes you, Miss Smithers, have built one hundred churches, and no concert buildings! No, Miss Smithers, tear down half those churches. I want them not—and get music, music! Is it not so, Frauleins?" He turned to us suddenly, and Miss Smithers adroitly escaped from her chair. "Good-bye, Mr. Gerstler," she said timidly; but as she turned on the threshold I heard her murmur to herself, "I'm not going to play Sundays anyway."

The music-teacher threw himself into a chair. "And now, Miss Donovan," he said, leaning back with closed eyes, "be—

perfect!" Poor Mary obediently raised her violin, throwing a mournful glance at me, but she had only played a few bars when Herr Gerstler leapt to his feet, with his hands on his ears. "Ach Gott, what is this? No time, no rhythm, no nothing! Ach music, music!" and shaking his head sadly he sat down at the piano to accompany her.

G. L. M., '03.

A Diagnosis.

When you go to the theatre, and take an ultra-critical attitude towards the stage instead of enjoying the play; when your best friend, knowing she is not exempt, wearily asks in how many moods and how many ways you have "written her up;" when every walk in the spring-time is occupied in simply studying the æsthetic effect of nature's color-schemes upon you; when, vampire-like, you dine out and rise early the next morning to write a portrait of the man who took you in to dinner, or, worse yet, of your hostess; when you sink to the depths of rejoicing that you have lost your train out from town because you can go into the waiting-room and gather material for sordid vignettes; when, in short, your mind is simply reduced to a vacuum, devoid of everything except a desire to receive impressions; know then that you are a victim of the chronic daily theme habit and that heroic measures must be taken for your recovery.

C. D. L., '03.



**Uncle Tom's Cabin at the
People's Theatre, April 4.**

*"Sport, that wrinkled Care de-
rides,
And Laughter holding both his
sides."*

*"But yet the pity of it, Iago!
O Iago, the pity of it, Iago!"*

Such were the contending elements that met in the Gym on Saturday night, and the Seniors surrendered themselves unreservedly to both. They felt like the old man who said, apropos of a humorous incident, "It was enough to make a donkey laugh. I laughed till I cried." And yet "'twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful!" Poor dear Uncle Tom, whom we have all grown up to love, slaughtered before our eyes! Angelic little Eva, so slender and ethereal that she was too good for the crude Gymnasium, and so flew away to the Elysian Fields.

(Forgive the blot.
The writer is but human, and a woman at that, and the tears would come. Being an editor, she naturally weeps ink.)

No wonder she exercised such

a bee-oo-tiful influence over lovely Topsy, the reprobate. Laws, Topsy was so wicked she most drove her sweet little mistress, Miss Ophelia, 'stracted. How such a fragile creature as Marie St. Clare could have her around we really can't see. But alas! such unfortunates had to be while wretched slave-dealers like Haley were permitted. Eliza was well rid of him. Who did not hold her breath when she, queen of tragedy in humble guise, made her escape over the heaving ice of the Ohio, pursued by a ravening hound? The reality of her danger was clearly shown by the refusal of hound number two to trust himself to those tottering cakes. And oh! George, the abused, the high-spirited, his black eye flashing with noble fire, his handsome lip wr-r-rithing with scarce concealed passion,—how he stirred our blood with the recital of his wrongs. (N. B.—It's lucky his part didn't call upon him to sit down, as that pistol would inevitably have slain him.) To such a pitch of indignation against slavery did he work us, that even kind-hearted masters like Shelby and St. Clare could scarcely reconcile us, lovable as

they were, while as for Legree !!!! really 1905, you ought to be more careful. The average age of 1903 is only thirty-seven and four-fifths, and at such tender years to have a fiend like Legree unchained on the stage at that hour of night was enough to scare us into forty fits. Our hearts were racked with pity for poor Casmeline in the grasp of the brute, even while we admired her for the brave way she faced him, and we all breathed a sigh of relief when Sambo, with the courage of his convictions, consigned Massa to the cold, cold ground.

You are much to be congratulated, O Frederick Le Feversham, and you too, Fancy Elegant Fayson and Isadore B. Hynde, for the show you have produced. And so are you to be congratulated, O 1905, for being what you are. And so are you, O 1903, for having such Freshmen.

Madge's Practical Psychology.

Final practical maxim relative to habits of the will: *Keep the faculty of effort alive in you by a little gratuitous exercise every day.*

"If I only can remember that until the Psychology quiz next hour I might really get through," and with these words the woeful student of Habit and Will, set out down the road for a short stroll. Ahead of her, dragging somebody's family wash in an

old express wagon trailed a stubby-haired, dirty little boy. Now Madge, the woeful student of Habit and Will, hated little boys in general, and above all dirty little boys. Bah! She could hardly stand the sight of the patched trousers and muddy shoes of this particularly unattractive specimen, and without looking, she rushed by him in a way that almost knocked him over. She hurried on ahead. How pretty the trees looked, with their swelling— She stopped as if shot. "Effort—alive—gratuitous exercise," she murmured incoherently. It was too awful; she simply had to. Meanwhile the freckled-faced devil was creeping on her, slowly, whistling, shuffling, rattling his crazy, squeaky wagon behind him. He came up to her. He was there. She set her lips desperately, made a grab for the handle he was holding, gave him a shove aside, and then began to run, pulling somebody's family wash behind her. She could hear the dirty boy gasp, astonished, get his breath again, and then bear down upon her like a fury. She ran faster. Even if she *must* pull the wagon she didn't have to keep up a conversation with the small boy. And now she could hear him gaining on her. She must run faster. Heavens! There was a crash. The best back wheel of the express wagon had come off neatly and was taking a gentle turn on its own responsibility down the hill. There was noth-

ing to do but to let the dirty boy run after it, and put it on again. And after that there was no more running, only walking silently with the dirty boy at her side, while all the time he kept blowing on a mouth organ, and kicking stones at the stray roosters, and swooping after the best back wheel again, eleven separate times, as the cart bumped over eleven separate stones. Oh, the agony of it, and the length of it! But at last when they had walked for miles, it seemed, the little boy pointed. Madge understood. This was his house and now she could go. "I have done it," she murmured, "effort—alive—gratuitous exercise." But suddenly from away over the hills came the distant sound of Taylor. Her quiz! It was too late; she could never get there in time. She turned fiercely on the dirty little boy, but how could he know? At that precise moment he was engrossed in dragging the wagon up the front walk, for the best back wheel was tottering feebly against the sea-shells that edged the path.

M. C., '05.

"Cynthy."

"Whar *am* dat chile! Cynthy! Cynthy!"

"Yas'm," floated an answer from the woodshed, where Cynthia had jumped up quickly upon hearing Aunt Amanda's irate tone, and was bundling the sticks of wood which she had been sent for half an hour ago, into her abbreviated apron.

"Yas'm, I'se comin' d'reckly, Miss 'Manda, d'rickly, but these hy'ar sticks is mos' pow'ful hard to git," and Cynthia's woolly be-pig-tailed pate bobbed vigorously with her strenuous efforts to gather up the sticks which lay strewn plentifully about on the woodshed floor. In a few minutes she appeared in the kitchen and after depositing her bundle of firewood, was set at dish-washing, with a cuff from Aunt Amanda's broad, black palm before that potentate of the kitchen left her domain to go and shell peas in a leisurely fashion under the lilac bush at the kitchen door. Cynthia washed and scrubbed vigorously for a few minutes. But the fresh May air floating in through the open window, the heavy odor of lilacs and the low crooning of Aunt 'Manda accompanied by the metallic click of the peas as they fell through her fingers into the tin pan in her lap, wooed Cynthia from her moist and greasy task, and leaning out of the low window, absently making little patterns on the hard earth just outside with her dripping mop, she returned to the meditations which Aunt Amanda's summons had interrupted in the woodshed.

"How funny this weather make yo' feel, jis' fo' all the world 's if yo' c'd see the charyit comin' fo' to take yo' home. My fo' goodness, yo' c'd do anything in sich weather. Lemme see, guess yo' c'd a'most be Gen'al Lee's daughter, ur yo' c'd play the pianny. G'way fum hy'ar, yo' good fo' nothin' ole yaller

jacket;" she flourished the mop at a lazily humming bumblebee that flew in the window. Then she began dreamily again, and humming a low-tuned darkey melody. But this was brought to an abrupt close, for with a tweak of the ear that called forth a "Yowch!" from Cynthia, she was whirled back to her task.

"Yo' am fo' shore, the laziest, good fo' nothin' pickaninny I done ever lay my eyes on. What yo' tink! Yo' de qual'ty, a leanin' outen de windy and a singin' chunes! Git back to yo' wuk, ur I'll take de hide offen yo'!" And Cynthia with a sigh resumed the hated dish-washing, against which her lazy little soul rebelled.

G. K., '05.

The Orange Peel.

It was recess-time, and wild with delight the three restless little scholars rushed from the house to enjoy freedom in their favorite seat, on the wooden fence that overlooked the railroad track. There they sat, Tommy in the middle with a little sister on either side, dangling their fat little legs over the edge of the fence, and sucking oranges with the enjoyment and satisfaction that only such circumstances can furnish. Suddenly they heard a train in the distance, and this sound seemed to suggest something to one of the little sisters who gave her brother's sleeve a sudden tug as she cried eagerly:

"Oh, Tommy, let's!"

"Let's what?" said Tommy, who was wildly struggling to regain his equilibrium, which had been decidedly upset.

"Why, let's put our orange peel on the track and upset the train; do say yes, Tommy! Do, it would be such fun and all the people would get spilled out; just think how exciting."

Tommy weighed the matter in his mind for some time, while the little sisters waited in breathless eagerness to hear the verdict.

Finally it came: "We'll do it," said Tommy, "at least I will, and you two can watch. You're too little to help." There was some slight objection to this but in the end Tommy bravely put all three orange peels on the track, while the little sisters watched in admiration from their perches on the fence. By this time the train was coming quite near, and the exciting moment was approaching. Suddenly something occurred to Tommy.

"Say," he exclaimed, "do you suppose anyone will get killed?" This was a new idea. The little sisters were struck dumb at the question. Of course there would be someone killed, many people, perhaps, and it would be all their fault. It was too late to do anything; the train was almost there, so there was nothing for it but to run to the back of the garden where they could see nothing. Tommy showed no such grief, but tried his best to comfort his tearful little sisters, assuring them that it was really his fault, as he had put the peel there.

It was with terror in their hearts that they started back to the scene of the disaster, while Tommy ran a little ahead of them and reached the fence first. His face aglow with excitement, he climbed up, looked and there before him was the track just as he had left it, and in the gutter at one side were a few bits of orange peel. Tears of disappointment came to his eyes as he climbed down again and threw himself on the ground. The little sisters stood by looking at him with large frightened eyes and hardly daring to ask the question that was on their lips.

"Oh, dear," sobbed Tommy, "it never worked at all!"

A. W. N., '06.

Nonsense Rhymes.

I.

There was an old man in a
smock,
Who could tell you the time by
his sock;
When asked whence this
power,
He replied with a glower,
"On my sock, can't you see,
there's a clock!"

II.

There was an old man from
Pompeii,
Who swore he had feared that
the day,
From the fire in the air.
And the consequent scare
Would end with the devil to pay.

J. S. M., '06.

The Philosophical Maiden's Lament.

How can I eat my bread and beef
When I believe sincerely
That when I eat and what I eat
Are vain ideas merely?

I dare not sit on any chair,—
Imagine my confusion,
If I should rest my weight upon
A sensory illusion!

If, on the contrary, I take
Another man's credential,
How can I bring myself to sit
Upon a mind potential?

Yet why rail at necessity?
Thy monad will not pout,
For all the world except myself
Is just one great big doubt.

F. W. C., '02.



I dreamed I stood upon a bridge
 And gazed off at a mountain ridge.
 'Neath me a little river ran
 And on its bank there sat a man.
 T'was strange, this scene, for all was blue,
 The mountain ridge, the man, the bridge
 Were all of this same hue.
 And yet I know this scene right well
 And so do you, if it befell,
 In days gone by, you gathered knowledge
 In the stately halls of Bryn Mawr College,
 And there did sit and wait, and wait,
 And hungrily gaze at your empty plate.

E. C., '03.

Mortley's Elopement.

In the kitchen Mrs. Foster was making herself a lonely cup of tea, in the absence of Mr. Foster and the boys. Mrs. Foster was a tall gaunt woman with pale blue eyes and black hair caught untidily up at the back of her head. Her face, naturally gloomy in expression, was gloomier than ever just now.

The cause of all the trouble was this: "Mortley," the only daughter and the pride of the Foster family, had been keeping "steady company" with Sam Skillin, a prosperous young farmer in the neighborhood. Both families favored the match and all seemed to be going well; but a few days ago, Mortley had departed for a "buggy ride," with the said Sam Skillin, and had returned no longer Mortley Foster but Mortley Skillin and the Foster household had been stirred to its depths.

Mr. Foster was the first to recover. He remarked that "Gals would be gals he s'posed jest ez boys would be boys and he hadn't nothin' to say agin Sam anyhaow." The boys were highly excited and secretly thought the elopement rather good fun; but Mrs. Foster was broken-hearted. Mortley was to have had a wedding that would have been an event to be forever remembered in the annals of Morrill's Corner. The bride was to have been resplendent in blue taffeta, with a veil to match, there were to have been bridesmaids, and Mrs. Foster had even

secretly dreamt of dressing up Cousin Sarah's little boy "real cute," as a page. (Mrs. Foster had not taken a fashion magazine for nothing.) And at the end of the wedding there was to have been a dance, and a supper that would have been an everlasting honor of glory to the name of Foster.

And now all these dreams were shattered. Mrs. Foster sniffed as she sipped her tea. To tell the truth, Mortley had never entered very heartily into her mother's plans. A big wedding certainly would be grand. But—well—she wasn't sure that she wanted such a big one. Mortley had always longed to elope—as they did in books. Sam had been eagerness itself—and off Mortley went. The only drawback to the romantic delight being a secret desire that the family had not approved so heartily of Sam. Opposition would have lent spice to the affair.

And now Mortley was Mrs. Skillin, and there had been no dazzling wedding, no bridesmaid, no page.

"To think what might a been," Mrs. Foster sighed as she put down her cup and then, "she might a told her own mother enny haow," she added. For beneath the disappointment of her cherished hopes lay a genuine mother-like grief at not having been taken into the secret of her only daughter. She had not expected it of Mortley. "Ef she'd only a told me, I wouldn't a minded so much,"

she confided to the opposite wall. "Oh, deary me; and now there can't never be no weddin'."

Tears did not often come to Mrs. Foster's eyes, but her pent-up sorrow had reached the point where some outlet was necessary. A large tear trickled down her nose and then she put her checked apron over her head and sobbed all her disappointment and injured feeling into its kindly folds.

Suddenly a dull thud sounded through the house. Mrs. Foster sat up, dried her eyes and listened. A second thud came. "Land sakes!" she ejaculated, "Ef there weren't one of them city folks from that camp on the lake, comin' for milk or eggs or some such—never see such people ez they be—comin' to the front door, too. Well, they ain't goin' to see anything's wrong with me, not ef I can help it." The knock sounded again, and Mrs. Foster hastened to answer it, mopping her eyes as she went. Two young girls stood on the steps. They were simply dressed, but they had the unmistakable stamp of "city folks."

"Could we have some eggs, Mrs. Foster?" they asked after the usual polite salutations.

"Wa-al I dunno—I guess so," was the answer. "Come in and set a spell." The girls followed Mrs. Foster into the darkened best room, and then after a short discussion about the eggs, one of them remarked:

"We heard about your daugh-

ter, Mrs. Foster. Wasn't it fun and weren't you surprised?"

"Well then," replied their hostess, "I certainly was, but Mortley allus was quick. We enjoyed it—and Sam's such a likely young man, too. Of course we suspected somethin' wuz goin' to happen, but then, we thought they'd best hev their own way. But I'll go git them eggs," and Mrs. Foster hurried off. "There they be," she said on her return a few minutes later, handing one of the girls a basket; "that was reel bright of Mortley, wasn't it? We're all laughin' over it. She knew we'd hev fun over it. Got to go? Well I'm sorry. Give my regards to your folks."

The door slammed. On the inside Mrs. Foster communed thus to herself: "Stuck up young critters—wouldn't a let them know I cared. Humph!" On the outside one of the girls said to the other: "Poor old soul; didn't you see how badly she felt about her daughter? Why her eyes were fairly red with crying.

A. K. B., '04.

Disinherited.

I am a respectable middle-aged centipede recently by a sad accident left both childless and widowed. This is how it all came about.

As a youth I was of fine stature, well grown, and excessively proud of my legs, of which I was endowed with an unusually large

number. I may with truth say that against a background of green cartridge paper I was a fine specimen of my race—and how I could run! For many years I lived happily behind the picture moulding of number 30 Pembroke West. Across the room from me there lived a very graceful young centipede of a beautiful light brown color. I fell in love with her, married her, and started to live happily ever after, but alas! One of those odious creatures known as a Public Benefactor put a new kind of light into the room where we lived, a kind that flashes up suddenly, pop!—very bright and leaves you no time to run and hide from the Human Girls who swarm everywhere throughout Pembroke. (By the way, our astronomers have been at work a long while trying to discover just why it is that the Human Girl is found in such quantities in our buildings; some say it is because of the stone walls, some because of the vines, but no satisfactory explanation has as yet been offered.)

Well, recently whenever I have ventured across the room in the dark this vicious light has suddenly sprung up and I have had to be very spry to escape the notice of the Human Girl of the room, who is this year singularly bloodthirsty. The other night we had occasion to move the whole family, consisting of my wife, my three beautiful children and myself, to the wide crack over the desk. Bag and

baggage in hand we started across the wall in a long procession when—pop!—up sprang that light, and the Human Girl fell upon us, shoe in hand. Ugh! the slaughter was terrible! I fled precipitately, trusting to the others to follow me, but when I emerged four mangled corpses lay upon the floor. Then I realized that I was a lonely wanderer upon the face of the earth, without family and without home; for no longer can I live in number 30 with the slaughterer of my family.

With sorrowful mein and slow step I glided with dignity across the floor and out under the door. This haughty action gave me a certain lurid joy, for I saw that the assassin, by now apparently overcome with remorse, was gathered in a shuddering heap on the couch.

I am now a miserable waif. May she enjoy number 30 in lonely grandeur.

C. D. L., '03.

Nonsense Verses.

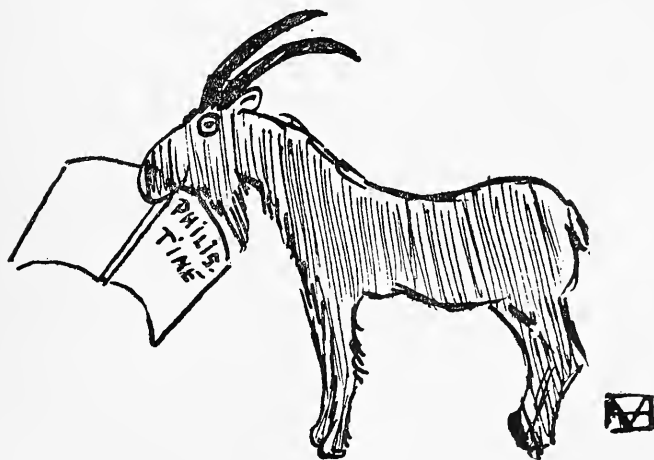
He thought he was a gen-i-us,
That poor misguided fellow,
But when he tried to play a tune,
It was a violin-sell-oh!!

—
The camp lay by the river side
All full of sleeping gents,
And though the woods were
filled with sound
And countless jackals screamed
around,
The silence was in-tents.

F. E. M., '05

An Acrostic.

P is the **P**aper read with a smile,
 Thought by the author in very fine style.
H is the **H**orror she feels when she sees,
 That her wonderful effort has quite failed to please.
I is the **I**diot, who thought she could write,
 And no matter what, it would surely be bright.
L is the **L**augh which the Editors give,
 When they mutter in scorn, "Can such simpletons live?"
I is the **I**rony hurled at the Phil,
 By the writer whose poem's left out of it still.
S is the **S**troke of the masterly pen,
 That gives us our drawings of maidens and men.
T is the **T**aste which in literature's art,
 We feel that this paper is meant to impart.
I's the **I**ntensity editors show,
 When begging their friends for a poem or so.
N is the direful **N**eed of a muse,
 Who into this poem some wit should infuse.
E is the **E**agerness, heartfelt and keen,
 With which we are waiting the new **Philistine!**
 M. T. R. AND E. DEK., '06.



Eating his Phil.

James E. Rhoads Scholarships.

Applications for the James E. Rhoads Scholarships must be made not later than Monday, April 20. Forms of application, containing full particulars of these scholarships and the conditions of their award, may be obtained at the office of the secretary or the president. All applications must be sent on or before the date mentioned, to the chairman of the committee, Mrs. Charles Bushnell, 1836 Pine street, Philadelphia.

Notice to 1903.

The Bryn Mawr Club of New York wishes to announce to the members of the Class of 1903 that they are now eligible for membership. The club is outgrowing its present apartment, and contemplates moving into a house next fall. This allows an increase in the number of tenants. Application for rooms may be made by any student leaving College this spring and should be sent immediately to Mrs. H. S. Brooks, Jr., 14 Central Park, West, New York City.

Any information regarding membership in the club may be obtained from Mary M. Campbell, West Orange, N. J.

College Notes.

The plans for Rockefeller Hall will soon be out. Students applying for rooms must remember that in case the hall is not finished by October 1, they must occupy rooms at Summit Grove.

On March 31 Dr. Emily Ryder addressed the Christian Union on "Medical Work Among Indian Women."

On April 4 Mr. Charles Zeublin, of New York, delivered an address before the Graduate Club on "Democratic Art."

On April 4 the Class of 1905 gave a representation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in honor of the Class of 1903. See p. 4.

On March 26 a mass meeting of the students was held, at which was accepted the plan for a system to stop cheating at examinations, which is to be handed in to the faculty.

On April 6 Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith delivered an address under the auspices of the DeRebus Club, on "Venice the Beautiful." It has been announced that the work of the Geological department will be greatly increased next year; elective courses will be given in Mineralogy and Meteorology. Dr. Miller, of Johns Hopkins University, has been appointed Associate in Geology.

The work in Elocution next year is also to be greatly increased. Besides the required courses given, next year Mr. King will offer two advanced Elective Courses; one in the reading of prose, the other in the reading of Shakespeare.

The grounds of Mr. Vaux are to be turned into a park, which will be open to students in case they will not pick or dig up flowers. If, however, this condition is violated, the grounds will be closed to all the students.

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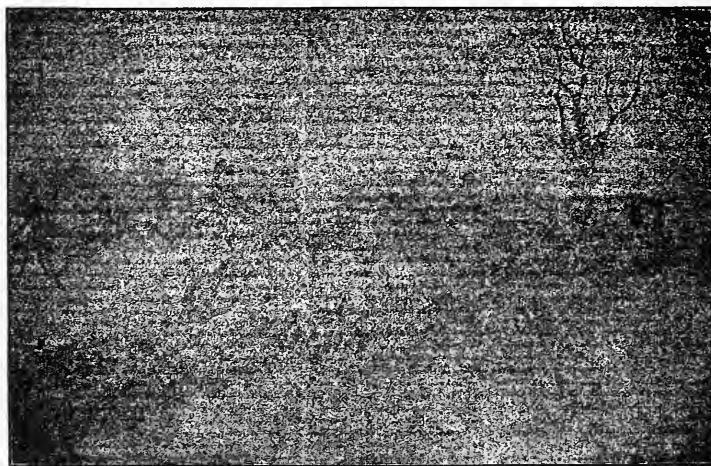
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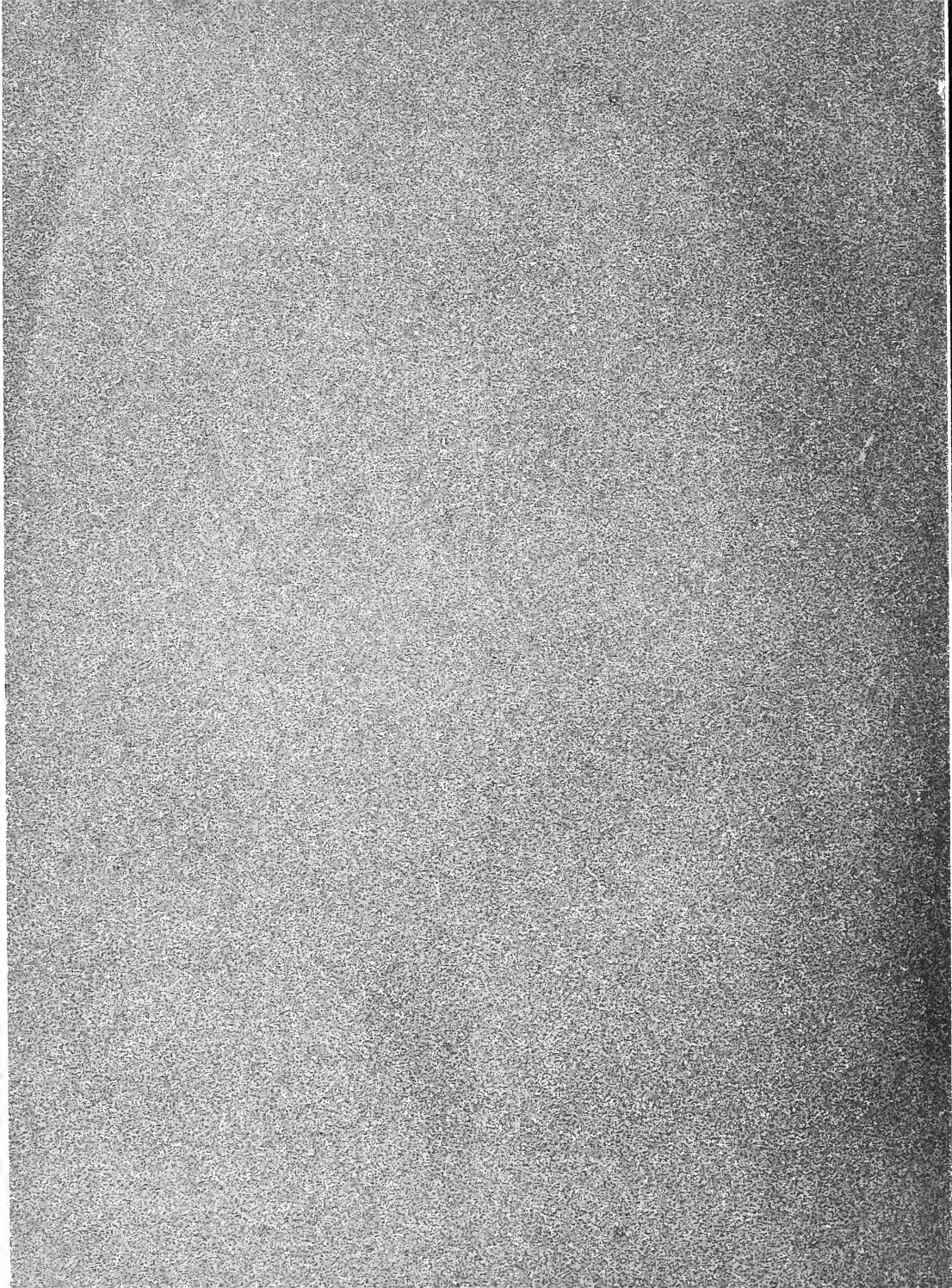
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The Fortnightly Philistine.

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BRYN MAWR COLLEGE, PA., May 2, 1903. 10C.

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Editorial.

Ever since the days of the Exodus, spring has been, by popular consent, the time for moving, and who are we that we should think of withstanding the general movement? "The highest happiness comes from identifying ourselves with the universe at large," we read in our note-

books, and thereupon, in the spring, as a natural corollary, we rush to Taylor and the room-draw. On arriving there we peruse the new rules for drawing, and heave a deep sigh of relief. The system is *much* better this year. Hitherto it has been possible for fifteen or sixteen people out of the two hundred or so changing to get what

they wanted, while the remaining hundred and eighty-five wept in each others' arms, but "*nous avons changé tout cela.*" It is now impossible for anyone to get what she wants, which, of course, is much fairer to everybody concerned. All this naturally reduces us to a state of contented pessimism, and makes us cry, with the Irish conscript, "I'll be hanged if I care when I'm drawn or where I'm quartered!"

We are immensely pleased with the enthusiasm '06 is showing with regard to the Students' Building. For the Freshman Class to take so much interest in that goal of our ambitions augers well for the Students' Building Fund in the future,—in the days when the last survivors of the May Day Fête which started that fund shall have vanished from the College. "The Comedy of Errors," on Friday next, promises to be a very clever piece of acting, all the more charming for being given out of doors in the good old May Day style; so we wish them all possible success in the way of a fine afternoon and a large and justly enthusiastic audience.

Two facts urge the College to redoubled efforts in the future,—the first being the steady increase in the price of building materials, the second being the fact that by beginning work while the Library Building is in course of construction, we stand a chance of getting a reduction of about

20 per cent. To anyone who has lived down here and felt the necessity of the Students' Building, a description of it sounds like a description of heaven. So again be it said, may "The Comedy of Errors" be a brilliant success, and swell the fund past recognition!

The subscribers of THE PHILISTINE will be interested to note the poem by Miss R. K. Crandall, in the May number of the *Century*, who, while not a Bryn Mawr graduate, is at present a member of our English Department.

THE PHILISTINE has been requested to call the attention of his subscribers to the article on "Athletics for College Girls," by Alice Katharine Fallows in the *May Century*.

"College girls sometimes break down," says the article. "So do society butterflies, and wage-workers, and hundreds of other girls who have not the wisdom or experience to establish a just relation between their physical incomes and outgoes. But it is over-worry much oftener than overwork that sends the college girl or her non-collegiate sister into nervous prostration."

Hurrah! says THE PHILISTINE, for the outside world, which is beginning to appreciate at last what we have realized so long! There is comfort in this. There is further comfort in this article in seeing that at other colleges, also, there is required

gym, and in even bigger doses than we have it!

Notice.

"The Belle's Stratagem" will be given in the Gymnasium this evening, Saturday, at 8 o'clock, for the benefit of the Students' Building. Reserved seats, 50 cents; admission, 35 cents.

At Nine o'Clock.

As Taylor bell rings for nine o'clock a stream of people begins to flow past my window, coming out of the blue shadow of the arch and passing along the straight walk to Taylor in the clear sunlight. First there is a long line of non-residents in coats and hats; workmen, with boxes, instruments, rolls of wallpaper; brisk secretaries with books under their arms; professors on bicycles; then the crowd of girls a little late for recitation. There are some serious girls, walking alone with thoughtful bent heads; mysterious girls clinging to another's arm and telling important secrets; studious girls reading as they walk; some laughing, turning their faces over their shoulders and shouting back to somebody at a window; others arguing, telling funny stories, giving advice, making engagements. At last they have all gone by, except for belated stragglers. A graceful girl with untidy hair runs by desperately, her gown flying out behind her. Her feet are in very small evening slip-

pers; they fairly twinkle on the white walk. She flutters up the steps and disappears. Then comes a girl in a green dress with five notebooks under her arm. She looks at Taylor, then up at the sky; stops uncertainly for a moment, and then walks off idly to the cherry tree. A very neat girl in a dark dress with white collar and cuffs comes next; walking firmly with the points of her small feet turned out. Some one calls her from a window, she turns about. She has a narrow important-looking face. "What?" she calls, puckering her slender eyebrow. "No, I haven't time," and she walks on. She is stopped by another girl, with a broad smiling face. She has been running awkwardly, with her large feet far apart, her ragged gown swelling out behind ridiculously. She puts her hand on the other's shoulder and they talk for a moment. The girl at the cherry tree hails her: "Come out here, quickly!" she calls. The smiling girl turns uncertainly: "I was in a great hurry," she calls, "but—" she jumps off the walk and runs stumbling over the grass. The other falters on to Taylor. And now the walk is empty; and I haven't the slightest excuse for not beginning to study.

G. L. M., '03.

In the Interest of Posterity.

There were two Frenchmen once, brothers, who were filled

with grief because the people of their day, the city streets, the open country, the ships, in fact the whole spectacle of the world, as it passed before their eyes, should vanish and be forgotten. Therefore they resolved to make a picture of their times in prose, and they successfully described, for future generations, their impressions of every kind. I cannot help wondering, as I look from my window, whether they would have tried to snatch from oblivion the things that I am seeing. On the whole, I think not.

Opposite there stands a row of brownstone fronts, disconsolate under these dull morning clouds. One stoop is particularly unpleasant, because yesterday they tried to wash it, and when the water froze they sprinkled steps and sidewalk with ashes. Two old gentlemen in tight overcoats, slipping very much, are assisting each other to cross the place. I think they would avoid the danger by stepping into the roadway, if two horses did not stand in the gutter at just that spot. The poor beasts are cold and as they face each other, shivering, I think one is communicating to the other how very cold he is, for the other nods his head now and again. One is hitched to a cart labelled, "J. McCarron, Sanitary Plumber." The other cart announces, "Enoch, Table Luxuries." Both of these may appear to the imagination of those who shall people the earth in times to come. In the first

they will see the source of one of the seven original jokes. The second will set them wondering what we considered table luxuries. Will they ever guess such diverse *unnecessaries* as "Force" and the kind of candies that spout curious liquors when you bite into them!

If I lean to the left, and look out of the very corner of the window, I can see two men digging for a gas-pipe through the asphalt. Like all street labourers they are lazy. They are so lazy that they demoralise each delivery man that passes. Leaning on a pickaxe and shovel, and expectorating with freedom, they hold the butcher and grocer and expressmen in a spell, conversing on politics and the weather, for that is what men chiefly talk of.

Now, a man goes by shouting "Bath-towels—any old bath-towels!" At least, to uninitiated ears it sounds that way. In reality he is calling, "Rags and bottles." I have lived in New York all my life, and I know. What possible interest could that have for future generations?

All these passing sights are trivial and not even picturesque. If I were French I should be watching a throng of carriages, carts, and omnibuses; words like these would be painted on the signs, "*Filles de Calvaire—Les Ternes*," and there would be other street cries than "Rags and bottles." However, one cannot know what may please and interest posterity.

'OR.

1906 to 1904.

On the evening of April 25, the "*Café des Frais-hommes*" was opened to the Junior Class, who eagerly took advantage of this opportunity for a glimpse into the much-vaunted French Café. The foreign atmosphere was secured by the pure Parisien French of the attentive garçons, while the threatened dual and the Anarchists' plot against the English Duke were of an eminently continental type.

Charming songs and dances were a part of the evening's entertainment. The graceful dances of Miss Kingsbacher and the "Petit Pieds" commanded the warmest praise, as did the delightful chanson of Miss De Koven. Fun and frolic were furnished by the antics of Pierre and Pierrot, Miss Neall and Miss Katzenstein. The audience was still breathless with enthusiasm when Miss Ford as a dainty, French flower-girl, danced among the guests, scattering nosegays to right and left.

The evening ended with the enthusiastic songs and cheers of '04 for '06. The Junior Class wishes to congratulate the Freshmen upon the originality and success of their Café.

The Funny-Foot Man.

I knew him the summer I was seven, and I used to call him the funny-foot man. He was very old, small and bent; and he always seemed to me to be trying to keep up with his great shuffling

feet; he would peer down at them so anxiously with his bleary eyes, and mumble to himself in such a complaining tone. "They do go so fast, I can't keep up," I thought he was saying.

I was sure that it was his feet, and not he himself, which were so methodical and brought him by my steps every morning just at ten minutes past eleven. I knew the time, for at eleven on sunny days I always carried out my great slice of bread and butter and jam, to eat on the side steps, where the horse chestnut tree threw flying patches of sun and shadow over me. And every day, just as I was licking my fingers and looking about me for crumbs, my little old man used to shuffle past.

For a long time I merely looked at him lazily as he went by, and, perhaps, took him into the story with which my mind was then busy; he figured as Isaac of York, the geni of the lamp, and other characters. But at last one day a sudden change came in my ideas of him. It was a Sunday afternoon; and sitting under the cherry tree I was in a rare mood for me; one inspired only by certain Sunday books—"London Parsonage" and the "Fairchild Family"—read to us on that day and no other. And I was casting about in my mind how I, like the good children in those books, should give away my riches to the poor. "But I don't know any poor," I thought sadly—and then I suddenly remembered the funny-foot man.

"He must be poor, or he wouldn't have that kind of feet," I considered. And as I thought of him, of course, by association of ideas, I thought of bread and jam. "I'll give him all my bread to-morrow," I resolved; and during the rest of the afternoon and that night when I was in bed, I pictured myself doing my deed of charity.

"Here, my good man, is some bread for you," I would say with a royal gesture. "Thank you kindly, pretty lady," he would reply and take off his ragged hat.

The next morning I could hardly wait for eleven o'clock, and when it came I shocked Maria with my demands for extra jam. Yet after I had run out to the side steps, with it held tightly in my hand, I had to wait for a long time. While waiting I nibbled nervously at the edge of the bread. But at last I heard his shuffling feet and saw him turn the corner. Then all at once my heart began to beat loudly, my tongue stuck in my mouth. I half got up from the steps and sat down again. Suddenly the conviction overpowered me that I should not dare to speak to him. I saw the little old man draw nearer; he passed without looking at me and shuffled off down the street. And as I saw him go, in my shame and rage against myself I threw the bread and jam into the grass, and throwing myself down beside it, wept loudly.

G. L. M., '03.

Why the Hepatica Wears a Fur Overcoat.

Deep in the woods I went, early
one Spring

From the brook to the hillside
bare,

And I found one lone little
flower, poor thing,

A-cold in the frosty air.

For Spring had forgotten some
errands at home

And had just run back for a
minute,

So Winter, unchecked, through
the woodland did roam

And froze everything that was
in it.

I said, "Do wrap something
around you, I pray,

Do be prudent!" Without a
demur

My flower sent down to her
mother to say,

"My heavy coat, please, lined
with fur."

But I went, last week, to the
woods again

(And the heat would have
melted a stone),

And as I approached the identi-
cal glen,

Where my cold little flower
had grown,

I saw all her sisters, poor hot
little things,

All muffled in fur to their
throats,

And they wailed: "All your
fault! Just because *she* was
cold,

Ma insists on our wearing *our*
coats!" A. S., '04.

A Summer's Day.

The night was dark in the forest. The few last stars were setting. There was only the ripple of the stream, as it ran and splashed over its pebbles and stones, to show that the stream was there. There was only the faint rustling in the branches of the high hemlocks to show that the trees were there. And then softly over the rocky hill onto the stream below fell the first faint colors of day. Now pink-tinged the water dashed on, over a stony bottom of bright blues and reds and greys, all the clearer for the keen dawn light. Now even an early rising trout jumped up through the flickering mist to the white air, and fell back with a shiver of relief into his comfortable pool. Then in another minute a doe and her fawn stepped daintily down to the narrow pebbly beach, and sipped of the cold running water. As they stood there, the first sunbeam struck down over the hill, glinted the foam of the stream, crossed the white-spotted back of the fawn, and went to play around the lacy hemlock boughs. A chipmunk, too, jerked its quick way to the water, took its morning drink, blinked as it munched a pine cone, then was off to scrap with a friend. A young woodpecker sleepily banged at his tree. "Yes, he supposed he would have to wake up and begin that new hole, he knew it"—the sun was pouring long spirals of light through the woods; patterns played on

the leaves of the maple; the trout glistened now, silver and pink, as they gracefully, gleefully jumped and dipped again. All was fresh, bright and awake in the forest.

"Here, Peter, hand over that worm box. You can take my coat. Shall I put on a Palmer, Cheney, Bell, or a white fly?" said the little boy, proud of the name and his fly book, as he appealed to his guide. They waded into the stream, the boy casting first this way, then that, the guide ready with the landing net. Soon they were around the bend. Half an hour went by. A hermit thrush sang lustily from the cedar swamp off over there. One flock of crows, then another caw-cawed their way above the green tips of the trees, black against the brilliant blue sky. Then from around the corner came an Angler and his guide, in high waders, fairly tip-toeing over the slippery bottom, without a word, without a smile. "Stand back there, Jack. You spoiled that pool," growled the Angler, whipping over into it. "Sun's bright for rising. We'll have lunch." So they climbed to the bank; and soon a thin curl of smoke found its way out of the intricacy of green into the sky above; the coffee rattled the cover of the pot, as it boiled; Jack and the Angler hurriedly swallowed ham sandwiches; while perhaps broken eggshell mixed with the moss and the pine needles, and fooled a particularly greedy chipmunk.

"No. I can't possibly stop. A trout has got to take this fly, before I eat a thing." This from a wild girl above her knees in water, her hair a good deal down over a frown, her lips suspiciously in the shape of profane language. Once she was pretty, but now she only savagely slashed her rod down the stream, thereby catching numerous ambitious flies in the branches above and snags below. "Now, if you were any good, if you were Billy, the guide—I have him well-trained, except that he will call me by my first name—you would swear for me, yes *swear*. Oh dear, I wish that trout were as easy to catch as snags, or as men even!" This to a man with a patient smile and numerous worm boxes, fly books, creels, rods, and landing nets, who waded behind her and wanted his lunch. "I wish so, too," he meekly assented, "Snags and men have a harder time getting out of the fix," he went on as he waded to the hopeless task of extricating her flies. "Yes, that's another thing—trout will not stay on when they're hooked. Just see that one fall off. Oh,

let's have lunch! Call the rest." The call of the man mingled with a loon's crazy laugh. A brilliant sun beat down. It was high noon in the forest.

Then the shadows lengthened, the sounds grew fainter, till the sun swept low aslant the woods, lighting up ferns and brakes to a luminous green, throwing shadows along the ground of brown pine needles, and across the never-ending succession of brown trunks, which shot straight up some scores of feet to spread dark green above. All around there pervaded the majestic open gloom of a cathedral to which the vastness added impressiveness. Here and there great boulders covered with moss and ferns seemed to offer themselves as altars. Only the ripples of the stream and the occasional grunt of a bullfrog dared to break the stillness—till, from behind the hill, in pink, softly reflected from the western sky, a slip of a new moon sailed slyly up, and in the faint blue around, stars twinkled out, the forest slept, off-guard, while the moon and the stars played together. D. D., '05.

Descriptive Bits.

O pleasant walks I used to take,
O'er hill and dale for Nature's sake,
No more in her is my delight,
Her style is flat; her charms are trite,
And now I scour hill and dale
For vivid and concrete detail,
To hail with glee what e'er I deem
Fit to adorn a daily theme.



A.—Why didn't you come to Bryn Mawr?

B.—Too absent-minded.

Neighbor Jones.

Our enmity began a long time ago in the Dark Ages of our first coming to the little mountain village, when we had aroused universal indignation by fencing in our property; a then unheard of act of aristocratic exclusiveness. But the hostility of neighbor Jones was based on no such general cause for complaint. His farm land adjoining ours, he felt as a peculiar hardship what he conceived to be our unnatural prejudice against cows and pigs on the front lawn. As he explained it, "Grass is grass and cows is

cows and the conclusion that the two belonged to each other by natural right seemed to him too self-evident for mention. For the first months there was a certain Satanic splendor about the magnitude of his depredations. He would devote whole days to pulling up cedar posts and cutting down trees, and when remonstrated with retorted that, "He guessed the trouble was his and we needn't a' be complainin'."

There was never, however, anything personal about his feelings. He was merely the champion of a principle and quite will-

ing of a morning to lean over the hedge and converse. In the monotony of our secluded life the bent old figure with the rugged face and wicked, humorous eyes was not wholly unwelcome.

One day, while I was reading a book on the porch, he appeared in boastful mood. "Say," he began. "Is that there book o' your'n po'try? I'm goin' into that business myself. I was down to E-town a callin' for a city gal with my team, and she didn't never turn up, so I jist made up some po'try. Would you like to hear?" And without waiting for encouragement, he recited:

"It's hard to wait,
But O how bitter
To wait for a gal,
And not to git her."

My amusement pleased him immensely, and he felt prompted to tell of his other recent achievements, "I tell you I've got the finest boarder as ever came to this valley. The greatest man in the country. The United States bug-theologian. Yes, ma'am; ye needn't laugh, that's what he be." Nothing would move him from this assertion and when, on an afternoon stroll I met an old gentleman with a butterfly net—the state entomologist—I guessed the identity of Jones' boarder.

At another time, on my suggesting that it was uneconomical for him to devote so much time to our annoyance instead of

farming his land, he squelched me effectively with, "There's p'ison for potato bugs," putting such sinister emphasis on his words that I inwardly rejoiced at not bearing any resemblance to the insect.

After some time the acts of hostility suddenly ceased, and our suspicions lulled to rest by uninterrupted tranquillity, we ventured to trim the lawn and even set up some ornamental statues. Then a hot spell came upon the land, making havoc among our neighbor's slender live stock, and one morning we awoke to the sight of a lifeless mother, surrounded by her family of pink and tender porkers laid out in rude but unmistakable imitation of our choicest circular flower bed. From behind the hedge came Jones' voice, solemn, complacent, yet with an under current of mirth: "Yas'm, it was jist seein' you had them tombstone figgers I thought it'd be kinder neighborly to supply the corpses."

H. G., '03.

Cousin Betty.

We had always thought of Cousin Betty with a certain feeling of proprietorship; we looked upon her as being in all probability a perfect playmate, and as peculiarly belonging to us children in that she was our only cousin. We had heard of her ever since we could remember, but none of us had ever seen her,

and when mother told us that she was coming to make us a visit of three whole weeks, we were naturally pretty excited. Once at our grandmother's Nell had seen a photograph of Cousin Betty, and Jack and Dorothy and I never forgot its description:

"Grandmother's awfully careful of it," Nell had said, "She keeps it in a little frame that opens like a book, and has red plush inside. It's the dearest picture, with the cheeks tinted pink, and the eyes very blue, and she has straight, straight brown hair, and she wears it parted like Dorothy's."

"Does she really look good fun?" asked Jack, and Nell answered doubtfully that she was "perfectly dear looking," but that she couldn't be sure whether she were so awfully jolly or not. So we asked father, and father laughed and said that Cousin Betty was hardly a romp, but that she was what he, at least, meant by "good fun," and that we had better wait and see.

The day before Cousin Betty arrived, mother called us all together, and told us that we must remember that Cousin Betty wasn't very used to being with children, that she was delicate, and that Jack and I, particularly, must not be too boisterous, and that we must all be quiet when our cousin took her sleep in the afternoon, and that her nurse was coming with her. At this Dorothy fairly danced for joy,

because she alone of all of us had not yet passed beyond the age of naps and nursemaids.

"Your Cousin Betty loves to be out of doors like all you children," said mother, "I've no doubt she can show you a trick or two at your gardening, Jack, and she especially wrote me to tell you, Dorothy, to get out your pieces so that she could help with the dolls' spring dress-making."

"I hate girls that sew," asserted Jack.

"I love them," said Dorothy.

The great day arrived, and father and mother set off to the station, with a parting word to us to be ready for Cousin Betty, and to give her such a good welcome that she couldn't possibly feel homesick and sorry that she had come. So we lined up in the library windows, passing away the time with plans.

"There'll be time to show her the playroom before dinner, and Dorothy's dolls before bedtime," said Nell; and Jack and I exchanged meaning glances, for we had firmly decided to test her skill at jackstones, before she had been in the house an hour. The carriage rolled into the drive, and stopped at the porch. Mother jumped out first, then a woman laden with bags, air-cushions, shawls and a fan, and finally father with a tall graceful woman leaning heavily on his arm. Her clothes were a soft beautiful gray; her hair, parted in the middle like Dorothy's,

was of the same wonderful gray shade; her cheeks were tinted with pink, and her eyes very blue.

"The nurse," announced Jack, briefly. "Where's Cousin Betty?" The doors of the carriage slammed shut, and the horses trotted off towards the stable. "She didn't come," cried Dorothy. "Father, where's Cousin Betty?" The woman with the gray hair laughed:

"Dear me, John," she said to father. "Is that Dorothy? She doesn't know me—I'm Cousin Betty, children; come say you're glad to see me, quick."

We were perfectly aghast; too startled and surprised to speak, we stood in a stolid row, with our mouths wide open, and our hearts beating fast with disappointment. It was Jack who set us right:

"Gee whiz, we've made a mistake," he whispered hoarsely. "She's grown up!"

On the instant *our* Cousin Betty faded like a lovely vision, and we went up shyly and greeted *father's*.

I. L., '03.

NOTICE.

The College Breakfast will be held in the Gymnasium on Wednesday, June 3, at twelve o'clock.

Tickets one dollar each and may be obtained on payment of that sum to E. Frederica Le Fevre, 61 Merion, on or before May 18.

The Philosophical Club.

On Friday evening, April 24, Mr. Ormond addressed the Philosophical Club on the subject of "Kant as a Representative Philosopher."

Mr. Ormond said that a philosopher is more than an investigator in ethics, metaphysics or psychology. Though interested in these subjects, a philosopher does not take them up in a specialized way, for he is interested in the unity of the culture of the whole. This separates the philosopher from the man of science. A philosopher is a philosopher in proportion to the way in which he responds to the needs of his time. Taking Kant as a representative philosopher in this sense, we find that his work may be divided into three periods: the pre-empirical period, 1750-60; the empirical period, 1760-70, and the development of critical rationalism, 1770-81.

In the first period, Kant was influenced by his study of mathematics, physics and astronomy. Of fifteen publications of this period, all but three are on scientific subjects. Here he makes no advance in metaphysics. The second period is one of ferment and change. The disturbing factor is empiricism. Kant studied Locke and Hume. Though the extent of their influence on him has been questioned,—many ascribing most influence to Locke,—Mr. Ormond thinks there is no doubt that Hume was his greatest teacher, for Kant here breaks from ra-

tionalism and follows Hume, to identify himself with empiricism.

In the third period came Kant's crowning achievement,—his theory of conceptions. Here he leaves dogmatic and materialistic rationalism, and advances to critical rationalism.

We see then that Kant is representative in the way he responds to the elements of the time; representative in his struggle for truth, and adoption of a new point of view, and representative of the individualism of the times in trying to unify theories of knowledge and practice.

The Little Acrobat.

He tumbled and jumped on the carpet soft,

With his acrobat's nimble art,
He stood on his head, with heels aloft,

And he bowed, his hand to his heart.

And the ladies applauded the sight,

And exclaimed in polite surprise,

They said it was *wonderful quite*,

While he rubbed his bewildered eyes.

He longed to be safely in bed,

He wished they would leave him in peace,

But he had to perform instead,
For my lord's and my lady's caprice.

So he tumbled and jumped on the carpet soft,

With his acrobat's nimble art,
He stood on his head, with heels aloft,

And he bowed, his hand to his heart. A. M. K., '03.



A Dinner at the Executive Mansion.

Last night I had a curious dream. In fact I dreamed that President Roosevelt sent me a note on a torn scrap of paper, written in pencil and turned down at the corner, asking me to dinner; it was signed merely, "Teddy" (or it *may* have been "Theodore").

Dressed as I was, in a shirt-waist and short skirt, I followed the messenger who brought the invitation; I found a large number of guests already assembled. The President took me in and I sat on his left; I remember wondering why it was not his right. The table was very long and narrow, like an attenuated Pem-

broke dining-room table, and the costumes, viands, and manners that prevailed were those of College, "only more so." After the salad I saw Mrs. Roosevelt, at the far end of the table, rise and unceremoniously withdraw. She was followed at intervals by various of the guests to whom, dream-like, I knew she had whispered that the dessert was rice-pudding.

But I was occupied; for the President, with sleeves rolled up and in the manner he exhibits in campaign snap-shots, was telling me an exciting story of ranch life to which I listened intently, elbows on table and chin supported in both hands, interrupting occasionally with such requests as "Please pass the salt."

I woke in the midst of the story, and have been troubled ever since with a vague fear that my dream must have been prompted by some inherent, albeit unconscious, lack of respect within me for the dignity of the powers that be. C. D. L., '03.

Alumnæ Notes.

'00.

Rita Levering is engaged to Mr. Theodore E. Brown, of Philadelphia.

Cornelia Halsey is engaged to Mr. Frederick Kellogg, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

'02.

Emily Dungan is engaged to Mr. George W. Moore, Jr., of Moore, Pa.

Caroline Esther McManus was married to Mr. John R. Dickey, on April 23, 1903.

College Notes.

On April 15, the Wednesday evening sermon was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Harlan P. Beach. On the 29th, the Rev. Dr. Elwood Worcester delivered the sermon.

On April 21, Mrs. Florence Kelly, secretary of the National Consumers' League, addressed the College Settlement on "Child Labor."

On April 22, Miss Louisa Holmquist addressed the Christian Union on "The Lake George Conference."

On April 24, there was a formal meeting of the Philosophical Club, addressed by Professor A. Ormond, of Princeton University. The subject of his lecture was "Kant as a Representative Philosopher."

On April 25, the Class of '06 gave an entertainment in honor of the Class of '04.

On May 1, occurred the Spring College Reception.

In the Department of Mathematics it has been announced that Professor Scott will offer next year a one-hour free elective, open to all students in College.

The members of the Freshman Class in Summit Grove will give "The Comedy of Errors," by William Shakespeare, on the lawn of Summit Grove, on Friday afternoon, May the eighth, at four-fifteen o'clock, for the benefit of the Students' Building. The tickets will be one dollar and may be obtained from the Wardens in the Halls, or by letter from Miss Parris, Summit Grove, Bryn Mawr.

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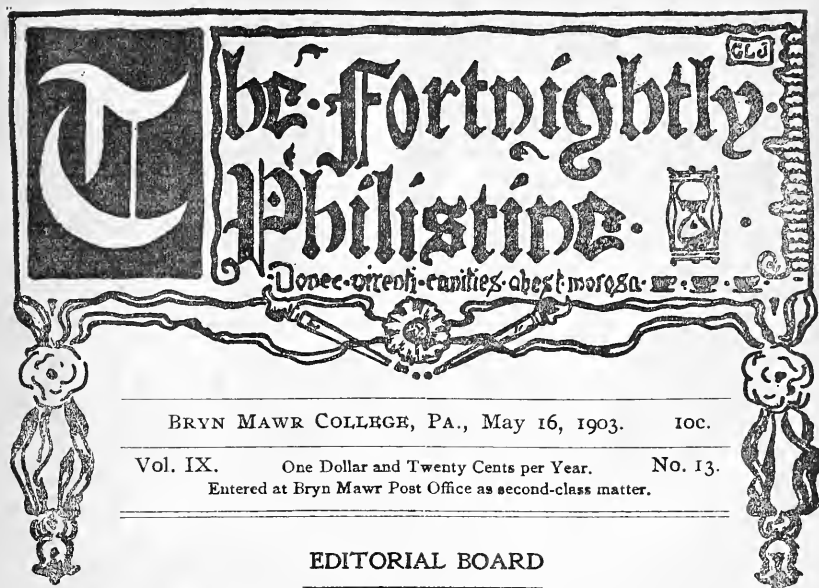
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Editorial.

THE PHILISTINE, the poor, tired PHILISTINE is appearing for the last time, ere he betake himself to his hole for his summer's rest. All the campus is green about him, the trees are in the first freshness of young leaf and blossom. Overhead, the birds in their bright plumage are glorifying the sun. Everyone

feels the new life of the spring, that is everyone but THE PHILISTINE. Life has begun awry for him. He must work all the cold, dull winter while the birds rest,—and the warm weather holds no charms for his tired little animal-being. Then, too, what's the use? All his friends, and two of his dear editors are leaving him, turning him

over to new hands to guide him in his weary work.

It seems to him that he has never felt so depressed. Not that it doesn't happen every year,—it does,—but his devoted attachment to a class has never been so great, nor has he ever so mourned at its departure. What is left for him then but to drag himself to his hole, try to sleep a little, trusting that he may wake up in the fall with at least some prospect of pleasure in the winter's work.

We can all sympathize with the melancholy PHILISTINE, we who are feeling the weight of new responsibilities, and the loss of old friends with whom we have lived so long. Truly we are half inclined to think that spring should not be so joyous. But perhaps she feels happy in being able to show herself to all the world, wearing as she does and always will the colors of 1903.

Notice.

The College Breakfast will be held in the Gymnasium on Wednesday, June 3, at twelve o'clock.

Tickets, one dollar each, and may be obtained on payment of that sum to E. Fredrica LeFevre, 61 Merion, on or before May 18.

The End of the Year.

So this is really the end of the year; of the eight months that have gone by in a flash since the night I rattled up to Pembroke Arch in this same omnibus that now is carrying me away.

I can remember the very things I was thinking of as I first saw the College buildings loom up through the mist dotted with rare specks of light. How can those eight months have been swallowed up so completely? Have I been asleep and dreaming all this time and have I just awakened? When I look back over the time, what is it that stands out? Somehow the little things and not the important ones, little flashes of colored pictures across my mind: somebody standing in the sun on a windy day; the green cup of the athletic field with its moving spots of color; the look of the campus that gray day when everything went wrong; and the sky that starlit night when we drove around the big pond and sang all the way to keep up our courage. It is in bits like this that the whole year comes back to me; and then all at once it comes to me as a whole, a great, pleasant picture that I suddenly realize has gone from me forever. And the self that stood in that picture is gone, too; next year, if I come back, I shall see a different picture with different eyes. "It is the last time," I say to myself. Then the 'bus stops with a jar and I suddenly see the station with its flaring lights that dwindle and then quickly grow large again, its hurrying figures and clouds of steam. I gather up my bags in a daze and scramble out and into the train as I have done so many times before. But the words are still echoing in my ears and as I look

back at the flaring lights growing dimmer and dimmer, it seems to me there is something there waving good-bye to me.

G. L. M., '03.

Senior Initials.

The Senior this year is an *Extremely Learned Fellow*, *Eccentrically Clever*, *Awfully Much Bright*, who finds *Languages Easily Mastered*. She pretends that she *Judges Kemistry Heavenly*, but as she has *Many Chemical Burns*, she *Finds Chemistry Wearisome*. Having a *Mathematically Erudite Brain* she *Absorbs Mathematical Knowledge*; report says she is *Economically Demented*, but her *Economics Done Flirtatiously*, she is to *Medieval Romances Wedded*. She *Grinds Like Mad* and *Studies Pretty Late*, and *Ever Wakes Weary*; therefore are her *Examinations Scarcely Survived*.

Although she has *Very Thin Sticks*, *Always Was Little*, and is *Hardly Gigantic*, she is *Ever Stirring*. She *Makes Glorious Full-back*, and, having *Much Momentum*, is a *Lusty Ball Lunger*. But she is *Ever Hungry*, poor thing.

Socially considered she is an *Elegantly Modeled Unity* and a *Correctly Habited Gentlewoman*, *Ever Deliciously Ladylike*, who *Has Languishing Propensities*, and *Entertains Men Beautifully*, so that *Hearts Just Rip*. Perhaps this is why she *Mostly Goes Paired*, *Frequents*

Innumerable Buggies, and *Encourages Every Suitor*. This *Engaging Littler Babblor* is a *Rosy Talkative Juvenile*, who is *Ever Mincing Gracefully*. She is *Considered Decidedly Loquacious*, and an *Endlessly Lively Narrator*, though she is sometimes a *Spice Box*. Being a *Man Reformer*, she possesses *Graceful Elegant Dignity*, does this *Angelic Mild Saint*. So of course she *Really Isn't Scandalous*, although she *Feigns Terrible Wickedness*, and *Amasses Improper Stories*. Of an affectionate disposition, she **Loves Practically Anyone*, and is *Always Loyal* to her *Adoring Helpmate*. Her *Hobby Is Bridge*.

You would not think this *Happy Singing Damsel*, *Always Blandly Amiable*, this *Kitten Finely Frizzled*, was cruel, but she *Wriggling Grasshoppers Might Vivisect Gladly*. She has a *Provokingly Contentious Will*, is *Dreadfully Disputations*, and is a *Conspicuously Fearless Wrangler*; she even *Manufactures Delicate Sarcasms*, which makes her *Mercilessly Tantalizing* and *Small But Troublesome*. She is *Emphatic While Consistent*, but being a *Modest Person*, she *Ever Declares Repentance*, and then *Habitually Answers "What?"* If opposed she is *Konstantly Hurt*. One so *Dreadfully Efficient* is of course *Ever Driven*, *Ever Most Busy*, as may be seen by

*L. P. A. objects. She really *Loves Passionately Alumnae*.

regarding our *Minute Sprightly Secretary*.

So she is *Rightfully Beamingly Welcomed*, and is well typified by our *Absent President*.

"The Comedy of Errors."

On Friday, May 8, "The Comedy of Errors" was presented at Summit Grove for the benefit of the Students' Building. The parts were taken as follows:

Solinus Anna MacClanahan
 Aegeon Phoebe Crosby
 Antipholus of Ephesus
 Virginia Robinson
 Antipholus of Syracuse
 Ruth McNaughton
 Dromio of Ephesus
 Flora Gifford
 Dromio of Syracuse
 Marion Reilly
 Angelo Anne Pratt
 A Merchant Mary Wells
 Pinch, a Conjurer,
 Helen Sandison
 Aemilia Mary Withington
 Adriana Grace Wade
 Luciana Frances Simpson
 Gaoler Adelaide Evans
 Soldiers.—Jean Martin, Helen
 Sandison, Kate Shugert, Mary
 Withington.

The stage, surrounded as it was by vine-covered walls, was a picturesque background for the effective costumes of the actors, whose performance was surely in keeping with the surrounding harmony. Miss Gifford as Dromio was especially successful, and Mr. King and Miss Parris, who trained the actors, are much to be congratulated. It is a pity

that Shakespeare's plays are so seldom attempted in college.

The Junior-Senior Supper.

From the moment when the procession of Seniors and Juniors entered the mediæval banquet hall, richly hung with its banners of red and blue, and its quartered shields, the spirit of the Junior-Senior supper rang true. Perhaps there was less boisterous cheering and singing than usual, but that was because of the exquisite and inherently impressive little play that was given. Tennyson's "Gareth and Lynette" had been dramatized by Miss Lombardi and Miss Temple (who had supplied passages in blank verse when necessary), and thanks to the stage manager, Miss Army, it was presented with all the dignity, simplicity and seriousness that an Arthurian legend demands. It seemed as though we had turned back to a real and beautiful dream when Queen Guinevere "with her milk-white arms and shadowy hair," and "so unmoved a majesty," the hoary, venerable Merlin, and the mail-clad knights paced the length of the hall to come into the presence of the king; and again, when the clear voice of the dark-eyed boy Gareth, as he kneeled with his hand in Lancelet's and the king's, knighted by Excalibur, rang out with his oath:

"To reverence the king, as if he were

My conscience, and my conscience as my king,"

we felt the burden of the quest, as though it were ours, from the king who was "the highest and most human too, that pure severity of perfect light."

Lynette in turn was a truly Arthurian heroine, with her rosy silken veil and slender white arms, a delicate and lofty lady with a fine scorn of Arthur's kitchen-knave, and the suggestion of pots and pans.

The richness of the stage setting, the beauty and the rhythm of the lines, the ease and the dignity of the actors, combined to make the play one of the most thoroughly charming and impressive productions ever given in the gymnasium.

It left an atmosphere of keen and hushed enthusiasm that was at its height when Miss Foster, on behalf of the Class of 1904, presented to the college a large silver loving cup, to be used at all the Junior-Senior suppers of the future. The cup was entrusted to the Senior Class, who will leave it with the present Sophomores, who will repeat the ceremony next year. And so the Junior Class will always be supplied with a loving cup, large enough and beautiful enough to drown all old scores and rivalries and pledge the health of the departing Seniors. Our hope for the future is that the classes that drink from the loving cup will be fêted and sung to at Junior-Senior suppers with as much beauty and feeling as was this one of 1904 and 1903.

At Night.

"Wake up, Polly, you remember, the monkeys have all moved to South America."

A fair-haired boy leaned from his white crib and fumbled in the darkness for some hold on the adjoining bed. The coverlet stirred in answer to his tugs and a brown head appeared. "Yes," murmured a sleepy voice "South 'Merica."

"Polly! you're losing interest. Why don't you go ahead?"

The wide-awake boy pulled harder at the blanket and the sleepy voice suddenly grew energetic.

"Of course I'm not losing interest. Just because I stop to think, you suppose I'm not going on with the story."

"Jock and Joseph led the band of monkeys and they traveled to the Orinoco (that's a mountain down there, isn't it?). On the top of Orinoco they built a city with walls and a big green-house and a big dance hall. And Wife, she's the only girl monkey in the tribe, had silks and satin robes and—"

"Cut that out! Who cares what togs she had? Tell how the orang-outangs attacked them."

"Oh yes:

"The leader of the wild apes in the woods was Fistles. He took a spy-glass one day and saw Jock and Joseph advancing up Orinoco followed by a million monkeys each carrying a stone. When they got to the top they

made walls of the stones, and when they had gone inside the walls, Fistles brought up his army to capture the citadel.'"

"But say! Why didn't Fistles attack before Jock built the walls?"

"My, but you're silly! How could any one capture a citadel before it was built? If you talk any more I won't play.

"Fistles marshaled his crowd in front of the tremendous gate, and Jock leaned over the top and called out "Fraid cat." Fistles ordered his bugler to march around the city playing "Hot Time." The walls shook and began to fall! But Joseph sprang to the rampart with a Jew's-harp and whistled "Take Your Clothes and Go." The tottering walls stood still. With a cry of rage, Fistles ran away. Monkey land was saved.'"

"Now tell how Jock killed the big snake, Polly, you know, the constrictor."

"Let me think a minute and I'll remember."

"Polly, I'm ashamed of you! I said you were losing interest. Polly, talk!"

But Polly had lost interest.

A. D. G., '05.

Out of the Fulness of Life.

Once upon a time there was a whole very large assembly of Rosebuds on the wall-paper of a bedroom. And the reason that they were gathered together was that it was the youngest grand-child's birthday and her mamma

and papa were giving a party for her. All the uncles and aunts, all the great uncles and aunts, all the great great uncles and aunts in the country for miles around had been invited, and what's more, every last one of them had accepted; for any evening affair that this particular branch of the Rosebud family might give was not the sort of thing that one would care to miss. So here they all were, all looking particularly beautiful, and quite conscious of it too, against the becoming cream-colored background with its satin stripes.

"Dear me," simpered Mrs. Pink-at-the-Heart Rosebud, and swayed her buds coyly, tenderly, towards Mr. Prickles R. B., "I wonder if I look all right. I do wonder if my petals are polished and my thorns are on straight."

"My dear madam," Mr. Prickles R. B. gallantly returned, bowing low, "never have I seen beauty more exquisitely adorned. I can assure you that I—"

"So *that's* where you are, Prickles, don't you know that I've been looking everywhere for you?" snapped Mrs. P. R. B., from the other end of the wall, where somehow or other she seemed to have been mislaid. Mrs. Pink-at-the-Heart gave one contemptuous sniff, and that was the end of *that* affair.

But let's not wander from our point! By this time, they were assembled, the aunts and uncles, the great aunts and great uncles, the great great aunts and the

great great uncles, at their dear young niece's birthday party. All her own cousins were there, too—I forgot to mention them before, but they really weren't so very important, for they were little bits of things just like herself, only not quite so little. They had all shaken hands with the youngest grandchild and her happy beaming parents, and some of them had even patted her on the head, but very gingerly. It was a pleasant, proper party.

Now they had begun to have a quadrille, and already were standing in their places, waiting for the music to start. It was an especial kind of a Rosebud quadrille, but if you think I mean by that that they were scattered all over the cream-ground in riff-raff confusion, you are mistaken. All was as orderly as should be. It's always so with conservative Rosebuds, and you see by this that these *were* conservative Rosebuds.

Do you understand, the four big Rosebuds are the uncles and aunts, or the greats, or the great greats, as the case may be; the middle-sized ones are the own cousins; and the little teeny-weeny in the centre is the youngest grandchild. She was awfully embarrassed because she had to stand there all alone, but it was her first ball, so she was doing what she was told. Well, all the pushing, and jostling, and fussing that has to go on at a family party had stopped, they had "bowed to partners" (only

the birthday-grandchild didn't have any partner to bow to, and that was awkward), and now they were waiting for the fiddle so they could "chassez across." But just at this very moment, Great Uncle Fatty Rosebud (he's the top one) got a twinkle in his eye, and screamed out, very loud, so that everyone heard:

"Bless my soul, there's my dear little niece, and all this time uncle has forgotten to kiss her! Never mind, he'll do it now. Virtue shall have its reward—he'll do it now." And when the birthday-grandchild heard that, she was more frightened than she ever had been in all her whole life before. She *was* afraid of Great Uncle Fatty. So she just blush-rosed a little more than usual, and shook in her stem. But you needn't think that old Fatty was going to be daunted, and he bellowed louder than ever, "Virtue has its own reward—its reward—it has its reward—" and began to puff hard and to lean over towards the poor little thing till he nearly touched her. As for her, she was simply *paralyzed* now. She tried just as hard as she could to smile prettily back at him, and appear unconscious, for her mamma had given her lots of lessons in manners, but somehow the smile wouldn't come. That terrified her even more—she forgot where she was, she forgot her manners, her presents, even her supper, and tried to run away and hide. But the more she tried to run, the more she seemed to stick to the

pale cream-ground. She just plain couldn't move! By this time, old Fatty was getting really violent: besides, he thought it was a good joke to see little girls grow pale when their great uncle wanted to kiss them, so still roaring, "Yes, by Jove, Virtue is going to get its reward," and splitting his big fat sides with laughter, he started for her.

All at once, there was an awful wrench and a loud scream. Then you should have seen what happened. For out tumbled the dear-little-niece-birthday-grandchild, with a bit of her cream-colored ground, straight out of the quadrille and the family party, down and out, and fell—and—fell—

But that would begin another story!

E. L. B., '05.

I Wonder Why?

I.

All elephants, both large and small,

Have trunks, so I've been told;

But I have often wondered much
What all those trunks can hold,

Since elephants do not wear clothes,

But look quite gray and cold.

II.

Another thing I cannot see,

Is why papa declares

Our Fido has a lovely coat,

When he's covered quite by hairs;

And when I try to take it off,
He shows his teeth and glares.

III.

The cock, who hasn't any hair,
Takes a comb wherever he goes;

As far as I see all the combing
he does

To his feathers, is with his toes;

But then, perhaps, by the aid of
his comb,

He crows such beautiful
crows.

B. A., '06.



A Genealogist.

There is no society of gentlemen to whom our country is under more obligations than to that of the genealogists; for, while curiously searching into and extolling the virtues of their forefathers, they foster the very pleasant qualities they laud. And yet it must be added that, being as a rule elderly gentlemen of moderate means and unlimited leisure, they are liable to fall into

certain extravagances; and into using their genealogical researches to cry up their own virtues and position. So that (as my Uncle Hiram was wont to remark), they should often be made sensible of that wise saying of Plutarch: "It is indeed a desirable thing to be well descended, but the glory belongs to our ancestors."

My worthy uncle (he has died within the year) was himself a notable member of the above-mentioned respectable class. Not only was he at great pains and application to peruse his own lineage, but also that of all his friends; a new acquaintance was to him a source of exquisite interest.

The first time that I was carried, trembling, to see him as a child, I recall that I was no sooner set on his knee, but he put his finger beneath my chin, and observed my features narrowly; finally crying out well pleased: "The Montgomery eyebrow as I expected; and somewhat of the Samson nose. . . ." But an instant later he fetched a deep sigh; "For," said he, "'tis a pity the mouth is not a shade wider; else she would have been extraordinary, like her great grandmother Beale." Thereupon he set me gently on the floor, and fetched from off the wall a small, dark picture of an old woman, so ugly and beetle-browed that I started and fell a-weeping; and would not be relieved until he had raised me on his knee again, and exhibited to me a set

of ivory chessmen, which (he told me) had been brought years ago, from over seas, by my great uncle the Admiral.

As I grew older I began to take great pleasure in the innocent little eccentricities of my uncle; and would often wait upon him in his high dark study, the walls of which were almost completely covered with pictures of his ancestors; for (as the good gentleman was fond of saying) he loved to sit in a room, with his descendants looking up to him and his forefathers gazing down upon him.

I cannot conceal the fact that my uncle sometimes fell into certain little humors, connected with his favorite pursuit. He would never permit to pass unchallenged the lineage of certain respectable figures in history; as when he would cry out peremptorily that Andrew Jackson's uncle was well known to have been a cobbler; or would fall a-praising Lincoln as the best-descended man in the presidency.

On his hearers discovering surprise at such extraordinary statements, he would push his assertions with others yet more pragmatical. So that in conversation with Uncle Hiram, one was sensible of sundry gaping pitfalls of speech; and was forced to proceed in the manner described by Phaedrus, who relates of the Egyptian dogs, that they drink of the river Nile, running along, that they may not be seized upon by the crocodiles.

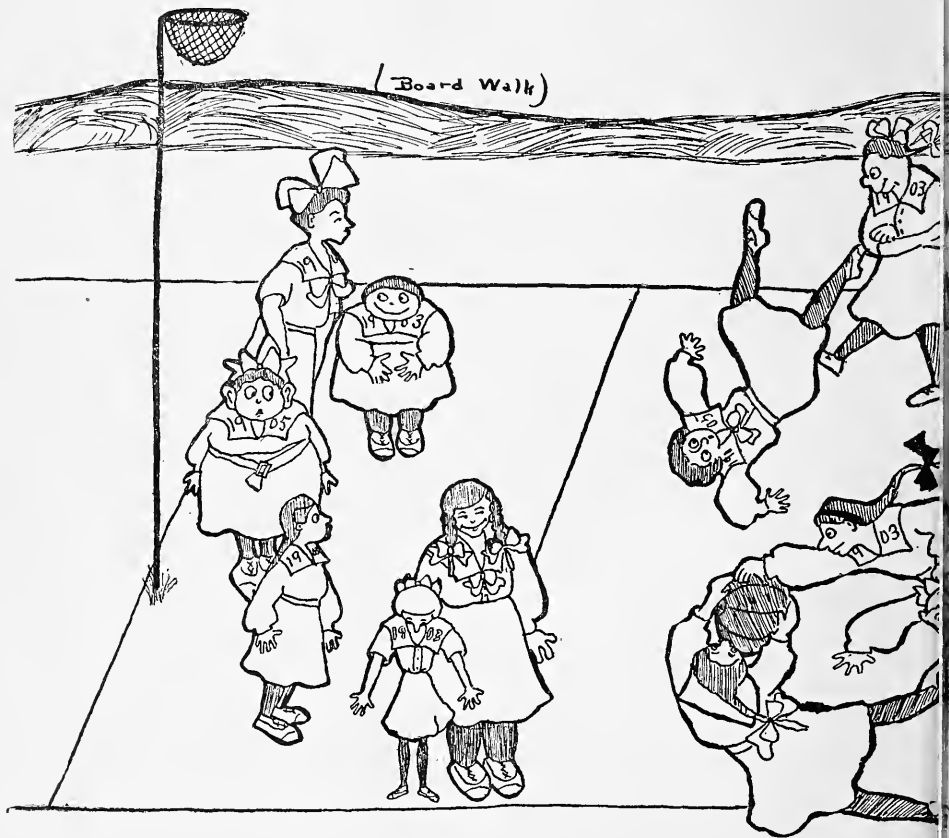
G. L. M., '03.

(Cloud)



(Bryn Mawr)

(Board Walk)



1903 vs. 1



Little Sketches of College Life.

It was eight o'clock of a May evening at Bryn Mawr. The Girl and her Friend were strolling slowly towards the athletic field. On Taylor steps the glee club were singing a lullaby, and the voices, softened by distance, seemed to melt into the mild air of the evening. One star shone in the dark blue of the sky. Girls were sitting under the trees near Pembroke, or walking in pairs up and down before Taylor, and their airy summer gowns made spots of light in the gathering twilight. Down by the athletic field the fire-flies flashed to and fro, now appearing, now disappearing, like bits of fairy gold. The sombre woods were lit up by them till the trees glowed as if covered with Christmas candles. The two girls sauntered back to where the halls were streaming brightness from every window. Laughter and clinking of china floated from one window in Radnor, where a Senior was giving a farewell tea. Somewhere on the campus a banjo was strumming. A group of girls talked in subdued tones under a tree near the deserted tennis courts. The Girl threw her arm about the shoulders of her Friend, "O Helen," she said, "such evenings as these are what makes college the thing we shall dream of in other years!"

T. L. R., '05.

Nonsense Verse.

She grabbed off all her brothers' hats
(She was both strong and active),
And placing them upon her head,
She cried, "Ain't I hat-rack-tive!"

Notice.

The Women's University Club of the city of New York was established in 1901 for the social welfare of college-bred women. The club-house at 13 E. Twenty-fourth street was opened in November, 1901. It contains attractive bedrooms, assembly-rooms and dining-room. The facilities of the restaurant have proved to be particularly convenient for club members. The assembly-rooms may be rented for the use of college or other social organizations. During the past two years, entertainments of a literary or musical character have been given at the club-house and have been a means of pleasant social intercourse for the many college women of New York.

The present membership of the club is about six hundred. The annual dues of resident members are \$10. Of non-resident members, \$5. The initiation fee is \$10. In applying for membership in the club the candidate's name should be proposed and seconded by club members in letters stating the candidate's qualification for membership, to the chairman of

the Committee on Admissions (13 E. Twenty-fourth street).

(Notice inserted by Mrs. Herbert Parsons, 112 E. Thirty-fifth street, New York City.)

College Notes.

On April 28 a Silhouette Tea was given on the campus before Pembroke West. Silhouettes were sold for the benefit of the Students' Building.

On May 2 the "Belle's Stratagem" was performed in the gymnasium for the benefit of the Students' Building.

On May 8 the "Comedy of Errors" was performed on the lawn of Summit Grove for the benefit of the Students' Building.

On May 8 the Junior-Senior Supper took place, at which a dramatization of "Gareth and Lynette" was performed.

The Baccalaureate Sermon will take place on Sunday, May 31.

The site for the new library is being staked out. The cornerstone will be laid at Commencement, immediately after the conferring of degrees.

Miss Marion Parris has been appointed warden of Rockefeller Hall.

On May 5 were announced the nominations for the resident fellowships, for the scholarships and for the essay prize. Some of these are as follows: For the George W. Childs Essay Prize, Elizabeth Shipley Sergeant; for the Maria L. Eastman Memorial

Scholarship, Clara Wade; for the James E. Rhoads Sophomore Scholarship, Phoebe Crosby; for the James E. Rhoads Junior Scholarship, Bertha Seeley; for the Maria Hopper Sophomore Scholarships, Josephine Katzenstein and Mary Withington.

A new scholarship, the Elizabeth Duane Gillespie Scholarship in American History, has been founded.

The students have been especially requested not to pick flowers in the Vaux woods or any woods adjoining them.

The students are strongly advised not to drink any water in the village.

Alumnæ Notes.

'01, Helen Lee Schiedt has announced her engagement to Mr. H. A. Woodward, of Plainfield, N. J.

Athletic Notes.

TENNIS.

The championship tennis finals for the silver cup were played off April 27, between Jean Clarke, Bryn Mawr champion for 1900-1901, and Louise Marshall, champion for 1902. The finals were won by Marshall, with the following scores:

Clarke, 5—7 Marshall.
Clarke, 6—1 Marshall.
Clarke, 4—6 Marshall.
Clarke, 4—6 Marshall.

To hold the cup permanently, Marshall must win it the two following years.

BASKET BALL.

The basket ball match games were begun on Friday, May 1.

1905.	1906.
Forwards.—Day.	Katzenstein.
Marshall.	Houghton.
Denison.	Harrington.
Centres.—Morrow.	Evans.
Bready.	Richardson.
Mason.	Kingsbacher.
Backs.—Lynde.	Smith.
Jaynes.	White.
Havemeyer.	Ford.

SCORE.

1906: 8. 1905: 2.
Marshall, 1 goal from field.
Houghton, 2 goals from field.
Houghton, 4 foul goals.

MAY 2.

1903.	1904.
Forwards.—Meigs.	Van Wagenen.
Sinclair.	Canan.
Wagner.	White.
Centres.—Lovell.	Woods.
White.	Pfaff.
Raymond.	Case.
Backs.—Dabney.	Criswell.
Lange.	Peters.
Strong.	Rossiter.

SCORE.

1904: 4. 1903: 0.
Van Wagenen, 1 goal from field.
Van Wagenen, 2 foul throws.

MAY 4.

1905.	1906.
Forwards.—Day.	Katzenstein.
Marshall.	Wade.
Denison.	Lauterbach.
Centres.—Thurston.	Evans.
Bready.	Richardson.
Kempton.	Thomas.
Backs.—Lynde.	Smith.
Jaynes.	Hewitt.
Mason.	White.

SCORE.

1905: 5. 1906: 2.
Marshall, 1 goal from field.
Denison, 1 goal from field.
Lauterbach, 1 goal from field.
Day, 1 foul goal.

Championship won, May 13, by 1905. Score, 1905, 7; 1903, 4.

MAY 5.

1903.	1904.
Forwards.—Meigs.	Van Wagenen.
Sinclair.	Canan.
Wagner.	White.
Centres.—Lovell.	Woods.
White.	Pfaff.
Raymond.	Case.
Backs.—Dabney.	Criswell.
Clarke.	Ross.
Strong.	Peters.

SCORE.

1903: 3. 1904: 1.
Sinclair, 1 foul throw.
Van Wagenen, 1 foul throw.
Meigs, 1 goal from the field.

MAY 6.

1905.	1906.
Forwards.—Day.	Katzenstein.
Marshall.	Houghton.
Denison.	Lauterbach.
Centres.—Thurston.	Evans.
Underhill.	Richardson.
Kempton.	Thomas.
Backs.—Lynde.	Smith.
Jaynes.	Hewitt
Mason.	White.

SCORE.

1905: 9. 1906: 8.
Day, 2 goals from the field.
Day, 5 foul throws.
Houghton, 2 foul throws.
Katzenstein, 1 goal from field.
Evans, 2 goals from field.

MAY 7.

1903.	1904.
Forwards.—Meigs.	White.
Sinclair.	Van Wagenen.
Montague.	Canan.
Centres.—Lovell.	Woods.
White.	Pfaff.
Raymond.	Case.
Backs.—Clarke.	Peters.
Dabney.	Criswell.
Strong.	Jonas.

SCORE.

1903: 5. 1904: 1.
Meigs, 1 field goal.
Montague, 3 foul goals.
Van Wagenen, 1 foul goal.

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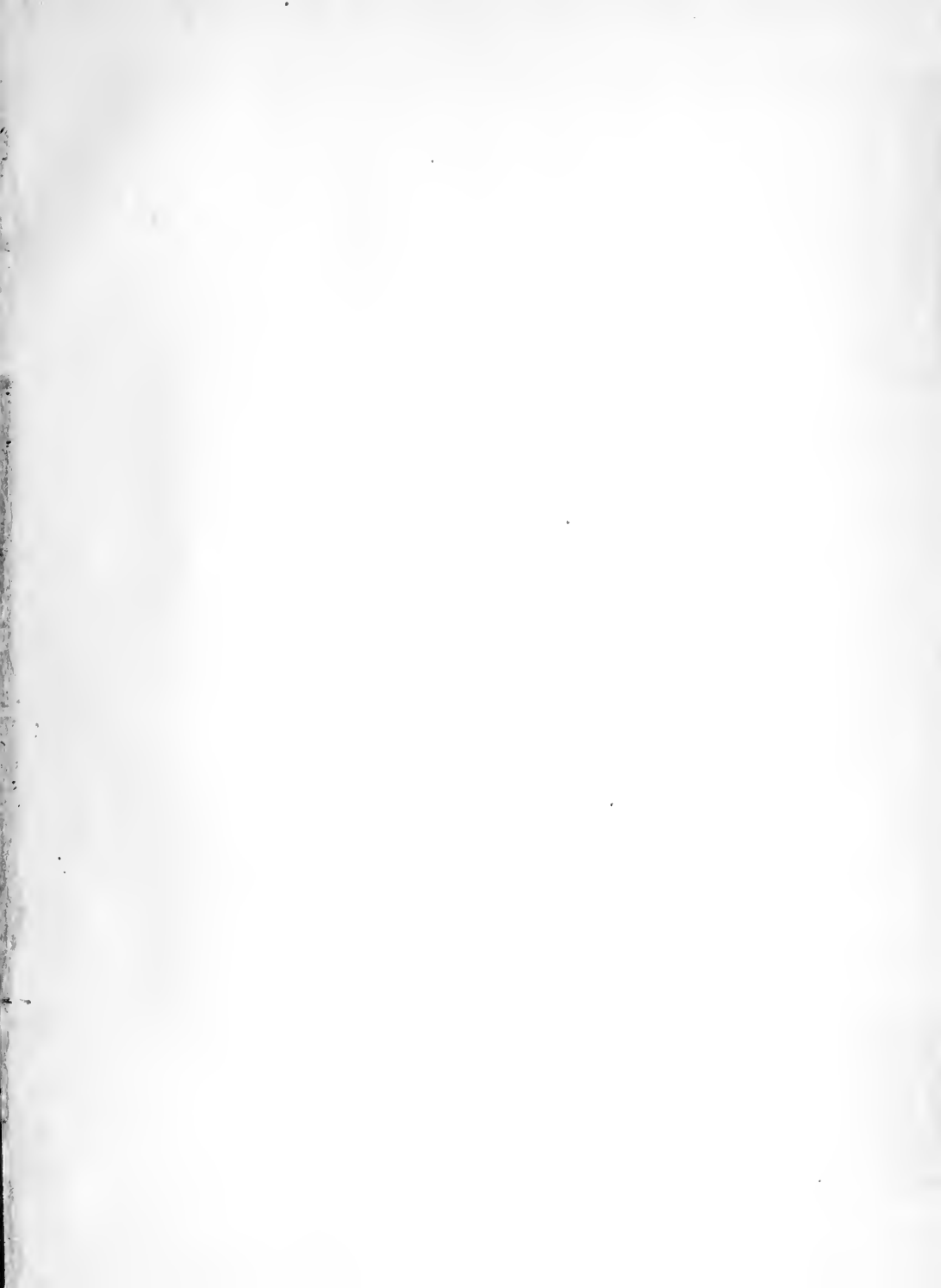
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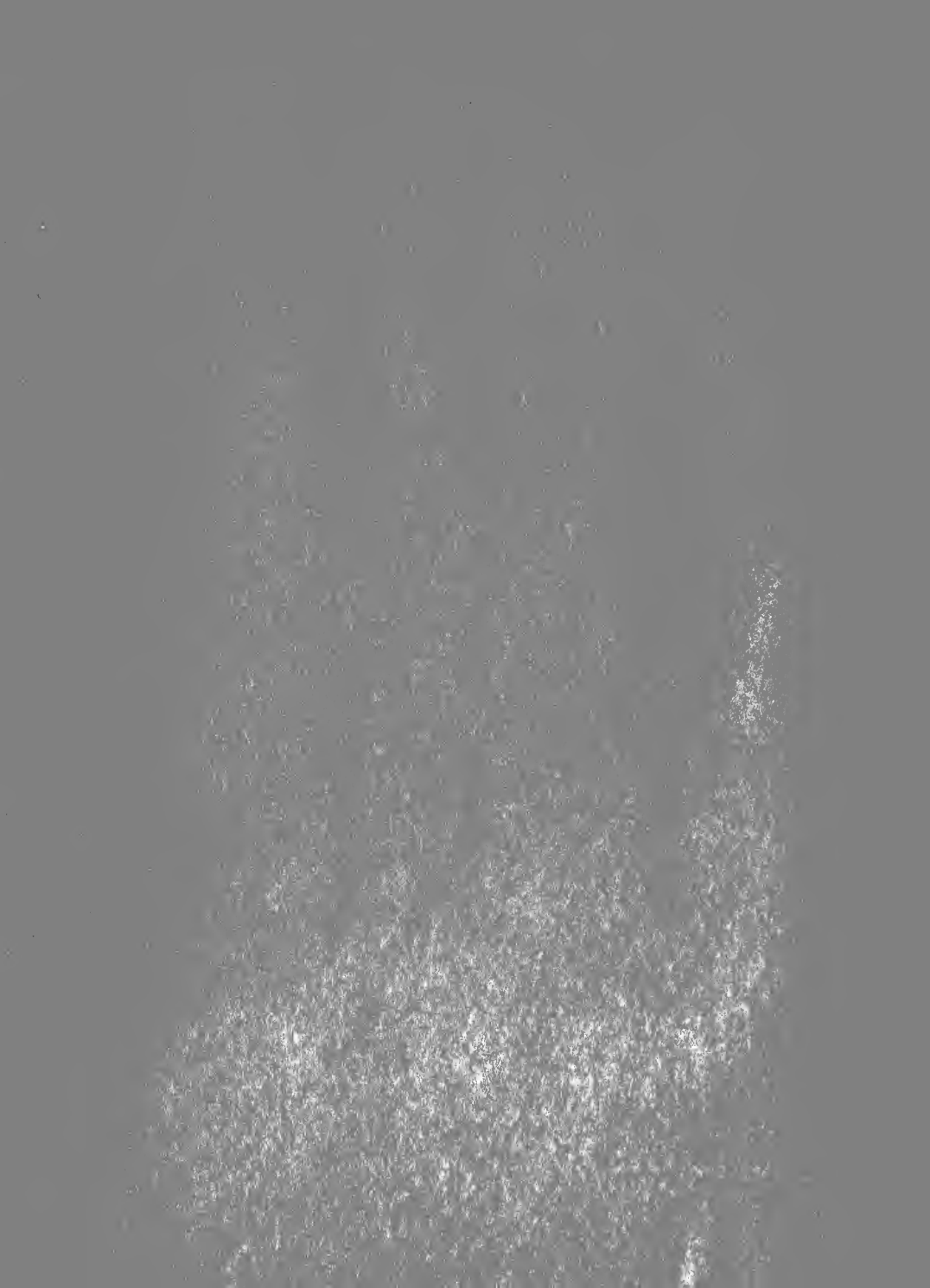
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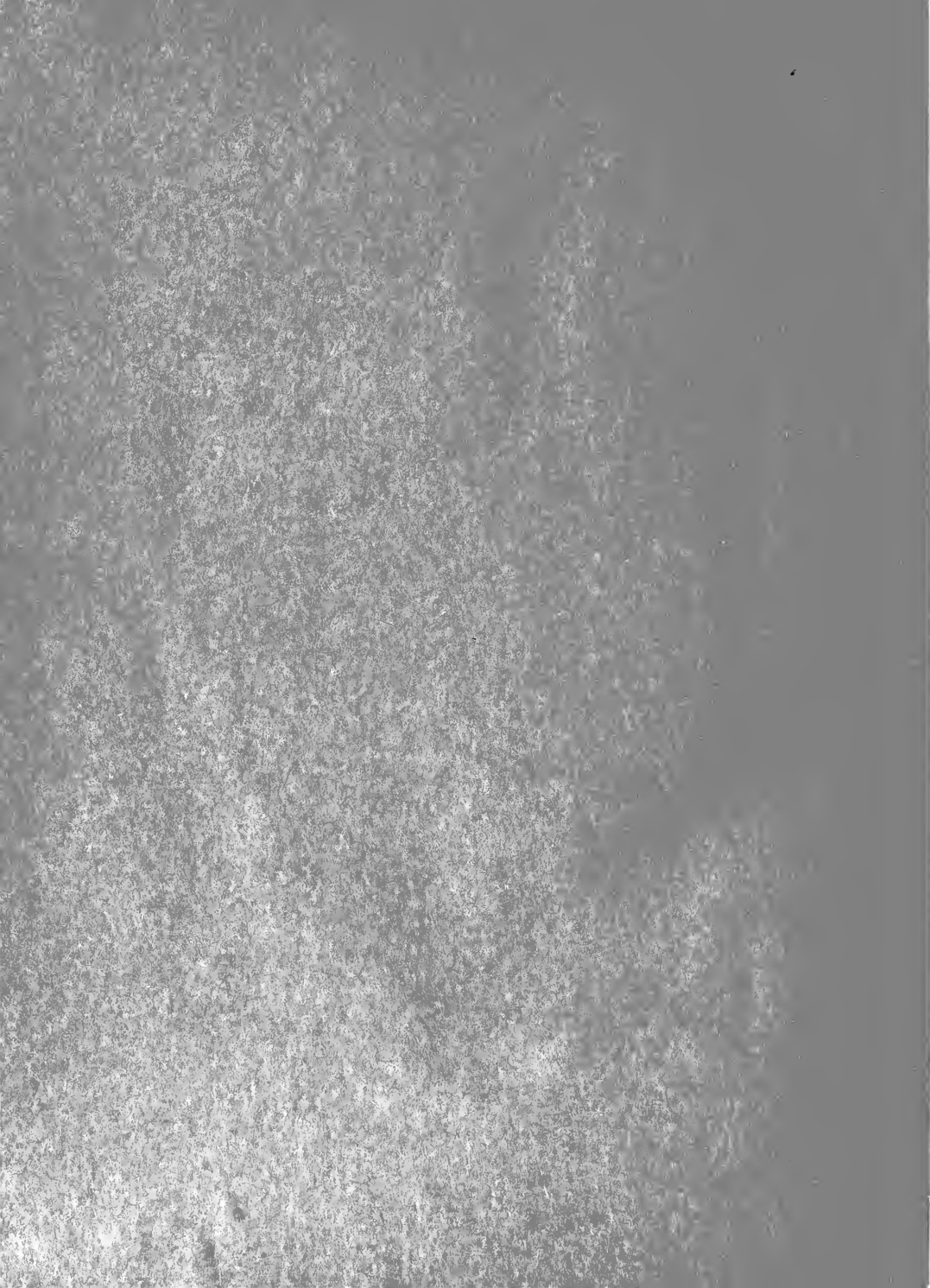
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